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WHAT IT COSTS HITLER

BY DOUGLAS MILLER

WHAT price European domination? How much has Germany paid to date for her military conquest of fifteen captive nations? An answer to this question can only be guesswork. It is not to be expected that the Nazi Government would allow much information of this kind to trickle out. It is not to be expected that such reports as we do receive concerning recent developments in the Axis countries will enlighten us very far. But the subject is so important that it is worth while to make some deductions that may direct our expectations more accurately toward what is coming next year and after.

There is no use in starting out by mustering such rare bits of Goebbels's propaganda arithmetic as appear in German newspapers and communiqués. I do not regard Nazis' statistics about the war as giving any information which we can rely upon. I know from personal experience that the Nazis can and do alter statistical records of every sort. I know that they fake their crop reports, especially in bad years; sometimes they have replaced the padded figures afterward by the real ones in order to get more accurate comparisons with later periods.

They used to fake foreign trade statistics, leaving out important items which they wished to conceal. They have habitually cooked their financial figures, such as the amount of gold reserve, the extent of government indebtedness. Why should we believe for a moment that their figures of losses in men and materials are given out for any other purpose than for propaganda?

We have, then, to assess Germany's costs up to the present on the basis of reasonable probabilities and to warn the readers against a comfortable reliance upon anybody's statistics, including our own.

It is abundantly clear that for the first twenty-two months of the war Hitler has achieved his victories at an astonishingly low cost in men and materials. Measuring his booty, his subject populations, and the area he controls, the price per captive or per square mile is astoundingly small. German victories have been so quick and looked so easy that we have been inclined to dwell upon the importance of the fifth column and to pay less attention to the superb discipline, accuracy, and synchronization of the German armed forces. These

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last twenty-two months have realized the German dream of 1914: they have shown us the short jolly war that pays for itself by loot.

There seems to be no doubt that people in Germany are eating better at the moment than they were a year ago. This is the result of diversion of supplies from conquered areas to the 'master race.' I have no doubt that, as far as stocks of food are concerned, Germany is better supplied at this moment than at the beginning of the war. It is true that certain items from overseas may run short, but these are mostly nonessentials like coffee, chocolate, pepper, tea, palm oil, ginger, and bananas, which are not absolutely vital to the health of the nation. The only vital food deficiency which Germany now feels is a lack of edible fats.

In the past year the Germans have enjoyed an extra supply of fresh meat derived from the killing of livestock in Holland, Denmark, and other countries where animals could no longer be fed because of fodder shortage. This windfall, like the stocks of eggs and bacon seized in Denmark, is of course only temporary; however, the building of additional cold-storage plants in the Reich has gone on. It is my guess that every one of them is filled to capacity. Even before this war, almost every bit of butter and every egg consumed in Germany was run through this cold-storage system, building up an increasing food reserve for the war years ahead. Just so piles of tinned gasoline grew steadily at the depots of the *Luftwaffe*.

If we read of food rationing in Germany, let us not hastily conclude that no food is available. It is simply being stored up against the more difficult days that are ahead. German crops this year are described as normal. That probably means that the season has not been too good. Last winter the extreme cold spoiled a great many perishable foods, like potatoes, and killed fruit trees and the young grain. But even if harvests

are below average that is not serious. Germany has a carry-over of more than six million tons of bread grains, about twice as much as she normally had in pre-war times. Let us not delude ourselves by thinking that the Germans are starving or are likely to starve on the basis of present indications. True, there may be appalling food shortages in certain parts of the conquered countries. This could result from inadequate or congested transportation facilities, or from the ruthlessness of a deliberate policy such as we have seen in the case of the Polish Jews. Continental Europe's food deficiency is not great. Local shortages which are already observable will tend to cure themselves by a heavy rise in the death rate in countries such as Spain, Belgium, and Greece. This will not affect the food position of Germany. If any nation goes hungry in Europe it will not be the Germans; and if anybody goes hungry in Germany it will not be the Army or the National Socialist Party. When we think of the effects of the British blockade of Europe we must think, not in terms of food, but rather in terms of industrial raw materials.

II

Here the picture is not so favorable. Germany, of course, controls adequate supplies of many materials. She is now fully independent in iron ore and the manufacture of low-grade steels. She has plenty of zinc and lead, magnesite, potash, mercury, bauxite. Her main deficiencies may be grouped under three categories: textiles, alloys, and petroleum products. In these three categories, as well as certain other items such as tin and copper, the Germans have been able to divert stocks of materials seized in conquered countries. Temporarily Hitler is in the black so far as these stocks are concerned. He can tear down telephone and telegraph lines in France if he needs more copper. He can seize the housewives' pots and pans all over Europe for

aluminum. He can take over merchants' stocks of clothing and other textile items on a vast scale. But in the long run these shortcomings may be serious. Europe has always been deficient in textile raw material and in leather. Europe's clothes will inevitably wear out. We may see much of the Continent in rags before long.

Important bulk items like cotton and wool are not available and cannot be made available by any fresh conquests. Even if we suppose that Hitler can secure Egypt's cotton, this would not mean much in terms of Europe's textile needs. We can expect continued improvements in the production of rayon and the new synthetic fibres such as *wollstra* and *visstra* made from wood pulp. Really these are nothing but special varieties of paper. The German soldiers and civilians are not going to feel very comfortable in cold winter with paper suits and underwear, no matter how the new fabrics are named or how well they take dyes in the finishing processes. Neither can armies march well in boots made of leather substitutes. This matter of clothing is going to prove increasingly acute for Hitler as time goes on.

It is not merely a question of the exhaustion of stocks in government hands or held by private traders, but the exhaustion of the invisible reserves in clothing possessed by most families. The Germans, as well as all the other Continental peoples, are now raiding their attics, making over grandmother's wedding dress and granduncle's swallowtail coat. These invisible private reserves are greater in Europe, where no one ever throws anything away, than they would be in the United States. Nevertheless, they will come to an end. Europe's people will get steadily more ragged and cold. Combine this lack of clothing with a deficiency in body-warming fats, the acute shortages of fuel, and the long, cold European winters, and you get a situation which is dangerous

for public morale all over the Continent. This is more serious for Hitler than actual shortage of food as measured in calories.

Domestic life in Germany has been seriously affected by the lack of small articles, none of them very important in themselves. Households are unable to buy boots or shoes except on rare occasions, but they are also unable to get repairs from the shoemaker. Even glue, rubber cement, and solder are almost impossible to obtain. Rubber soles for repair of shoes are scarce. Thread for sewing is a rarity. German school children are each expected to bring to school at least one pound of raw bones per month. These are used in the manufacture of glue and other products. Special food rations are given in cities which have been bombed by the RAF. This proves first of all that additional food is there when needed, and secondly that the Nazis are afraid of a letdown in public morale.

German newspapers these days contain very few advertisements offering goods for sale, but tremendous numbers of help-wanted ads, indicating a shortage of labor, especially skilled labor, throughout the country. Added to the lack of coal for domestic heating is a shortage of gas for cooking in cities. In most places gas is turned on in the mains only for short periods each day. At that time the housewives must be home to prepare meals. This forces them to rush to the shops for new supplies when the gas is turned off and results in increasing the length of the lines in front of the food stores. A large part of the time of the civilians is spent simply standing in line. This was true in the last war and helped at that time to undermine public morale.

Another growing problem for the Nazis lies in a shortage of alloys for steel manufacture. The Germans have done very well in the utilization of beryllium. They have had access, up to recent months, to Russian supplies of manganese, but in general they are operating

under difficulties in the field of non-ferrous and rare metals. Germany cannot secure adequate supplies of copper, either from her own worn-out mines or from Yugoslavia, where the copper mines have been damaged in the recent fighting, or anywhere else in Europe. Unless she is successful in Russia, Germany can get practically no tin, no nickel, no chrome, no molybdenum, no tungsten, no vanadium.

German metallurgists and engineers have foreseen this problem, and they attempted to get around it by the use of aluminum instead of copper, by the use of glass and cardboard cartons instead of tin cans, by increasing employment of plastics instead of metals. Plastics are used for plumbing, porcelain for automobile radiators, and artificial fibres as substitutes for metal tubing, for example in the fuel lines of airplane engines. But no effective substitutes for some of these steel alloys have yet been found. Mechanized war demands highly specialized steels, some of them extra hard, some of them extra tough or elastic. There is no doubt whatever that the performance of much German war equipment is adversely affected by the lack of proper alloys. For example, German ordnance has been constructed using only $\frac{1}{35}$ as much nickel to harden the steel as is used in the best American practice. Some of these skimpings and substitutes may prove adequate, but not all of them. Germany's war equipment as it now stands cannot be replaced by machines of equal construction and performance. There is a tendency toward the employment of emergency methods and the use of ersatz materials that is bound to impair the efficiency of all these implements of war.

III

In the field of petroleum products, Germany has perhaps her greatest problem. Before the war she consumed about six million tons a year. Of this amount one half was imported. Esti-

mates of petroleum consumption during wartime range from twelve million to twenty million tons per year for a major belligerent. In spite of the feverish construction of new synthetic gasoline plants, in spite of the increased use of alcohol and benzol, a by-product of the blast-furnace gases, Germany's fuel production is so inadequate that the civilian use of internal-combustion motors has been prohibited. In the first twenty-two months of the war there was only sporadic military action. During the campaign in Belgium and France there is no doubt that Germany consumed a large part of the existing supply of gasoline, but during other periods, notably the winters of 1939-1940 and 1940-1941, the stocks were certainly built up again. It seems likely on the balance that at the beginning of this summer German gasoline supplies were in excess of those at the outbreak of the war. This takes into account the supplies that have been obtained from Rumania and Russia. As regards the future, let us remember that Rumanian oil fields are declining in production; that Polish fields are pretty well exhausted; that Russian petroleum fields lie far away; and that synthetic gasoline plants in Germany are the special target of RAF bombers.

Can Germany fight a long war on her present gasoline supplies with no new supplies available? The answer is not clear; the balance could easily be tipped either way. Given an increased and sustained bombing attack upon German oil plants and oil depots, it seems most likely that supplies of gasoline in the Reich will become increasingly scarce as the war goes on, and that from now on the situation must turn to Germany's disadvantage. Germany's synthetic gasoline lacks the high octane content suitable for the best performance of airplane engines. The seven million tons of petroleum available each year in Rumania may have been partially blocked out by reported Russian destruction of Rumanian oil fields. Even if we assume

enough German success in the East so that the Nazis could reach Baku or Iraq, there still seems no answer to the problem of oil transportation from those distant areas to Germany proper. Oil is found in both places in large quantities, but how could it be taken to the Reich in sufficient amounts? There are no pipe lines running in that direction; the rail or water transportation facilities now existing are completely inadequate. Furthermore, the British are now in Iraq and could possibly get to Baku before the Germans. They were there in control of the Russian oil fields in 1918, when the famous 'Hush-Hush Brigade' advanced through northern Iran. The British could very possibly destroy the Baku field if they were unable to hold it. They were prepared to do so in the last war if Germany had advanced farther into the Ukraine. The British also might destroy the Iraq oil fields. However, these could quickly be put in production again, because petroleum there lies very close to the surface and new wells would take only a minimum of time to drill.

Much more serious to the Germans than the problem of motor fuel is the shortage of lubricants. Petroleum lubricants are indispensable for the operation of all internal-combustion engines and for lubrication of all machinery where moving metallic surfaces are in contact. It has been comparatively simple to make synthetic gasoline by adding hydrogen to the carbon obtained from coal — the well-known process of hydrogenation. But the heavier and more complex hydro-carbon molecules which comprise petroleum lubricants cannot be synthesized so easily. Lubricating oils are not simple chemical compounds. Even the best German chemists are baffled by the problem of creating them out of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, nor is there any adequate substitute. The Germans have been experimenting in the use of animal and vegetable fats, such as tallow and castor oil. These have only a limited usefulness as lubri-

cants. In all Continental Europe there are very few plants capable of manufacturing lubricants from crude petroleum.

The Russian plants are still outside Hitler's control and may easily be destroyed before he could possess them. In all Germany, so far as I know, there is only one modern plant for making high-grade lubricants. This is in Bremen and has been a frequent target for British bombs. In the conquered countries, particularly France, there are plants, but most of these are of limited capacity. Furthermore, Germany's synthetic gasoline is gasoline only and has no lubricating value. Germany is now obtaining most of her lubricants from limited supplies of domestic crude oil and from such Rumanian and Polish sources as can be tapped. A sustained bombing of lubricating-oil plants promises big results in hampering her mechanized columns. A widespread belief persists that unexplained pauses of the German war machine — failure to follow up the bombing of London last autumn, for instance — may be explained by deficiencies in the supply of lubricating oil. Certainly this was a major problem of the German General Staff in the First World War.

IV

The first twenty-two months of the present war, with their alternations of 'sitz and blitz,' are now definitely over. For the first time in this contest the German armies are hotly engaged on a 2000-mile front against the Red armies. From June 1941 onward, the consumption of German war materials leaps upward at a rapid rate. The large movements of men involved, the heavy use of mechanized equipment, the long distances, the wretched roads, all combine to place a strain on any war machine — even Hitler's mechanized battalions. There can be no question that, this summer at least, the Nazis are burning up and wearing out vast amounts of ma-

terial. The wide plains of western Russia must be strewn with abandoned motorized equipment. Germany can afford to lose the steel involved in this destruction, but can she supply the skilled labor, the engineering capacity, the special alloys to replace these losses? Not quickly or easily; and, as far as some of the alloys are concerned, not at all. German soldiers are wearing out boots on the Russian road that cannot be replaced out of conquered supplies; and uniforms and overcoats were manufactured of imported wool that is far to seek. Never again in this war will the German Army have the same wealth of materials it now commands, to shoot away or consume. If Germany has to face a sustained attack on the west or on the south, she will have to encounter it with inferior equipment and inadequate material resources.

The prohibition of motor vehicles for the civilian population and the drain of war and conquest upon transportation facilities have thrown a terrific strain upon the German *Reichsbahn*, the official German railroad system. After 1927, when the post-war prosperity began to lag, the *Reichsbahn* was starved for locomotives, cars, and repairs to right-of-way until 1933 and 1934, when the Nazi reëmployment program was partially directed toward railway improvement. From 1935 on, all German activity was centred on the creation of the Army and its motor vehicles. The *Reichsbahn* was again neglected. This means that Germany's railway structure has deteriorated substantially in the past fourteen years. There is a decided lack of every type of equipment, and accidents have mounted steadily. Germans have attempted to augment their railway equipment by the seizure of Dutch, Belgian, French, and Balkan railroad stock and locomotives. But they still face an acute shortage of railway transportation. It is this fact that has almost deprived German civilians of coal for domestic heating. Additional strain placed upon the

German railroad system by the Russian war is prodigious; such a war cannot be kept up long without paralyzing passenger and freight transportation in the Reich proper. The Russian railroads were purposely constructed on a wider gauge than the German, so that captured Russian equipment is not useful in Germany. Russia may prove a vast scrap pile for the German railroads, as well as for motorized vehicles.

Of course, Hitler's legions will be able to seize enormous quantities of Soviet equipment. What the Germans pick up will be chiefly valuable as junk or scrap iron. Furthermore, it will be so scattered that the cost and difficulty of carrying it back for remelting will in many cases be more than the scrap metals are worth. Most of the stuff will probably rust away where it lies. Unless Hitler wishes to pose as the greatest junk dealer of the ages, the chances are that he will not find much in Russia to ship back home. The Russians are always poor at construction, but excellent at smashing things. They have always lacked the intense love of property that distinguishes a German. Then again a totalitarian government such as the Soviet can adopt far more radical measures in demolition and carrying out a 'scorched earth' policy than many people with capitalistic instincts would ever employ. The retiring Russians will cheerfully destroy everything in sight, as none of it is their personal property.

It is a mistake to think of Russia as a lootable country. Russian riches are largely buried in the ground for future generations to exploit. In the whole area that the Nazis have conquered to date they will find little that will do them any real good. There has been a great deal of talk about the grain fields of the Ukraine. True enough, there is much good land there, although Hitler has not yet occupied all of it. The Germans, however, were in possession of the Ukraine during the summers of 1917 and 1918 and were unable to

secure any substantial amounts of grain for their home population. To organize Russia, to build roads and railways, to bring in farm equipment that will really work, to house and police a farm population that is willing and able to plant and harvest large-scale crops, is a task not of years but of decades. Let us not fall into the error of believing that Hitler can make the invasion of Russia pay for itself in materials during this war. This time he is heavily in the red and must remain so.

In fact, I do not believe that Germany invaded Russia for the purpose of securing materials. The German General Staff knows too much for that. Russia was invaded this year to remove the future menace of a Soviet attack from the rear when Hitler expects to be busy defending his ill-gotten gains in the West. It was reasons of higher, long-term strategy that impelled this adventure and not the belief in speedy economic returns from Russia.

V

Hitler's adventure in Russia is merely a prelude to his final world victory. It only makes sense when considered as a part of such a scheme. If Hitler didn't believe that he will fight America, he would never have needed to invade Russia. Of course, the cost in materials is tremendous. It is a risk the German General Staff felt it must take, the price it must pay for security on the eastern frontier.

Far more important than the balance sheet of material gains and losses is the tally of human lives lost in this adventure. It would seem that up to the present summer Hitler has done well in conserving the lives of his soldiers. Of course we do not need to believe figures of Dr. Goebbels to the effect that only some 60,000 German soldiers were killed in the period before this summer. An estimate of 250,000, made by outside observers, seems more likely. But the Germans do

not consider such a blood loss an excessive price to pay for the gains they have made. Many Americans might not share such a feeling; but I am certain that the German people as a whole are reconciled to losses of this size. I heard one German mother say that she would much prefer her boys to go and take their chances on the battlefield than to stay at home under the Republic and live on a dole.

Hitler's armies are supposed to total some 9,000,000 men. Of this number approximately one half are fighting in Russia. For the first time in the present war, German blood will flow heavily. As these words are written, the two mighty antagonists are locked in a struggle extending over the whole field. The odds are greatly in Germany's favor. German weapons are superior, German discipline more perfect. No doubt loss of life on the Russian side will exceed anything that the Germans may suffer. But on a comparative basis German losses may be fully as severe, since their home population is smaller and their birth rate no longer rising as in 1933-1934.

At this distance, and through the veil of censorship, how may we estimate the losses of German lives in the Russian campaign? Only by rough comparisons with the World War. At that time we know that total German losses in killed and missing were 1,800,000 men. In view of the intensity of the present struggle, the number of weeks it has already continued, and the number of men Germany has thrown in, a reasonable estimate of German losses in killed and missing would run into several hundred thousands, probably somewhere between 250,000 and 500,000. Add these figures to those up to this summer, and we arrive at a total somewhat less than Germany's losses in the first two years of World War I. In other words, the German loss of life is now substantial and even serious, but it is less than during the last war and probably not more than

the General Staff calculated upon before the present war began.

How serious will these losses prove to German military efficiency or to national morale? It seems likely that many of the dead men cannot be replaced by other persons of equal training and ability. One of the secrets of Germany's military efficiency is that she possessed in the old *Reichswehr* a core of professional soldiers trained for many years, and practically every man was of officer or noncommissioned officer calibre. These men are irreplaceable. The conscripts of later years, beginning with 1936, are youngsters of good physique, with plenty of seasoning in previous campaigns, but most of them are far from having the professional excellence of the older men.

I believe that in the Russian campaign the German High Command will begin to feel the lack of trained personnel. This will be evident in the operation of mechanized units, in the shortage of skilled airplane pilots and ground crews. There will be an increased problem of securing skilled men to operate transportation behind the lines in Russia. Every available railway and transport employee in the Reich is already fully occupied. Here the Germans will have to press into service Czechs, Poles, Rumanians, and other subject peoples. If they use too many of them, there is a constant risk of sabotage and treachery. Remember that German industry and transportation as a whole are operating with equipment that is obsolescent and badly in need of repairs. Increased results can only be obtained by increased demands upon human energy. The eight-hour day has long been only a memory. German labor now is working ten hours, twelve hours, sometimes even fourteen and sixteen hours a day.

The limit of human endurance is still far from being reached. Germans are wonderful workers; they like to work, and they like doing a good job for its own sake. But there is a great deal of

comfort in the knowledge that Hitler is wearing his people down. He is making demands upon them that only supermen, and only a fanatical loyalty, could fulfill. Hitler, in his fanatical zeal, will break the hearts and spirits of his German boys. I can well imagine them now trying to repair Russian railways, trying to make captured Russian repair shops function, trying to construct new roads through Russian swamps. These tasks will be accomplished, but the burning memory of the toil and agony will remain to sap German morale for the future. Hitler can never get the same wholehearted response to his appeals in the future as he has been granted in 1941.

The fact that as this is written RAF bombers are sweeping in full light of day, almost unopposed, over industrial cities of western Germany means very definitely that Hitler's air force is not strong enough to beat the Russians and defend western borders of the Reich at the same time. The British have constantly held to their original objectives in the air — striking at Germany's industrial organization, her transportation lines, and her areas of military concentration. These tactics are not spectacular, but they are just the way to weaken the Nazi war machine in the long run. Let us not conclude that Hitler's war machine has been fatally injured. Not at all. But it is seriously affected and cannot now prevent further losses. If American planes reach Britain in increasing numbers, if the British maintain and extend their present bombing raids, that German war machine will never be the same again.

This summer of 1941 quite definitely marks the turning point of the war. From now on Hitler is on the down grade. True, there may be several years of fight still left in the German Army and the German nation, but that fight can be knocked out of them. It is going to be another long pull just as in the First World War. The Germans are natu-

rally extremists. They persevere in their efforts, good or bad, and often carry things to absurd limits. In the last war they fought until Germany was a hollow shell and collapsed like the 'one-hoss shay.' Then they carried their inflation to a fantastic figure. They now are embarked on an insane attempt at world domination. This drive will have to run its course; but some day, like all other human endeavors, it will come to an end.

I wonder if the loyal, industrious, painstaking Germans are beginning to realize the crushing weight of hate that they are building up against themselves everywhere in the world. Has ever a single people made so many enemies, and possessed so few friends? Has ever a nation so completely thrown away its assets of character, scientific achievement, advances in the arts? Has ever a nation so completely exiled its best citizens and alienated its best friends? The Germans are so sincere and single-minded, and at the same time so selfish and blind where the rights and interests of other peoples are concerned. They were honestly surprised, at the end of the last war, to find that they were not popular. They have a still more unpleasant surprise in store for them.

How the Germans can passionately affirm their right as a free people to make their own decisions in the world, regardless of all other peoples, and at the same time suppose that fifteen other European nations will peacefully acquiesce in being slaves, passes the imagination. The Nazis' doctrine that the Germans are by nature a master race and that other races are created to serve them is the kind of logic best calculated to drive a deluded German people to acts of madness. Nothing now can save the Germans from the consequences of their own folly. We may even come to pity them in the future, as they are sure to pity themselves. But the world as a whole will be so busy licking its own

wounds after this war that other peoples will have little sympathy left over for Hitler's followers. One aggression after another, intolerable injustices perpetrated upon peaceful nations large and small, wherever the Germans can get at them — this long list of claims is mounting higher every day.

I know that the more intelligent Germans feel this world resentment and fear it. No victory can warm their hearts or banish their dread of final retribution. The fact that Germany was beaten in 1918 makes it more easy for Germany to be beaten again. The British people, like the American people, do not know what it is to submit. They are unaware of how much in the way of national morale and material reserves they can produce in an emergency. Submission is to them unthinkable. On the other hand, the Germans know exactly what it means to give up. The older people can remember the last defeat. They can and do compare present losses with corresponding losses in the last war. They can and do speculate on national morale, estimating how far it is still removed from the breaking point. They were doing so even before the war started.

Germany can be beaten. It is treason inside the country to say so, but every German thinks about it, worries about it, and is preparing himself psychologically to accept it. Germany will be beaten. The long story of humanity's rise toward a tolerable and free existence for the average man will not come to an end because of the insane delusions of a single individual or the wounded inferiority complexes of a single people. German military successes in the last two years are based upon a superior mechanized army, organized and equipped while the Democracies slept. This is merely an incident in history. It is not the end of Christian civilization, or of human decency, or of freedom.

THE STRUGGLE FOR CONTINENTS

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

THE war that began when Hitler hurled this land and air forces against the Soviet Union is one of the greatest in history, whether measured by the number of men involved, by the length and depth of the front, by the enormous use of modern weapons, or by the size of the political and economic stakes involved. Nothing short of the mastery of Eurasia is involved.

The centre of gravity of the Second World War has dramatically shifted, for the time being at least, from the waves of the Atlantic to the vast Russian steppe lands. And beyond European Russia, itself as large as the rest of the European continent, lies the still vaster expanse of Siberia, with its suggestions of contact with China and Japan and its northeastern tip projecting so close to the coast of Alaska. When one considers that the Soviet Union is about forty times the size of France, the magnitude of Hitler's latest adventure becomes more evident.

During the first ten days of the fighting, the German advance at many points had reached a depth of two hundred miles. Such an advance in France would have involved the loss of Paris and of the whole valuable industrial and mining region of the East and the Northeast. But the Germans after six weeks of hard fighting had not taken any of the larger Soviet cities. And the Red Army, if it retained cohesion and fighting spirit, could continue retreating for distances which would leave a French army in the Atlantic or in the Mediterranean and

still have the newly developed industrial areas of the Urals and Central Siberia in its rear.

The two toughest and most formidable of the post-war dictatorships, after two years of outer peace and secret hostile intrigue against each other, are at last subjecting themselves to the supreme ordeal of war. Now the answers to many questions which have both fascinated and perplexed thoughtful observers of the Soviet Union and of Germany will certainly be made clear within a fairly near future.

Will the German morale, hitherto sustained by lightning victories accompanied by small losses, stand the strain of a war of much greater duration, waged at a much heavier cost in killed and wounded? How will Soviet morale, long nourished on phrases about the supreme genius of Stalin, the invincibility of the Red Army, and the overwhelming might of the great Soviet Union, pass the test, if it should come, of the loss of important cities and the penetration of hostile forces far within the country?

The totalitarian dictatorship, with its technique of government by a combination of unlimited propaganda and unlimited terrorism, can deceive both its own people and credulous foreign tourists almost beyond imagination. But there is one trial where it cannot cheat, the trial of large-scale war. There is the strongest likelihood that the war which is being fought behind such an amazing smoke screen of concealment and propa-

ganda, with no neutral correspondent allowed within hundreds of miles of the fighting line, portends the political if not the personal end of either Hitler or Stalin. Perhaps both dictators may perish under its shock.

Those two mastodon dictatorships, the Third Reich and the Soviet Union, had practically divided Eurasia between them before they began to fight for sole mastery. Apart from Russia, the countries of the European continent, with the possible exception of Portugal, fall into three categories in relation to Germany. They are conquered territories, like Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, Yugoslavia, and Greece. Or they are vassal allies, like Italy, Hungary, and Rumania. Or they are helpless, encircled, and necessarily compliant neutrals, like Sweden and Switzerland.

The Soviet Union took advantage of Germany's preoccupation in the West to take possession of Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Eastern Poland, Bessarabia, and Bukovina, along with parts of Finland. Most of these conquests were lost during the first weeks of the war with Germany. But there still remains that vast land mass of the Soviet Union proper, the largest in the world under a single sovereignty, almost three times the size of the continental United States, with a population of about one hundred and seventy million.

Now that Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany are at war, one may be certain that a bitter competitive struggle of 'fifth columnists' behind the lines is under way. Besides its regular spies, the Soviet Union possesses a skeleton staff of leaders in agitation and sabotage in the Communist parties that function illegally in all European countries. These secret Soviet agents are trying to play on every anti-Nazi passion, from the Pan-Slav sympathies of the Balkan teacher and peasant to the Marxism of the Paris factory worker.

Germany has studied the Soviet Union with the greatest thoroughness during

the last two decades. There are far more Germans than people of any other foreign nationality in Russia. During my stay in Moscow as a correspondent I found that the German Embassy was much more completely and concretely informed about what was going on in Russia than any other agency. No doubt many sources of information were closed during the years before 1939, when Stalin adopted the policy of almost hermetically sealing the Soviet Union against foreign contacts and it became a very grave risk for any Soviet citizen to visit the German or any other Embassy without official approval.

But it may be taken for granted that every possible source of internal disintegration in Russia — religious persecution, economic exploitation of the peasants, nationalist discontent in such regions as Ukraina and the Caucasus, where Russians are in the minority — has been carefully studied in Berlin. One may expect to see systematic attempts to capitalize these sources of disintegration if and when large areas of Russia fall under German occupation.

Even during the period of ostensible friendship with the Soviet régime, Hitler never lost contact with certain groups of Russian émigré monarchists and Ukrainian separatist exiles. With the German overrunning of Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, and the Balkans, almost all the Russian émigrés on the continent of Europe, except for a few who escaped to the United States, have come under Nazi control. If the military situation makes it feasible, one may expect to see native *Gauleiter* for Ukraina, Georgia, Armenia, and every other part of the Soviet Union which may be occupied, appear along with the German forces of occupation.

II

Why did Hitler attack the Soviet Union, the power which he had immobilized at the beginning of the war, and which was only too willing to remain im-

mobilized? His move has been variously interpreted, as a desperate drive for food and oil and as a confession that England could not be conquered, at least in any near future. The Führer himself and his Foreign Minister, Von Ribbentrop, cited as an excuse for the invasion a series of pinpricks in Soviet-German relations, cases where Stalin had seized more than his covenanted share in the loot, subterranean intrigues in the Balkans.

There is a measure of truth in all these explanations. But the principal reason why Hitler struck at Russia was perhaps too simple and obvious to be readily recognized. The Soviet Union, and more particularly the most productive regions of European Russia, Ukraina and the Caucasus, represented far and away the richest economic prize within Hitler's reach. Here, and here alone, he could hope to find the rich colonial empire, capable of being held by land and air power, which would fill out the requirements of highly industrialized Germany.

Ukraina contains iron and coal and nickel, and under efficient management, which Germany doubtless hopes to furnish, it could produce a substantial surplus of almost all the staple foodstuffs: wheat, livestock, sugar beets, vegetables. The adjacent North Caucasus, which includes the fertile valleys of the Don and the Kuban, traditional home of the largest communities of the Russian Cossacks, is or could be rich in herds and flocks and wheat, fruits, oil seeds, and other farm products.¹ Farther to the south, in the mountainous Caucasus region between the Black and Caspian Seas, are two of Russia's main sources of oil, Baku and Grozny, together with the rich manganese deposits of Chiatouri, in

¹ The North Caucasus, when I last visited the region in 1933, had suffered terrible desolation because of the forced collectivization of agriculture. Whether and how far it has recovered is difficult to say with certainty, in view of the extreme paucity of firsthand foreign reporting on the Russian countryside in recent years. — AUTHOR

Georgia. The Caucasus also produces timber and molybdenum and a variety of miscellaneous products — fresh and dried fruits and nuts, for instance.

Nowhere else in Europe is there a storehouse of natural wealth comparable with southern and southeastern Russia. I am convinced that this storehouse has always been Hitler's basic objective, that his whole war against the West, precipitated by the British guaranty to Poland, was an interlude, an unwelcome interruption in the process of attempted empire building in the East. This viewpoint can be supported by one of the most emphatic references to empire building in *Mein Kampf*: 'We terminate the endless German drive to the South and West of Europe and direct our gaze towards the lands of the East. We finally terminate the colonial and trade policy of the pre-war period and proceed to the territorial policy of the future. But if we talk about new soil and territory in Europe today, we can think primarily only of Russia and its vassal border states.'

Some individuals who insist that not a word of Hitler's can be believed are simultaneously convinced, for some reason, that every word he wrote in *Mein Kampf* possesses all the authority of authentic prophecy. But my own belief that Hitler's basic orientation is eastward, not westward, is based not so much on the testimony of *Mein Kampf* as on the immutable facts of geography, economics, and the requirements of Germany's neo-imperialism.

Of what permanent benefit to Germany is the physical possession of small highly industrialized countries like Belgium and the Netherlands, so dependent on sea trade and contact with colonial empires which are cut off so long as Great Britain commands the seas? These empires would indeed be welcome acquisitions. But Hitler, in view of his weakness in sea power, could not hope to anticipate Japan (or the United States) in the Dutch East Indies. And it is a

long way to the Belgian Congo. France was useful, for a time, as a source of foodstuffs and such raw materials as oil and copper which the French had stocked up for their own use and which the conquering Germans appropriated. But, apart from the Lorraine iron, France possesses no very valuable natural resources for permanent exploitation.

Until Germany becomes a commanding naval power (and this may well be a matter of many years) its interests are certain to lie primarily in the direction of land expansion. And the only theatre of land expansion large enough and rich enough to be worth a major war is Russia.

There is another consideration that points in the same direction. Hitler, who has himself done so much to destroy conventional methods of trade and exchange, has the strongest reasons for doubting whether the old system of far-flung international trade and investment, based on the gold standard or at least on some common denominator of commercial confidence, will ever be restored. Even in the event of peace, Germany's supply of overseas foodstuffs and raw materials would always be precarious. Consequently Hitler may well have felt that it was a matter of vital national self-interest to possess, under the direct control of the German Army and Air Force, a reservoir of supply which did not depend on mastery of the seas.

Another significant element in Hitler's decision to strike at Russia was probably his desire to put some ideological cement into a union of Europe which has hitherto been entirely a product of German military force and threat of force. Three countries — Finland, Hungary, and Rumania — were induced to take part in the war, and a movement to recruit volunteers for the crusade against Communism was launched in France, in Spain, and in other lands. The military value of such volunteer contingents would be negligible.

But Hitler reckons with the possibility that anti-Communism may prove an attractive slogan to conservatives throughout Europe and may take some of the edge off the antagonism aroused by German methods of rule. It remains to be seen whether this reckoning will be justified.

III

One of the paradoxes of this struggle for Eurasia is that Hitler, the militant and exclusive nationalist, has mustered at least a semblance of international support, while the Soviet Union, always inclined to boast of the assumed sympathy of the working classes of other countries, has been left to its own resources, except for the indirect benefit which it derives from the continuation of the British air war against Germany. Indeed, Soviet appeals have been significantly phrased largely in terms of Russian nationalism. There have been notably few references to world revolution or even to the achievements of the Russian Revolution. According to people who have listened closely to the Moscow broadcasts on short-wave receiving sets, straight Communism is advocated only in emissions in the German language.

The first weeks of the war indicated that the Red Army is the most formidable opponent, on land, which Hitler's war machine has been called on to face. A front that is about two thousand miles long, from the vicinity of the Arctic Circle to the Black Sea, and is of vastly greater depth than would be possible in the smaller countries of Western Europe, does not lend itself to a lightning decision. The size of the Soviet Union places many of its important industrial centres and railway junctions out of range of air bombardment.

Moreover, the Soviet Union went on a complete war economy, with absolute state control of labor power, food distribution, and industrial production from the time when the first Five-Year

Plan went into effect, in 1928. This was several years before Hitler came into power, and the Soviet Union, unlike Germany, had never been subjected to compulsory disarmament.

Yet Stalin's desperate desire to avoid a clash with the Third Reich is the best proof that he felt little confidence as to its issue. On the German side, in weighing the long-term prospects of the conflict, is inherited national superiority in military and industrial technique, accentuated by the fact that National Socialism is a less wasteful form of revolution than is Communism. Hitler never shot all his best generals, as Stalin felt obliged to do in the great military purge of 1937. The middle class, with its inherited abilities and acquired skills, has not been 'liquidated' in Germany as it has been in Russia, with the result that the level of technical competence under the Nazi dictatorship is definitely higher than under its Communist counterpart.

In Russia, as in every dictatorship, it is impossible to know, except in the case of a few intimate friends (and it is highly unsafe for a Russian to be known as the friend or associate of a foreigner), how many people go through the prescribed motions of loyalty to the system with enthusiasm, how many with bored indifference, and how many purely out of fear and with hatred and bitterness in their hearts.

But masks fall off under the stress of unsuccessful war. In the confusion and breakup of a retreat there is little possibility of compelling the population to resist actively, to carry on guerrilla war. What, for instance, would be the result of a plebiscite held in Ukraina or any other large region which may fall under German military occupation? If there is passionate resistance by the people, motivated by desire to restore the fallen Soviets, this will be more impressive than any of the 99 per cent majorities registered in Soviet 'elections,' where there is only one list of candidates

to vote for. If there is apathetic acceptance of the change, even some willing coöperation with the invaders, this will be a negative verdict on the Communist dictatorship.

I doubt whether Stalin will be vindicated personally by the great assize of history which he must now face. When I read his appeal to 'comrades, citizens, brothers and sisters,' I thought of the millions (the figure is sober truth, not rhetorical exaggeration) of ghosts of his victims who might rise and respond in mocking derision. I thought of the villages of Ukraina and the North Caucasus, decimated by the state-organized famine of 1932-1933. I thought of the freight cars I had seen, packed with wretched kulaks and their wives and children and old men, driven from their homes and dispatched, many of them, to cruel, lingering deaths in the serf labor concentration camps of North Russia and Siberia. I thought of some of the finest of Russia's intellectuals — engineers, physicians, professors, scientists — broken on the wheel of fraudulent sabotage trials. If Stalin's victims could rise from the dead and march in close order through Moscow's spacious Red Square, it would be several days before the procession would come to an end.

It has been one of Stalin's whims to pose as a student of Shakespeare. *Macbeth* might be suitable reading for him in the present crisis. How many Banquos, old comrades whom he had murdered, would rise up accusingly before his eyes: Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Bukharin, Tomskey, Karakhan, Yenukidze — but here again the list is almost endless.

It seems doubtful whether a régime that has committed so many acts of ruthless cruelty against its own people could survive a severe military defeat. Disaffection on the Right and on the Left was an important cause of the fall of France. And no Frenchman had a fraction of the reason to hate the Third Republic that large numbers of Rus-

sians, Ukrainians, and people of other national minorities have to hate the Soviet régime. The French Republic never 'liquidated' whole classes, never created famine conditions, never rounded up enormous numbers of people for forced labor in concentration camps.

Yet I am conscious of the need for a certain diffidence in predicting Russian psychological reactions. There is always, for the foreign observer, the danger of seeing Russia and the Russians too much 'under Western eyes,' to borrow the title of Joseph Conrad's interesting novel about Russian revolutionaries. It may be that there is something Asiatic, atavistic, masochistic, about the Russian character that instinctively rebels against mild, humane liberalism, that is not only subdued but captivated by extreme forms of brutality. It may be that Russians will not react to cruel forms of tyranny as one would expect a Western people to react, if it were given the opportunity.

Under the shock of a great defeat, almost anything might happen in Russia. There might be an upsurge of nationalist feeling. There might be a terrific explosion of long-suppressed thirst for revenge, of hatred of class against class and race against race that would tear the vast country to pieces.

Stalin's régime is not identical with Russia. And it is possible that war, always the generator of political and social change in Russia, may prove fatal to Stalin's personal dictatorship and to certain aspects of Communism without destroying Russia's national existence.

IV

There are three broad perspectives for the outcome of the new great war that has begun in Russia. By far the least likely of these, except perhaps to Bernard Shaw and to that one cleric beloved of Communists, the Dean of Canterbury, is a Soviet military victory. Such a victory would be little short of a

miracle. It would run counter to every ascertainable fact about the comparative military and industrial strength of the combatants. It would also transform immediately and sensationally the whole atmosphere of international politics. It would let loose the fiercest kind of civil war in Europe. It would signify the end of Hitler. The Communist menace would replace the Nazi menace in the consciousness of democratic countries. England, incredible as the prospect may seem at the moment, might find itself in the position of trying to aid whatever conservative forces might emerge from the Nazi wreckage in Germany to stem the tide of triumphant bolshevism.

More probable, although far from certain, is the perspective of a complete victory for Hitler. Suppose that every doubt about the course of this German-Soviet war resolves itself in Germany's favor. Suppose that the better-trained and better-equipped units of the Red Army, after a few weeks or a few months of hard fighting, are smashed to pieces. Suppose that the Russians, Ukrainians, and other peoples of the Soviet Union are too apathetic, too depressed by Stalin's own tyranny, to offer much effective resistance in the form of guerilla warfare and sabotage.

Hitler would then have made a very profitable political and military investment. He would possess, along with the man power and industrial plant of Western and Central Europe, new and rich reserves of many of the most essential foodstuffs and raw materials, so situated as to be almost inaccessible to bombing attack. With the German legions established in the Caucasus, Hitler would possess a new base from which to launch military and propaganda offensives against the British position in the Near and Middle East. Should his conquest extend to Soviet Central Asia, he could threaten India.

The German dictator would be in an advantageous position either to offer peace, perhaps on the basis of an evacua-

tion of Western Europe in return for a free hand in the East, or to prosecute the war against Great Britain in the Isles, in Africa, and in Asia more relentlessly than ever. Should his sway extend, through the medium of puppet governments, all the way across Siberia, he would be in a position to intervene in the affairs of Japan and China. Most definitely he would have escaped from the prison of his European conquests, in which the British blockade has sought to contain him.

It would be a tremendous task for Great Britain and the United States together to build up enough land and air power to break this huge Eurasian empire, this 'Union Now' of the totalitarian mastodons under the hegemony of the stronger. At the same time, sea power would preserve the American continent and the outlying parts of the British Empire from any serious danger of attack.

There is a third possible outcome of the war, less improbable than the first, less spectacularly decisive than the second. This would be a protracted struggle, following the general outline of the Sino-Japanese War. Germany, like Japan in the Far East, would win the big battles, occupy many large towns and considerable stretches of territory. But some kind of front would continue to exist, perhaps in the Ural Mountains or even farther to the East. A Soviet Government, or a new national Russian government, would remain in being. The countryside would be laid waste before the armies of occupation. Oil wells and industrial plants would be damaged or destroyed. Guerrilla war would be waged in the occupied regions.

Should such a situation arise and be maintained indefinitely, Hitler's victory would not be worth its price. His empire would begin to bleed to death, like Napoleon's in Russia and in Spain. It is questionable whether England possesses the trained man power and equipment to initiate a two-front war by in-

vading the continent in 1941. By 1942, however, if a Russian army should still be in the field, this nightmare of German strategists might become a reality.

Whatever may be the outcome, the German-Soviet war certainly marks an important turn of the wheel of history. It opens up probabilities of vast new changes, in Asia as in Europe. For Japan will not remain aloof and disinterested in the event of a Soviet collapse. Indeed the Japanese move into Southern Indo-China, followed by American economic reprisals, was certainly not unaffected by the Soviet preoccupation in Europe. And new Japanese aggressive moves, inspiring further tension in Soviet-American relations, are not improbable in the near future.

Hitler's blow at Russia has extended the scope of the war in actuality and in prospect. It has opened up perspectives that are new and unpredictable. But it has already probably achieved at least one negative result. It seems to have ruled out the possibility of the ending of the war for which Stalin was hoping. This would have been an all-round collapse of social order and cohesion in an atmosphere of universal hunger, misery, and despair, as the climax of a prolonged military deadlock and a futile competition in destruction from the air. Then the Soviet dictator, had he been able to remain aloof from the conflict and to keep his forces intact, could have stepped into the vacuum as the arbiter of Europe's destiny. He would have won the war by staying out of it.

We still cannot know with certainty what outbursts of revolutionary despair may occur in a Europe that has not yet drunk its cup of bitter torment to the dregs. But as from June 22, 1941, Stalinite Communism has been pretty definitely eliminated as Europe's 'wave of the future.' For the disintegrating effect of large-scale war, on which Stalin counted to bring about the downfall of other states, will now be felt in the Soviet régime itself.

PITCHERS AND CATCHERS

BY MOE BERG

I

BASEBALL men agree with the philosopher that perfection — which means a pennant to them — is attainable only through a proper combination of opposites. A team equally strong in attack and in defense, well-proportioned as a unit, with, of course, those intangibles, morale, enthusiasm, and direction — that is the story of success in baseball. Good fielding and pitching, without hitting, or vice versa, is like Ben Franklin's half a pair of scissors — ineffectual. Lopsided pennant failures are strewn throughout the record books. Twenty-game winners or .400 hitters do not ensure victory. *Ne quid nimis*. Ty Cobb, baseball genius, helped win pennants early in his career, but from 1909 through 1926, his last year at Detroit, he and his formidable array of hitters failed — they never found the right combination. Ed Walsh, the great White Sox spitball pitcher, in 1908 won forty or practically half of his club's games, to this day an individual pitching record, but alone he couldn't offset his own 'hitless wonders.' Walter Johnson the swift, with over 400 victories, waited almost twenty years before his clubmates at Washington helped him to a championship. Every pennant winner must be endowed both at the plate and in the field. Even Babe Ruth's bat, when it loomed largest, couldn't obscure the Yankees' high-calibre pitching and their tight defense in key spots.

With all the importance that hitting has assumed since the Babe and home

runs became synonymous, I note that Connie Mack, major-league manager for almost half a century, household name for strategy wherever the game is played, still gives pitching top rating in baseball.

A Walter Johnson, a Lefty Grove, a Bob Feller, cannon-ball pitchers, come along once in a generation. By sheer, blinding speed they overpower the hitter. Johnson shut out the opposition in 113 games, more than the average pitcher wins in his major-league lifetime. Bob Feller continues this speed-ball tradition. We accept these men as pitching geniuses, with the mere explanation that, thanks to their strong arms, their pitches are comparatively untouchable. When Walter Johnson pitched, the hitter looked for a fast ball and got it; he looked — but it didn't do him much good. Clark Griffith, then manager of the Washington Club, jestingly threatened Walter with a fine any time he threw a curve. 'Griff' knew that no variation in the speed king's type of pitch was necessary. But what of the other pitchers who are not so talented?

Many times a pitcher without apparent stuff wins, whereas his opponent, with what seems to be a great assortment, is knocked out of the box in an early inning. The answer, I believe, lies in the bare statement, 'Bat meets ball'; any other inference may lead us into the danger of overcomplication. The player himself takes his ability for granted and

passes off his success or lack of it with 'You do or you don't.' Call it the law of averages.

Luck, as well as skill, decides a game. The pitcher tries to minimize the element of luck. Between the knees and shoulders of the hitter, over a plate just 17 inches wide, lies the target of the pitcher, who throws from a rectangular rubber slab on a mound 60 feet, 6 inches distant. The pitcher has to throw into this area with enough on the ball to get the hitter out — that is his intention. Control, natural or acquired, is a prerequisite of any successful pitcher: he must have direction, not only to be effective, but to exist.

Because of this enforced concentration of pitches, perhaps the game's most interesting drama unfolds within the limited space of the ball-and-strike zone. The pitcher toes the mound; action comes with the motion, delivery, and split-second flight of the ball to the catcher. With every move the pitcher is trying to fool the hitter, using his stuff, his skill and wiles, his tricks and cunning, all his art to win.

Well known to ball players is the two-o'clock hitter who breaks down fences in batting practice. There is no pressure; the practice pitcher throws ball after ball with the same motion, the same delivery and speed. If the practice pitcher varies his windup or delivery, the hitters don't like it — not in batting practice — and they show their dislike by sarcastically conceding victory by a big score to the batting practice pitcher and demanding another. This is an interesting phenomenon. The hitter, in practice, is adjusting himself to clock-like regularity of speed, constant and consistent. He is concentrating on his timing. He has to coördinate his vision and his swing. This coördination the opposing pitcher wants to upset from the moment he steps on the rubber and the game begins. The very duration of the stance itself, the windup and motion, and the form of delivery are all calculated to break the

hitter's equilibrium. Before winding up, the pitcher may hesitate, outstaring the notoriously anxious hitter in order to disturb him. Ted Lyons, of the Chicago White Sox, master student of a hitter's habits, brings his arms over his head now once, now twice, three or more times, his eyes intent on every move of the hitter, slowing up or quickening the pace of his windup and motion in varying degrees before he delivers the pitch. Cy Young, winner of most games in baseball history, — he won 511, — had four different pitching motions, turning his back on the hitter to hide the ball before he pitched. Fred Marberry, the great Washington relief pitcher, increased his effectiveness by throwing his free, non-pivot foot as well as the ball at the hitter to distract him.

In 1884, when Connie Mack broke in as a catcher for Meriden, Charlie Radbourne — who won 60 games for Providence — could have cuffed, scraped, scratched, finger-nailed, applied resin, emery, or any other foreign substance to, or spit on the two balls the teams started and finished the game with. 'Home-Run' Baker, who hit two balls out of the park in the 1911 World Series to win his nickname, — and never more than twelve in a full season, — characterizes a defensive era in the game. During the last war it was impossible to get some of the nine foreign ingredients that enter into the manufacture of our baseball. To make up for the lack of the superior foreign yarn, our machines were adjusted to wind the domestic product tighter. In 1919, when the war was over, the foreign yarn was again available, but the same machines were used. The improved technique, the foreign ingredients, Babe Ruth and bat, conspired to revolutionize baseball. It seems prophetic, with due respect to the Babe, that our great American national game, so native and representative, could have been so completely refashioned by happenings on the other side of the world.

II

The importance of the bat has been stressed to such an extent that, since 1920, foreign substances have been barred to the pitcher, and the spitball outlawed. The resin bag, the sole concession, is used on the hands only to counteract perspiration. The cover of the ball, in two sections, is sewed together with stitches, slightly raised, in one long seam; today's pitcher, after experimentation and experience, takes whatever advantage he can of its surface to make his various pitches more effective by gripping the ball across or along two rows of stitches, or along one row or on the smooth surface. The pitcher is always working with a shiny new ball. A game today will consume as many as eight dozen balls instead of the two roughed and battered ones which were the limit in 1884.

With the freak pitch outlawed and the accent put on hitting in the modern game, the pitcher has to be resourceful to win. He throws fast, slow, and breaking balls, all with variations. He is fortunate if his fast ball hops or sinks, slides or sails, because, if straight as a string or too true, it is ineffective. The ball has to do something at the last moment. The curve must break sharply and not hang. To add to his repertory of balls that break, the pitcher may develop a knuckle ball (fingers applied to the seam, knuckled against, instead of gripping the ball), a fork ball (the first two fingers forking the ball), or a screw ball (held approximately the same as an orthodox fast or curve ball but released with a twist of the wrist the reverse of a curve). The knuckle and fork balls flutter through the air, wavering, veering, or taking a sudden lurch, without revolving like the other pitches; they are the modern counterpart of the spitball, a dry spitter.

The pitcher studies the hitter's stance, position at the plate, and swing, to establish the level of his natural bat-

ting stroke and to detect any possible weakness. Each hitter has his own individual style. The pitcher scouts his form and notes whether he holds the bat on the end or chokes it, is a free swinger or a chop hitter. He bears in mind whether the hitter crowds, or stands away from, the plate, in front of or behind it, erect or crouched over it. Whether he straddles his legs or strides forward to hit, whether he lunges with his body or takes a quick cut with wrist and arm only, whether he pulls a ball, hits late or through the box — all these things are telltale and reveal a hitter's liking for a certain pitch, high or low, in or out, fast, curve, or slow.

To fool the hitter — there's the rub. With an assortment at his disposal, a pitcher tries to adapt the delivery, as well as the pitch, to the hitter's weakness. Pitchers may have distinct forms of delivery and work differently on a given hitter; a pitcher throws overhand, three-quarter overhand (which is about midway between overhand and side-arm), side-arm, or underhand. A cross-fire is an emphasized side-arm pitch thrown against the forward foot as the body leans to the same side as the pitching arm at the time of the motion and delivery. Not the least important part of the delivery is the body follow-through to get more stuff on the pitch and to take pressure off the arm. Having determined the hitter's weakness, the pitcher can throw to spots — for example, 'high neck in,' low outside, or letter high. But he never forgets that, with all his equipment, he is trying to throw the hitter off his timing — probably the best way to fool him, to get him out. Without varying his motion, he throws a change-of-pace fast or curve ball, pulls the string on his fast ball, slows up, takes a little off or adds a little to his fast ball.

Just as there are speed kings, so there are hitters without an apparent weakness. They have unusual vision, power, and great ability to coördinate these in the highest degree. They are the rank-

ing, top hitters who hit everything in the strike zone well — perhaps one type of pitch less well than another. To these hitters the pitcher throws his best pitch and leaves the result to the law of averages. Joe DiMaggio straddles in a spread-eagle stance with his feet wide apart and bat already cocked. He advances his forward foot only a matter of inches, so that, with little stride, he doesn't move his head, keeping his eyes steadily on the ball. He concentrates on the pitch; his weight equally distributed on both feet, he has perfect wrist action and power to drive the ball for distance. Mel Ott, on the other hand, lifts the front foot high just as the pitcher delivers the ball; he is not caught off balance or out of position, because he sets the foot down only after he has seen what type of pitch is coming. With DiMaggio's stance one must have good wrist action and power. With Ott's, there is a danger of taking a long step forward before one knows what is coming. But Mel does not commit himself.

Rogers Hornsby, one of the game's greatest right-hand hitters, invariably took his position in the far rear corner of the batter's box, stepped into the pitch, and hit to all fields equally well. Ty Cobb was always a step ahead of the pitcher. He must have been because he led the American League in hitting every year but one in the thirteen-year period 1907-1919. He outstudied the pitcher and took as many positions in the batter's box as he thought necessary to counteract the type of motion and pitch he was likely to get. He adapted his stance to the pitcher who was then on the mound; for Red Faber, whose spitball broke sharply down, Cobb stood in front of the plate; for a curve-ball left-hander, Ty took a stance behind the plate in order to hit the curve after it broke, because, as Ty said, he could see it break and get hold of it the better. For Lefty O'Doul, one of the greatest teachers of hitting in the game, there are

no outside pitches. Lefty stands close to the plate; his bat more than covers it; he is a natural right-field pull hitter. Babe Ruth, because of his tremendous, unequaled home-run power, and his ability to hit equally well all sorts of pitches with a liberal stride and a free swing, and consistently farther than any other player, has demonstrated that he had the greatest coördination and power of any hitter ever known. Ted Williams, of the Boston Red Sox, the only current .400 hitter in the game, completely loose and relaxed, has kept enough eyes never to offer at a bad pitch; he has good wrist and arm action, leverage, and power. Jimmy Foxx, next to Babe Ruth as a home-run hitter, steps into a ball, using his tremendous wrists and forearms for his powerful, long and line drives. These hitters do not lunge with the body; the front hip gives way for the swing, and the body follows through.

III

The game is carried back and forth between the pitcher and the hitter. The hitter notices what and where the pitchers are throwing. If the pitcher is getting him out consistently, for example, on a curve outside, the hitter changes his mode of attack. Adaptability is the hallmark of the big-league hitter. Joe Cronin, playing manager of the Red Sox, has changed in his brilliant career from a fast-ball, left-field pull hitter to a curve-ball and a right-field hitter, to and fro through the whole cycle and back again, according to where the pitchers are throwing. He has no apparent weakness, hits to all fields, and is one of the greatest 'clutch' hitters in the game. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Like Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove was a fast-ball pitcher, and the hitters knew it. The hitters looked for this pitch; Lefty did not try to fool them by throwing anything else, but most of them were fooled, not by the type of pitch, but by his terrific speed. With two

strikes on the hitter, Lefty did throw his curve at times, and that, too, led almost invariably to a strike-out. In 1935, Lefty had recovered from his first serious sore arm of the year before. Wear and tear, and the grind of many seasons, had taken their toll. Now he had changed his tactics, and was pitching curves and fast balls, one or the other. His control was practically perfect. On a day in that year in Washington, Heinie Manush, a great hitter, was at bat with two men on the bases. The game was at stake; the count was three balls and two strikes. Heinie stood there, confident, looking for Lefty's fast ball. 'Well,' thought Heinie, 'it might be a curve.' Lefty was throwing the curve more and more now, but the chances with the count of three and two were that Lefty would throw his fast ball with everything he had on it. Fast or curve — he couldn't throw anything else; he had nothing else to throw. Heinie broke his back striking out on the next pitch, the first fork ball Grove ever threw. For over a year, on the side lines, in the bullpen, between pitching starts, Lefty had practised and perfected this pitch before he threw it, and he waited for a crucial spot to use it. Lefty had realized his limitations. The hitters were getting to his fast and curve balls more than they used to. He wanted to add to his pitching equipment; he felt he had to. Heinie Manush anticipated, looked for, guessed a fast ball, possibly a curve, but Lefty fooled him with his new pitch, a fork ball.

Here was the perfect setup for out-guessing a hitter. Lefty Grove's development of a third pitch, the fork ball, is the greatest example in our time of complete, successful change in technique by one pitcher. When a speed-ball pitcher loses his fast one, he has to compensate for such loss by adding to his pitching equipment. Lefty both perfected his control and added a fork ball. Carl Hubbell's screw ball, practically unhittable at first, made his fast ball and curve effective. Lefty Gomez, reaching

that point in his career where he had to add to his fast and curve ball, developed and threw his first knuckle ball this year. Grove, Gomez, and Hubbell, three outstanding left-handers, — Grove and Gomez adding a fork ball and a knuckle ball respectively to their fast and curve balls when their speed was waning, Hubbell developing a screw ball early in his career to make it his best pitch and to become one of the game's foremost southpaws, — so you have the build-up of great pitchers.

At first, the superspeed of Grove obviated the necessity of pitching brains. But, when his speed began to fade, Lefty turned to his head. With his almost perfect control and the addition of his fork ball, Lefty now fools the hitter with his cunning. With Montaigne, we conceive of Socrates in place of Alexander, of brain for brawn, wit for whip. And this brings us to a fascinating part of the pitcher-hitter drama: Does a hitter guess? Does a pitcher try to outguess him? When the pitching process is no longer mechanical, how much of it is psychological? When the speed of a Johnson or a Grove is fading or gone, can the pitcher outguess the hitter?

IV

We know that the pitcher studies the strength and weakness of every hitter and that the hitter notes every variety of pitch in the pitcher's repertory; that the big-league hitter is resourceful, and quick to meet every new circumstance. Does he anticipate what the pitcher is going to throw? He can regulate his next pitch arbitrarily by the very last-second flick of the wrist. There is no set pattern for the order of pitches. Possible combinations are so many that a formula of probability cannot be established. He may repeat the fast ball or curve ball indefinitely, or pitch them alternately; there is no mathematical certainty what the pitch will be. There is no harmony in the pattern of a pitcher's pitches.

And no human being has the power of divination.

But does this prevent a hitter from guessing? Does he merely hit what he sees if he can? Is it possible for a hitter to stand at the plate and use merely his vision, without trying to figure out what the pitcher might throw? The hitter bases his anticipation on the repertory of the pitcher, taking into account the score of the game, what the pitcher threw him the last time at bat, whether he hit that pitch or not, how many men are on base, and the present count on him. The guess is more than psychic, for there is some basis for it, some precedent for the next move; what is past is prologue.

The few extraordinary hitters whose exceptional vision and power to co-ordinate must be the basis for their talent can afford to be oblivious of anything but the flight of the ball. Hughie Duffy, who has the highest batting average in baseball history (he hit .438 in 1894), or Rogers Hornsby, another great right-hand hitter, may even deny that he did anything but hit what he saw. But variety usually makes a hitter think. When Ty Cobb changed his stance at the plate to hit the pitcher then facing him, he anticipated not only a certain type of motion but also the pitch that followed it. He studied past performance. Joe DiMaggio hit a home run to break Willie Keeler's consecutive-games hitting record of 44, standing since 1897, and has since carried the record to 56 games. In hitting the home run off Dick Newsome, Red Sox pitcher, who has been very successful this year because of a good assortment of pitches, Joe explains: 'I hit a fast ball; I knew he would come to that and was waiting for it; he had pitched knucklers, curves, and sinkers.' Jimmie Foxx looks for a particular pitch when facing a pitcher — for example, a curve ball against a notorious curve-ball pitcher — and watches any other pitch go by. But when he has two strikes he cancels all thought of what the pitcher might throw; he then

hits what he sees. Jimmie knows that if he looks for a certain pitch and guesses wrong, with two strikes on him, he will be handcuffed at the plate watching the pitch go by. Hank Greenberg, full of imagination, has guessed right most of the time — he hit 58 home runs one year.

Just as Lefty Grove perfected control of his not-so-speedy fast ball and curve, and added the fork ball to give him variety, so even the outstanding hitters have to change their mode of attack later when their vision and reactions are not quite so sharp as they used to be.

V

The catcher squatting behind the hitter undoubtedly has the coign of vantage in the ball park; all the action takes place before him. Nothing is outside his view except the balls-and-strikes umpire behind him — which is at times no hardship. The receiver has a good pair of hands, shifts his feet gracefully for inside or outside pitches, and bends his knees, not his back, in an easy, rhythmic motion, as he stretches his arms to catch the ball below his belt. The catcher has to be able to cock his arm from any position, throw fast and accurately to the bases, field bunts like an infielder, and catch foul flies like an outfielder. He must be adept at catching a ball from any angle, and almost simultaneously tagging a runner at home plate. The catcher is the Cerberus of baseball.

These physical qualifications are only a part of a catcher's equipment. He signals the pitcher what to throw, and this implies superior baseball brains on his part. But a pitcher can put a veto on a catcher's judgment by shaking him off and waiting for another sign. The game cannot go on until he pitches. Every fan has seen a pitcher do this — like the judge who kept shaking his head from time to time while counsel was arguing; the lawyer finally turned to the jury and said, 'Gentlemen, you might imagine that the shaking of his head by

His Honor implied a difference of opinion, but you will notice if you remain here long enough that when His Honor shakes his head there is nothing in it.' (Judges, if you are reading, please consider this *obiter*.) One would believe that a no-hit, no-run game, the acme of perfection, the goal of a pitcher, would satisfy even the most exacting battery mate. Yet, at the beginning of the seventh inning of a game under those conditions, 'Sarge' Connally, White Sox pitcher, said to his catcher, 'Let's mix 'em up; why don't you call for my knuckler?' 'Sarge' was probably bored with his own infallibility. He lost the no-hitter and the game on an error.

Of course, no player monopolizes the brains on a ball club. The catcher gives the signals only because he is in a better position than the pitcher to hide them. In a squatting position, the catcher hides the simple finger, fist, or finger-wiggle signs between his legs, complicating them somewhat with different combinations only when a runner on second base in direct line of vision with the signals may look in, perhaps solve them, and flash back another signal to the hitter.

Signal stealing is possible in many ways. The most prevalent self-betrays are made by the pitcher and catcher themselves. Such detection requires the closest observation. A catcher, after having given the signal, gets set for the pitch; in doing so he may unintentionally, unconsciously, make a slight move — for example, to the right, in order to be in a better position to catch a right-hander's curve ball. But more often it is the pitcher who reveals something either to the coaches on the base lines or — what is more telling — to the hitter standing in the batter's box.

The pitcher will betray himself if he makes two distinct motions for two different pitches — as, for example, a side-arm delivery for the curve and overhand for the fast ball. A pitcher may also betray himself in his windup by raising his arms higher for the fast ball than for the

curve. In some cases his eyes are more intent on the plate for one pitch than for another. Usually the curve is more difficult to control. If a pitcher has to make facial distortions, they should be the same for one pitch as for another.

A pitcher covers up the ball with his glove as he fixes it, to escape detection. Otherwise he may reveal that he is holding the ball tighter for a curve than for a fast ball, or even gripping the stitches differently for one than for the other. Eddie Collins, all-time star second baseman, was probably the greatest spy on the field or at bat in the history of the game. He was a master at 'getting' the pitch for himself somewhere in the pitcher's manipulation of the ball or in his motion. This ability in no small part helped make him the great performer that he was.

Ball players would rather detect these idiosyncrasies for themselves, as they stand awaiting the pitch, than get a signal from the coach. The coach, on detecting something, gives a sign to the hitter either silently by some move — for instance, touching his chest — or by word of mouth — 'Come on,' for a curve. But this is dangerous unless the coach detects the pitches with one hundred per cent accuracy. There must be no doubt. Many times, in baseball, a club knows every pitch thrown and still loses. The hitter may be too anxious if he actually knows what is coming, or a doubt might upset him. And there is always the danger of a pitcher's suspecting that he is 'tipping' himself off. He then deals in a bit of counter-espionage by making more emphatic to the opposition his revealing mannerism to encourage them, only to cross them up at a crucial time.

The whole club plays as a unit to win. The signs that the pitcher and catcher agree on reflect the collective ideas, the judgment of all the players on how to get the opposition out. Preventing runs from scoring is as important as making them. The players know how the

pitcher intends to throw to each opponent. They review their strategy before game time, as a result of which they know how the battery is going to work, and they play accordingly. The shortstop and second baseman see the catcher's signs and get the jump on the ball; sometimes they flash it by prearranged signal to the other players who are not in a position to see it. The outfielders can then lean a little, but only after the ball is actually released.

He is a poor catcher who doesn't know at least as well as the pitcher what a hitter likes or doesn't like, to which field he hits, what he did the last time, what he is likely to do this time at bat. The catcher is an on-the-spot witness, in a position to watch the hitter at first hand. He has to make quick decisions, bearing in mind the score, the inning, the number of men on the bases, and other factors.

VI

Pitchers and catchers are mutually helpful. It is encouraging to a pitcher when a catcher calls for the ball he wants to throw and corroborates his judgment. The pitcher very seldom shakes a catcher off, because they are thinking alike in a given situation. By working together they know each other's system. Pitchers help catchers as much as catchers do pitchers. One appreciative catcher gives due credit to spit-baller Red Faber, knuckle-baller Ted Lyons, and fast-baller Tommy Thomas, all of the Chicago White Sox, for teaching him, as he caught them, much about catching and working with pitchers. Bill Dickey, great Yankee catcher, will readily admit that Herb Pennock taught him battery technique merely by catching a master and noting how he mixed up his pitches. Ray Schalk, Chicago White Sox, and Steve O'Neill, Cleveland Indians, were two of the greatest receivers and all-round workmen behind the plate in baseball history. Gabby Hartnett and

Mickey Cochrane stood out as hitters as well as catchers, Mickey being probably the greatest inspirational catcher of our time.

The catcher works in harmony with the pitcher and dovetails his own judgment with the pitcher's stuff. He finds out quickly the pitcher's best ball and calls for it in the spots where it would be most effective. He knows whether a hitter is in a slump or dangerous enough to walk intentionally. He tries to keep the pitcher ahead of the hitter. If he succeeds, the pitcher is in a more advantageous position to work on the hitter with his assortment of pitches. But if the pitcher is in a hole—a two and nothing, three and one, or three and two count—he knows that the hitter is ready to hit. The next pitch may decide the ball game. The pitcher tries not to pitch a 'cripple'—that is, tries not to give the hitter the ball he hits best. But it is also dangerous to overrefine. Taking the physical as well as the psychological factors into consideration, the pitcher must at times give even the best hitter his best pitch under the circumstances. He pitches hard, lets the law of averages do its work, and never second-guesses himself. The pitcher throws a fast ball through the heart of the plate, and the hitter, surprised, may even take it. The obvious pitch may be the most strategic one.

The pitcher may throw overhand to take full advantage of the white shirts in the bleacher background. Breaking balls are more effective when thrown against the resistance of the wind. In the latter part of a day, when shadows are cast in a stadium ball park, the pitcher may change his tactics by throwing more fast balls than he did earlier in the game.

The players are not interested in the score, but merely in how many runs are necessary to tie and to win. They take nothing for granted in baseball. The idea is to win. The game's the thing.

AMERICANS: JEW AND CHRISTIAN

[Albert Jay Nock's discussion of the Jewish Problem in America brought into the open the hopes and fears of many conscientious Americans who feel that this issue must be faced without flinching or prejudice in the present emergency. — THE EDITOR]

JEWS IN GOVERNMENT EMPLOY

BY EMANUEL CELLER
Congressman, 10th District, New York

THE articles entitled 'The Jewish Problem in America' are very compelling and very interesting. Mr. Nock and the *Atlantic Monthly* must be praised for posing the very vexatious problem of anti-Semitism in this country.

However, I do believe that in some instances Mr. Nock has been rather naïve in accepting as fact too much of what he has heard and read concerning this problem. For instance, he says in the July issue: 'The Civil Service Commission reports 959,146 civil employees in the Federal executive departments. It is impossible to say how many of these are Jews. The highest Jewish estimate I have heard made is 40 per cent. The highest non-Jewish estimate is 63 per cent.'

Mr. Nock does not give us the source of these figures. To say the least, they are fantastic. During my many years as a member of the House of Representatives, I have come in contact almost daily with many branches of our government. I know something of its personnel. While I have never counted noses, it is utterly preposterous to estimate that 40 per cent of the total, or 383,658 Federal civil jobs, are held by Jews. I am sure that if you were to fine-comb the State Department you would find few Jews. Jews in the War and Navy Department are as scarce as hen's teeth.

Check over the list of personnel in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and all its subsidiaries, such as the Credit Commodity Corporation, Export-Import Bank, Plant Defense Corporation, and so forth, and you will find hardly any Jews. Check the various agencies in the Treasury Department. You might find some Jews there, but the proportion is nowhere near 40 or 63 per cent. It would be more reasonable to say 5 per cent.

In the Post Office Department, any Jews employed would be found in a few large cities such as New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, but there again the percentage is relatively small.

According to the United States Census of Religious Bodies as of 1937, the total Jewish population in this country was 4,770,647. Forty per cent of the total Federal civilian personnel would be more than 8 per cent of the total Jewish population, including men, women, and minors; 63 per cent would be more than 12 per cent of the total Jewish population. I offer these figures to indicate how absurd are the reported estimates of Mr. Nock.

THE INTERMARRIAGE

BY FRANCES STRAUSS

YESTERDAY I saw two portraits of my Jewish husband's great-grandfather and great-grandmother. They had been painted in Bavaria, where they lived. I looked at their open, their Nordically open, faces; I looked at their straight

noses and their richly shaped, kind mouths. I thought of my husband's grandmother, who came to this country in a sailing vessel. I thought of how she brought up her family in a little Iowa town, forcing her children to stay at home on Saturday, because it was the Jewish Sabbath, and how she kept all seven of them at home on Sunday because that was the Sabbath of their neighbors and must be respected. I thought of how she worked at the needlework guild of one Christian church and sewed in the circle of another, to be impartial.

Lastly I thought of the circle of myth and speculation which non-Jews have placed around Jews. It is a hard circle to break through.

I broke through it with marriage, and not at once, either. Like any non-Jew, I thought there were special attributes of Jewishness. I thought — oh, I thought a hundred things that all non-Jews think. After ten years of a marriage requiring no more adjustment than any other, I know Jews, and I should like to try to dissolve that circle of myth for others. I remember the assumptions well, for I had all of them. Let me discuss a few of the more familiar ones in the light of my own experience.

One of the most often heard — that Jews are clannish — is, of course, true. Perhaps this is no more so than with the Irish or the Italians who live in this country, but, since Jews are more recognizable, their clannishness is the more noticeable. They have their separate fraternities, clubs, camps, summer resorts. Their social life is largely a Jewish one.

Assume for a moment that you have been born a Jew. You begin to learn early, as my children will shortly begin to learn: you learn when you are perhaps six or seven, when the neighborhood children refuse to play with you because you are Jewish. And early your mother says to you (and who can measure the heartbreak?), 'It's hard to explain. There really isn't any reason, but that's

the way the world is. Now let's have your cousin over; you can play with him and forget about Alice.' You begin to play with your cousin and other Jews. You can share your hurt. You can, for a brief time, forget it.

As to the next assumption, that Jews are shrewd and tricky, I can only say that I am sure many of them are. I have heard, too, of shrewd Yankees, of Gentile robber barons and of Jewish ones. However, there have been many Jews like Haym Salomon, who helped finance the new American Republic and of whom James Madison later wrote, 'I have for some time past been a pensioner on the favor of Haym Salomon, a Jew broker.' The future President wrote, 'The kindness of our little friend . . . is a fund which will preserve me from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification as he obstinately rejects all recompense.'

I myself have had little to do with shrewd Jews. In my husband's family we have often had to put our minds to the problem of this or that unshrewd member: the doctor who could never bring himself to send bills; the trusting business man who again and again took notes which were no good, from shrewd Gentiles; the other who assumed that a verbal agreement between gentlemen was enough. A little traditional Jewish shrewdness would have increased our peace of mind.

It is often said that Jews are more emotional, and my first impulse would be to say yes, for I fall back into my old, non-Jewish judgments now and then, and I remember my emotional father-in-law. Yet there is my mother-in-law, who is as silent about her emotions as the little Spartan boy with the fox.

When I had my children in a Jewish hospital, I listened to a good deal of wailing at the wall (and did a little myself, I am told). As I lay in bed I thought, 'Of course, this is a Jewish hospital.' When I progressed to the wheel-chair stage and went calling on my neighbors,

I discovered that some of those wails had been Jewish, it is true, but as many had been Catholic and Lutheran.

Psychologically, I was a Gentile for twenty-six years. Now I am a Jew. I have learned, for instance, to see a J on a printed page long before my eye has read the intervening words. I prefer not to discuss winters in Florida with non-Jews. Jews themselves comment unhappily on the kind of Jews in Florida.

For a Jew is born with many additional burdens. He is his brother's keeper as no non-Jew can ever be. Since many Jews are easily identified, what bad manners one exhibits are attributed to all. The bad manners of a non-Jew are his alone.

I have walked up and down suburban and downtown streets, collecting money both for the Community Fund and for the Jewish Welfare Drive. I have been turned down again and again for the Community Fund — and with justification. I have never been turned down for the Jewish Welfare Drive, although the justification was as great. 'But that's for their own,' you say. Yes, but so is the Community Fund for our own.

'Yet,' one hears over and over, 'when all is said and done, Jews are different — Oriental, not to be assimilated.'

I have been entertained in an Orthodox or Kosher home, which presumably is as far as one can go in 'differentness' and 'Orientalism.' I have not been passed butter at table in that house, or eaten any form of pork. The furniture was of an elaborate design; the colors were too gaudy for my taste. I have been in non-Jewish homes which were too elaborate and gaudy for my taste, and I have been in Catholic homes where no meat was served on Friday.

Below this surface difference? The usual run of faults and virtues, with kindness, hospitality, and love of children predominating. Are these qualities different, or Oriental?

Orthodox Jews have maintained, in their synagogues and their homes, cer-

tain traditions and pageantry which reformed Jews no longer practise. Look for Orientalism, even of this surface kind, in the reformed Jew's life, and you will find none. I shall never forget the surprise and disappointment I felt at my first Jewish temple service of the reformed kind: except that certain responses were read in Hebrew, I might have been in the Congregational church I had attended all my life!

There is my husband's cousin, who read Mr. Nock's article on the way back from her college reunion and hurried to meet me for lunch. Her merry Nordic face crinkled up as she said to me, 'Do you find depths of Orientalism in me which you cannot fathom? Do you in your husband?' We both laughed.

One reason often given for this feeling of 'difference' is that Jews are urban people, and cannot work with their hands. When I hear this said I think of this same cousin and her husband, of their enormous vegetable garden, their eighty apple trees, all the product of their four Jewish hands. I think of another pair of Jewish friends who have a chicken farm which they largely work themselves. I think of the agricultural miracles which have been accomplished in Palestine by Jewish hands.

Lastly there is the statement that intermarriage between Jew and Gentile can never work. Because of it I looked for differences between us which I could put down to race, and for years I braced myself to detect those differences and to meet them with courage and, I hoped, with wisdom.

But with complete honesty I can say that I have never found what I could label by my own old standards, or the world's standards, as Jewish. I do not feel ill at ease or out of place in the home of my husband's parents or relatives, or in any Jewish home I have entered. Nor, conversely, does my husband feel ill at ease in the home of my parents or that of a non-Jewish friend. I have never had to call upon either courage or wisdom to

meet a 'Jewish difference.' However, both courage and wisdom will certainly be called upon in years to come in helping our half-Jewish children to meet the world — but that is a different story.

In short, my own experience has made me conclude that Jews have the same virtues and vices as other people, and that, could Jews live in real security, without constant fear of the next persecution, you, the non-Jew, could find no more trace of racial difference than I have found.

FOR A COMPLETE DEMOCRACY

BY DR. LOUIS FINKELSTEIN

President, Jewish Theological Seminary of America

THE myth of the 'Jewish problem' in our time is reminiscent of the equally unreal 'Christian problem' of ancient Rome. Perhaps, indeed, no better handbook on the 'Jewish problem' exists than Tertullian's discussions of his contemporary 'Christian problem.' Like modern writers on Judaism, Tertullian has to devote pages to demonstrating that his group does not constitute a separate 'race'; that it is not the cause of public calamities; that its members *are* patriotic; that they pray for the welfare of the government; that they cannot all be held responsible for the derelictions of a few; and that they differ from other Romans only in their religious faith and practice. 'No name of a crime stands against us,' he says, 'but only the crime of a name!'

There is no 'Jewish problem.' The problem confronting the people of the United States cannot be resolved into regional, sectarian, or group components. It is an indivisible unit. We all face a common peril, and must participate in the common task of preserving and advancing our inherited liberties. If we succeed, the bogies that haunt us in the present gloom will disappear. If we fail, nothing else matters. 'Certainly,' said Thomas Browne, 'that man were greedy of Life, who should desire to live when all the world were at an end.'

Obviously any disaster to the American people will strike some part of it with especial severity. Involvement in war may mean the bombardment of New York or of the Panama Canal; economic adversity may stimulate hatred toward certain groups. But these considerations cannot make war a problem for New York or the Canal Zone, or economic adversity the special concern of some segment of the population. We are all Americans, united both in safety and in peril.

Agitation against special groups may cause them grave hardships. But these hardships are inconsequential in comparison with the harm done the whole American civilization. America is more than a standard of living: it is a standard of life. Its essence is the concept of universal human worth and dignity, of coöperation despite differences, and of unity amidst diversity. Its federal system demonstrates that distant regions, with conflicting interests and varying cultural traditions, can be welded into an effective national Union. Extending the federal principle to wider areas, our statesmen are today forging hemispheric loyalties which may very well take their place among the great historic achievements of our time. Despite occasional lapses, the United States has almost consistently endeavored to extend the ideals of neighborliness and good will wherever its influence has reached. Alone among the victors of 1918, it sought no spoils of war. Though its resources enabled it to control both ocean approaches to its shores, it offered, in 1921, to share the dominion of the Atlantic with Great Britain and France, and of the Pacific with Japan.

The United States has been in the van of the movement to eradicate the two oldest forms of human injustice — the degradation of women and of children. Only the abolition of war and poverty could equal the significance of these reforms for the human race.

Much still remains to be achieved. Vast areas in our life have not yet been

permeated by the concepts of human dignity and equality. Yet, since the foundation of their first settlements on the rim of the wilderness, Americans have been trying to create a Commonwealth which might be free from the heathen inequalities and hostilities persisting in the secular substructure of European life.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the American people has been the growth of a sense of fellowship among the religious groups themselves. Never before in history have the various denominations displayed such mutual understanding and comradeship. De Tocqueville, visiting the United States about a century ago, noticed this, and regarded it as a good omen for the future of the young republic. There is no desire to reduce the religious creeds to a common denominator, necessarily so universal as to be meaningless. But, together with undiminished devotion to the different traditions, there is a recognition of a common background in the teachings of the Prophets, and of a common purpose in the realization of the Will of God.

This American mode of life and thought is today being challenged by two rival systems, the different types of totalitarianism in modern Europe. Totalitarianism, in both its forms, constitutes a major attempt to destroy all theistic religions, and the institutions stemming from them. It is thus the very antithesis of Americanism. It has nothing but contempt for the concept of human dignity. It looks for salvation to conflict rather than coöperation. It thrives on hatred and discord.

In its efforts to destroy democracy, good will, and the sense of human dignity, totalitarianism grasps at every opportunity to foment division among us. It stirs up distrust of the United States in the Latin-American republics. Its leftist wing arouses the animosity of the

laborer for the employer, its rightist wing that of the employer for the laborer.

Above all, totalitarianism is jealous of fellowship among the religious groups. It rightly regards this fellowship as the final expression, as well as the supreme bulwark, of American liberties.

Much of the emphasis on the 'Jewish problem' is part of the totalitarian endeavor to create dissension among us. Every effort is made to persuade the Jew that he faces a distinctive problem, and to persuade other Americans that the Jew constitutes such a problem.

There are those who predict that the aftermath of war will be economic collapse; and that, under the influence of totalitarian propaganda, economic collapse will produce Mr. Nock's Frankenstein, an 'Occidental mass-man,' who in his hungry rage will rend his fellow citizen in pieces. If such a future be in store for America, the victims of persecution will be the fortunate ones; for it is infinitely better to suffer persecution than to inflict it.

But the likelihood is quite the reverse. The totalitarian attempt to divide Americans has evoked a deeper consciousness of national unity and a firm determination to achieve even more thorough understanding and integration. This amazing resurgence suggests that the present ideational struggle, vast and comprehensive as it is, and associated with unprecedented military operations, may be the last gasp of a dying paganism. The rise of totalitarianism may ultimately be the means of clarifying the relations of the theistic religions — Christianity, Islam, and Judaism — to one another, and to human civilization. Carefully considered, the events of our time point not to a decline of our civilization, but to the development of a far loftier civilization and more complete democracy than any we have yet seen. They indicate the fruition, rather than the destruction, of American liberties.

'THAT MEN MAY FLY'

BY CHARLES R. CODMAN

I

A SUNNY afternoon in May 1941. The scene is Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas — Kelly Field, the Advanced Flying School par excellence of the U. S. Air Corps. Today Kelly is no longer the only advanced training centre. Alabama has its Maxwell Field and California its Stockton. There are others and there will be more, many more, but the field named after the first U. S. Army pilot to lose his life on active aviation duty, Second Lieutenant George Kelly, killed in a crash at near-by Fort Sam Houston on May 10, 1911, is still the great traditional finishing school of the Air Corps, in whose heterogeneous barracks have lived and through whose curriculum have passed so many of the outstanding aviators who today hold army pilot rating, and whose device is '*Ut Viri Volent*' — 'That Men May Fly.'

A distant hum. From between two layers of mile-up cumulus clouds a formation of low-winged monoplanes slide into view, AT6's, the last word in advanced training planes — twelve of them, in close clusters of threes. At 180 miles an hour, in perfect symmetry, they ski over the billowing contours of the cottony mountain that floats above the eastern end of the terrain; vertical bank and round the field. The controllable pitch propellers shift into low and a different timbre. No monkey business. No stunts. The hot Texas sun glints on the smooth fishlike bodies. They are losing altitude now — a final wide turn as they come in for the straight glide. In unison

the retractable landing gears swing down into position. From trailing edges the hydraulic flaps inch outward. The level off; the long moment of horizontal suspense; and then, like so many feathers, 5273 pounds of metal and efficiency, — multiplied by twelve, — traveling at seventy miles an hour, lightly brush the greensward and roll to a stop in faultless grouping.

Again the deep-throated roar of the 600-horsepower Pratt and Whitneys as they taxi to the line, one by one dying away with a final spluttering cough as cowlings are slid back, goggles and headsets pushed up, and twelve young men, lean and bronzed, slide from their cockpits to the wing to the ground, hunch their parachute seat-packs to walking position, and make for the Operations Office. In a few days now each one will have received his commission. Each will have completed 210 hours of flying time. To each the 30 instruments and 50 odd knobs and levers whereby the nervous system of the famous AT6 is directed and controlled are second nature. So are formation flying, blind flying, night flying, cross-country flying, not to speak of navigation, meteorology, 'time and space' and 'interception' problems. Each one will be ready for a tactical unit of the Army Air Force, will have got what he wanted — wings.

Another scene. Still May, but morning; and, it so happens, just twenty-three years ago to a day as this is written, the brilliant sun of Auvergne shone down

upon the ungainly forms of ten old Breguets lined up in the middle of the field of the 7th Aviation Instruction Centre, Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme, France. In the sparkling mountain air, the newly painted wings and bodies glistened becomingly, though their green and chocolate streakings, cunningly designed to deceive and bewilder the enemy, scarcely camouflaged the already venerable vintage of the planes themselves.

At 10.30 A.M. our mercurial Commanding Officer, Major Harry K. Brown, A.S., U.S.A., swung himself into the front cockpit of the leading ship. His observer clambered to the rear position. Nine other pilots and observers followed suit in their respective machines. Ten wooden propellers were swung (there were no self-starters in those days), ten 300-horsepower Renault motors clattered and hummed, and a few minutes later the 96th Aero Squadron, First Day Bombardment Group, had graduated from school and was headed towards the front.

Yes, sir, school had let out. No more manual of arms, close-order drill, sentry duty, and latrine digging. Finished the tedious six hours of dual control, the nervousness of that first solo, the endless waiting round to get in flying time on OX Jennies, Caudrons, Nieuports, Spads, or Breguets (depending on what school you got sent to). Behind us the gunnery and precision bombing practice. Sure — we had been out on the range at least two or three times and dropped smoke bombs and shot at fixed targets on a sandbank. We'd even had some formation flying. So far no collisions. Come to think of it, No. 3 is bobbing around a little too close for comfort — probably confused by all these new instruments they have given us to go to the front: altimeter, air-speed indicator (75 miles per hour — pretty fast, that, but with those spring flaps you can land at about 45), the tachometer (that's sensible), and a clock. The Major had talked about

having compasses installed; makes quite a lot to think about, and anyway it seems a compass never works in the air — just keeps spinning. Foolish to complicate things. What the hell, we're experienced pilots. Altogether, we have had at least twenty-five or thirty hours in the air and we're on our way to the front.

Elsewhere, and in some detail, the subsequent ups and downs of the 96th Aero Squadron, First Day Bombardment Group, have been recorded.

'When on August 20, 1917, the Squadron formed at Kelly Field,' observed its two earliest biographers, Lieutenants Bruce Hopper and David Young, 'neither the Commanding Officer nor any of the enlisted men who had come in a body from Fort Slocum could have prophesied the particular work laid out for the 96th in the war — the coveted honor of being the first squadron of the American Air Service to carry bombs over the lines, and for many weeks the only American bombing squadron in active operations against the enemy.'

An honor, no doubt, albeit a costly one, for when on Armistice Day the Squadron's score was tallied up it worked out as follows: in 63 raids roughly 64 tons of bombs were dropped on enemy objectives; in 19 combats the Squadron was credited with the destruction of 14 enemy planes and liberally sprinkled with individual and collective citations; but, on the debit side, our losses in planes stood at 40, our losses in pilots and observers at 47, and, of the light-hearted crew that graduated from Clermont on that sunny May morning in 1918, exactly 90 per cent were listed as killed, wounded, or prisoners.

And why at this late date, you may ask, bring that up? Well, primarily to point up the fact that things have changed. Self-evident? Possibly. Just the same, the extent of the change is perhaps most striking to those whose associations with army flying go back to the early days. And it is significant that so

many key positions in our Air Force of today are held by 'old-timers.' Robert A. Lovett, the able Assistant Secretary of War for Air, is himself a former naval aviator, and beginning with General Arnold, who learned to fly with the Wright Brothers thirty years ago (and no slouch today at the controls of a modern tactical ship), the high command is studded with the pioneers and organizers of the old Air Service, men who have grown up with the game and know it from beginning to end.

Take, for example, General Davenport Johnson, in charge of Training and Operations. He was flying with the Signal Corps in 1916, with the Punitive Expedition into Mexico the following year; and in the summer of 1918, over the forests of the Woëvre, he was taking on Fokkers one to two. But today he does not waste time talking about his decorations. He talks like this.

'You will understand,' he says, 'that in view of the rapid expansion of everything connected with the Army Air Corps we were rather busy when on April 3 [1941] the War Department announced an increase in the rate of training, as follows: pilots, from 12,000 a year to 30,000 a year; mechanics, from 45,000 a year to 100,000 a year; with corresponding increase for training navigators, bombardiers, observers, and gunners required in the combat teams.'

Rather busy is right, since the 12,000-a-year program was in itself quite a step-up from the 5000-a-year quota of 1939.

'This expansion from 12,000 to 30,000 a year' — it's the General speaking — 'means about double the number of schools. Contract civil flying schools for primary training jump from 26 to 41; basic training centres from 7 to 15; and for advanced training, the 3 single-engine schools become 7, and the two-engine schools multiply from 8 to 14. As for the training itself, go down to Randolph and Kelly — you'll see that things have changed.'

II

Randolph and Kelly Fields, land of the Flying Cadet. And what is a Flying Cadet? He is a young man — the correct designation is now Aviation Cadet — who has been accepted for flying training in the Army Air Force, Navy, or Marine Corps. He must be an unmarried male citizen between the ages of 20 and 26 years inclusive, not less than 64 inches or more than 76 inches tall, weighing at least 113 pounds and not over 200 pounds, who has passed a special physical and written examination. If the applicant has completed two years of satisfactory college work, — received, that is, half the credits required for a college degree, — the written examination is waived.

The pay of the Aviation Cadet is \$75 a month, plus an additional dollar a day subsistence. Thrown in is a \$10,000 life insurance policy, premium paid by the government. On successful completion of the training course, the Cadet is commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Air Corps with monthly base pay of \$125; flying pay, \$66.50; subsistence, \$18; rental, \$40 — making a total of \$249.50 a month. In addition there is a \$500 bonus payment for each complete year, or additional fraction thereof, of active duty.

For the Aviation Cadet the training itself begins at one of the score of Primary Training Schools, civilian schools under contract to the Air Corps and at which Air Corps officers are on duty in a supervisory capacity. Here the Cadet gets his first taste of army life, his first ten weeks of flying, during which time he will acquire 60 hours in the air, of which about 25 will be dual instruction. On a Stearman PT 13, or perhaps a Fairchild or a Ryan, ships that cruise at about 100 miles per hour and land at 40, he will progress from straight and level flying through gentle and medium turns, confidence manœuvres, climbing turns, stalls, spins, and forced landings, to

chandelles, lazy 8's, pylon 8's, vertical reverses, Immelmanns, slow rolls, half rolls, and snap rolls. He will also have absorbed a considerable amount of classroom work, calisthenics, and foot drill. He will have learned to call upperclassmen 'sir'; to sit at mess on one half of his chair, to eat a 'square meal' and to 'sound off' when so ordered; to travel at all times, except when in formation, 'at double — all corners to be ninety-degree turns.' When and if he has performed all these activities proficiently enough to avoid being among the 35 per cent or so who at this stage of the game are 'washed out,' he will pass on to a Basic Flying School — Randolph Field, for example.

Randolph Field, \$12,000,000 Basic Training Centre for the Gulf Coast Area: you've seen it in the unforgettable flying sequences of Beirne Lay's *I Wanted Wings* — the model city (population 7500) with its attractive stucco houses, its neatly laid-out streets, its police force, fire department, post office, hospital, shops, clubs, swimming pools, theatres, barracks, and hangars, eighteen of them, the whole completely surrounded by over two thousand acres of superb flying field — the West Point of the Air.

In the vibrant atmosphere of this amazing academy the Cadet absorbs an additional 70 hours of flying. On faster, heavier craft, North American BT9's and 14's, 400 and 450 horsepower respectively, which cruise at 140 miles per hour and land at 60, the student flyer continues to learn his trade. The first part of the ten weeks' course on Basic Stage is a repetition of Primary, but in a cockpit containing a complete instrument panel. Proper use of the landing flaps, those air brakes of the modern plane whereby reasonably slow landings are effected, and complete mastery of the various instruments and adjustments are emphasized at this stage. Then to the already-familiar manoeuvres are added formation, cross-country, instrument, and night flying. Spectacular, that — the flood-lit runway, the signal lamps

on the hangar roofs, the outer darkness of the field, the border lights beyond. Up in the control tower the Director of Flying is talking through his hand mike to a student in Zone 2, 1500 feet above the bejeweled roof of the farthest hangar.

'How much gas have you got left?'

'About twenty minutes' worth, sir.'

'Go round the field and come in for a landing.'

'Roger Wilco' — which, being translated, means 'Order received and understood. Will comply.'

In Zone 3, at the 2500-foot level, another class is diligently circling the terrain.

'Stay up in your zone till further notice.'

'Roger Wilco.'

At the foot of the tower, in the glare of a flood light, mechanics are refueling a bright blue ship. Far out beyond the borders a small bat-like shape is gliding in: a red eye and a green one — the Cadet from Zone 1. He levels out. Now, in the dazzling brilliance of the floods, he hangs like a moth transfixed by a headlight beam. His wheels touch, carom, settle down. 'A little high,' the Director intones. 'Roll up your flaps. Take off again, and go back to your zone.' And so, far into the warm Texas night.

At each stage there are meticulous supervision and control. An ingenious system of grade slips appraises every step the student takes. His individual qualifications are duly noted. Coördination, headwork and judgment, retention of instruction, sustentation (ability to recognize loss or gain of speed), tenseness (apprehension, aggressiveness), confidence (lack of), are in each instance carefully tabulated. Inadequacy in any single item forebodes a ride in the 'Gray Ghost,' the Stage Commander's ship — the last ride one takes, the last chance one gets before being washed out.

There are fewer washouts here, and in the entire training very few fatal accidents — different from the old survival-of-the-fittest days of the last war. Gen-

eral Brant, Commander of the Gulf Coast Training Centre, himself an old-timer, was talking about it this morning.

'Remember 1917?' he was saying. 'How much dual did you have? About six hours? Right. Well, when I was at Kelly a British R.F.C. Major came down to visit us. He liked the system but couldn't understand why we wasted so much time on dual. "We only give them two hours," he said.

"How many do you kill?" I asked him.

"From ten to fifteen per cent," he said, "but those who get through make good flyers."

'Probably he was right. Anyway, it made our six per cent school casualties look conservative. Today? Oh, today it's a *safe* game. Maybe one casualty for every forty thousand hours flown. Less than half of one per cent. Things have changed.'

And now we are at Kelly, the Cadet's last lap. Here on the speedy AT 6's he puts in his final ten weeks, his final 70 hours — something over 200 hours in all. In the short space of thirty weeks he will have completed what is unquestionably the finest training course in military aviation that the world today affords, and traveled a long way on the road to proficiency in one of the most highly specialized and exacting branches of modern warfare. For, make no mistake, our contemporary military aviation is no longer a mere sportsman's game. Its organization, its personnel, its equipment, and its training have come into being for one single and consistent purpose. In respect to this purpose an excerpt from an official bulletin tacked up on the board at Kelly Field is, I think, apposite. 'The essential use of the AT 6,' it reads, 'will be to provide students who have mastered Primary and Basic training with the intermediate experience required before they are ready to fly pursuiter, bombers, and other tactical types. At Primary and Basic, the Cadet has learned to *fly*. In the third

phase, that of advanced training, he will be taught the use of the airplane as a *weapon*.'

And what a weapon!

III

June 13, 1941. It is 8.45 A.M. At the farther edge of the wide cement apron in front of the hangars, ground crews are loading the bomb bays of six planes. Very familiar are the painted insignia high up on gleaming aluminum shoulders. There is the 20th, farther on the 11th, — they were both with us during the St. Mihiel attack, — and sure enough the leading plane bears the triangular coat of arms of the 96th: the jaunty Red Devil, a bomb in one hand, the other thumbing his nose at the presumptive recipient. The last time I saw him was on the crumpled flank of an overturned Breguet, crashed in a German wheat-field. As background to my observer, stretched out on the ground with four bullet holes through his groin, that old Devil cut quite a sardonic figure thumbing his nose at the German sky.

But enough of reminiscence. Here is no rocky pasture over whose uneven surfaces bounce the ungainly forms of ancient instruction planes improvised into wartime bombers; but the highly organized tactical centre known as Langley Field, Virginia. It is 1941, and — at present writing — we are theoretically 'at peace.' Those six monsters into whose yawning maws the ground crews are dexterously feeding those sleek yellow porpoises, each and every one is a B 17, which is the Army's name for the famous Flying Fortress. Their mission today will be the precision bombing of a stationary target. The day before I'd seen it from the air — a simulated objective 600 feet long and 100 feet across, on a small island a mile off the spit of land on which the expectant West Point Cadets for whose edification the show is being staged are presently assembled.

By the ladder at the plane's entrance,

receiving the Sergeant's report, is Major Darr H. Alkire, Commanding Officer of the 96th. Of medium height, springy and compact, alert — very alert blue eyes. He looks at his watch and up at the low, overcast sky.

'Plenty of time,' he says. 'This won't lift for another hour or so.'

In spite of last night's rain it is hot. He is in his shirt sleeves, and his trim slight figure and close-cropped blond hair are youthful. He is explaining the loading operation. Probably looks younger than he is. He's been around, the Major has; came to Langley on his first tactical assignment after the training centre. That was back in 1924. Five years in Honolulu and on pursuit; then seven years of various assignments, including instructing; back to the 96th about the time they received their first Flying Fortresses; participated in quite a few of the spectacular flights which made history, the famous Buenos Aires show led by Lieutenant Colonel Bob Olds, the Brazilian good-will flight, and last month the flight to La Paz with the body of the Bolivian aviator who himself was killed taking off on a good-will tour from Washington Airport. Yes, the Major has been around. He's got about 7000 hours in the air.

Down the line a flight of medium bombers are warming up, and farther on a pursuit squadron is readying itself.

'The pea-shooters will do their stuff first,' the Major says. 'Single and formation diving on a fixed target. The mediums over there are scheduled for pattern bombing. After that we'll do our precision work.'

Again the Major looks at his watch.

'Might as well start along,' he says.

Sergeant Tucker, engineer, and the crew are waiting at the ladder. The Major steps briskly up the aluminum rungs. Next Lieutenant Finn, co-pilot. I follow them into the tunnel gun compartment, forward through the radio control compartment, along the catwalk of the bomb bay, squeezing between the

flaring V of loaded bomb racks, and into the control cabin. The Major takes his seat in front on the left, Lieutenant Finn across the narrow aisle on his right. They adjust their parachutes, which are ready in the seats, and clamp on their headphones.

'You'd better sit there,' the Major says, pointing to the seat directly behind the co-pilot. The seat is adjustable and can be raised to obtain all-direction visibility through the dome-like 'blister' of glass immediately above it. He explains the earphone mechanism whereby one can get outside communication and interphone connection between the various battle stations. Sergeant English, the bombardier, appears from the bomb bay, opens the trap door in the floor of the control cabin, crawls down into the nose compartment in front and beneath, closing the trap after him. Sergeant Tucker steps up into the seat behind the Major and across from me.

'All right,' the Major says, 'wind 'em up.' A button pushed, a lever pulled. The starter grinds for a moment, and with a metallic swish one of the 1000-horsepower Wright engines breaks into its idling song. Another, another, and still another, and soon the four great motors are throbbing happily and relaxedly, and four propellers describe four shimmering disks in the leaden morning light. From the control tower half a mile away messages come crackling in over the earphones. The medium bombers are being moved out to the starting line. The Major and Lieutenant Finn are going through the checking ritual.

'Everyone at his position?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Cross feed valves, off.'

'Cross feed valves, off.'

'Automatic flight control, off.'

'Ditto.'

'Flight controls, tail wheel, unlock.'

Brakes, warning lights, altimeters, main-line switches, battery switches, propeller controls (low-pitch, lock), wing flaps, trim tabs, oil cooler shutters, oil

temperature, oil pressure, fuel pressure, cylinder temperature, mixture controls (full, rich, and locked), revolutions per minute, wheel blocks — remove. That's about all. On the myriad dials, needles flicker and grow steady.

The tower is calling.

'The Second Group' — that's us — 'will take off when ready and proceed to prescribed target as per orders.'

'All ready, sir.'

'No. 1060, leading Second Group, will take off on runway No. 8. The others will follow at prescribed intervals.'

'Roger Wilco.'

A crescendo roar as the Major gives the right-hand engines the juice. The great right wing trembles as it pivots. Juice for the left motors, and we rumble down the runway to the starting point. A turn and we face the straight-away. Four successive roars as each engine is cleared. The final checks. Tail wheel — lock for take-off; manifold pressure, check; close windows.

The Major picks up his phone.

'Ready,' he says.

'No. 1060 take off at will on runway No. 8. Wind twenty miles.' The control tower seems momentarily less distinct.

Alkire looks back over his shoulder. In the rear compartments the crew are in position. In the bomb bay, two rows of miniature yellow submarines nestle closely against their racks. The toy propellers on their noses are about six inches from our seats.

'Wilco.'

Like pianists playing four-hands, Alkire and the Lieutenant bend to the maze of levers before them. The four great engines break into a throbbing, swelling song, and the wheels start rolling. Ahead the long stretch of concrete. No matter how often you've done it, it's always a great moment: the suddenly unleashed power, the pressure of the seat-back against your shoulder blades. Acceleration, speed — we're going fast now. The tail is coming up. The run-

way isn't as long as it looked; we're halfway down it. A wheel failure at this point wouldn't be so good: those yellow-jackets. Faster — you can feel the load lightening. And now we're off the concrete. To gather added speed, Alkire holds her a few feet off the ground, and a moment later the great ship rises buoyantly, triumphantly to soar over the road, the trees, and the waters of the bay beyond.

Good visibility from that blister. Behind us the next ship is halfway down the runway. And now it too is off and climbing after us, and the third, and the fourth. The other two, for reasons of expediency, await further orders on the ground.

As we sail over Old Point Comfort at reduced cruising speed, No. 2 plane draws up to position on the left, and there is No. 3 settling into place on the right. From now on their movements are our movements — as though bound to us by invisible umbilical cords, a single organism.

In the glass-fronted nose compartment, the bombardier of No. 2 plane is leisurely thumbing a notebook. He makes a calculation, then turns his attention to the bomb-sight. Under our feet I imagine Sergeant English is doing likewise. Looking up at the ceiling of gray clouds immediately above, Alkire shakes his head.

'Too low,' he says.

The Lieutenant grins. 'We don't want to blow our own wings off.'

Alkire reaches for the phone: 'No. 1060 speaking. Can we go up over this and try bombing through it?'

A pause, then a crackle.

'Use your own judgment.'

We rise steeply, engulfed in swirling mist, to emerge a moment later into brilliant sunshine. Clear azure above; beneath, the clouds are now a dazzling floor of new-fallen snow. Here and there a thin spot — glimpses of the turgid waters of Hampton Roads.

Alkire is on the interphone.

'Sergeant, can you see enough through this to bomb safely?'

A pause.

'No, sir.'

'O. K.'

We make a wide turn upwind.

'There's a hole over there,' Alkire says. 'We'll circle around it. Maybe it will move over the target.'

No luck. By the time we get there it has closed in solid.

The radio is squawking again.

The control tower.

'Precision bombing will be suspended until the ceiling lifts. Cruise around until twelve-thirty.'

'Roger.'

Twelve-thirty? A couple of hours or more. Rather different from the old days, when you were lucky if you had gas enough to go there and back without any detours — not to speak of motor trouble. Motor trouble? Just look at those engines out there. Listen to them humming away like four happy bees.

We are fairly well up now — 8000 feet. Through the window glass the sun is warm, but the air is crisp and very clean. Somewhere below that sparkling snowfield, people are sweating away at their perpetual routines, but we are up here at 8000 feet in a marvel of mechanical perfection surrounded by beauty, a ton or so of T. N. T., and nothing to do till twelve-thirty. Alkire removes his earphones, stretches, reaches for the cigarettes. We all light up. In the rear compartment a gunner reclines at full length on the locker top, his head pillowed against the inflatable water jackets. A magazine is propped against his up-bent knee, and he is reading. Farther aft a door opens. Another gunner emerges from the toilet and descends into the tunnel gun compartment. In the bomb bay those smooth yellow torpedoes lie peacefully in their racks. Inert, innocent — as benign in appearance as the oxygen tank over there in the corner.

Alkire points downward. We are out at sea now, and the clouds are somewhat

dispersed. Far below, on the surface of the water, a strange-looking craft is making for the open ocean. Were it not for the long wake, one would swear it was motionless. Preceding it is a destroyer.

'The good ship X,' Alkire says. Well, well, that's what a carrier looks like from the air. In the door of the bomb bay, Sergeant Tucker surveys the passive yellow eggs. He gives one a thoughtful pat and resumes his seat. The carrier is now directly beneath us.

'What we could do to that baby!' the Sergeant mutters.

And now the radio is stuttering again.

'The ceiling over the target is lifting. Prepare to carry out precision bombing. Go ahead when ready.'

'Wilco.'

A sharp bank, and the formation heads inshore, losing altitude.

Terse, crisp orders on the interphone: every man to his battle station. We are coming through the ceiling. There is the shore line. It is still misty, but the visibility is much better now. Another turn, and we are on the course. A sudden blast of air — the bomb-bay doors are opening. In two great wings the entire floor section is folding downward and outward. Ahead is the island. You can see the outline of the target. The final straight run. Except for the engines and the rush of air from the yawning chasm of the bomb bay, all is silence and concentration, for this is precision bombing — a roaring silence, tense and terribly alive. A series of clicks, like a steeple clock about to strike the hour: the bomb racks unlatching. There they go — eight yellow dolphins toppling one after the other. Rapidly dwindling in size, they are lost to view. We are now passing directly over the target. There she is, the 'simulated objective' — serene, intact. Can something have gone wrong? I should say not. On the target eight flashes, almost simultaneous, searing an incandescent path from perimeter to dead centre. Billowing clouds

of gray-black smoke. Did we do that? The same roaring silence as before. Eight sharp detonations — like the roll of a snare drum, yet each one separate and distinct, felt as well as heard; like a string of firecrackers touched off under the dishpan on which you're sitting.

A left turn. Another cloud of smoke rises from the battered target: No. 2's bombs. Not bad. We pass through a patch of mist; out again; homeward bound now. Alkire is calling the tower.

'Mission completed, coming in to land.'

'Come in for landing on runway No. 8. Wind twenty-five miles.'

A wide turn around the field; a long straight glide, the motors idling. Landing gear and tail wheel down and locked; roll down the wing flaps. Lieutenant Mickey Finn is calling off the air speed. We slide over the treetops and the road. A shot of juice to clear the border lights. The wide concrete runway, backward racing, as we hang suspended. An imperceptible cushioned thud, and twenty-odd tons of specialized equipment and organized intelligence roll smoothly to a stop. Flying time, three hours, thirty minutes. Mileage, rather more, in a straight line, than from London to Berlin. Results, one simulated objective demolished. The written Flight Report is terser: 'Terminals and mission: Local — U1. Time 9.45-13.15. Number of landings: one. Signed, Alkire, D. H. Maj. June 13, 1941.'

About the same time of day, on June 12, eight planes of the 96th Aero Squadron carried out the first 'precision bomb-

ing' on an enemy objective. 'Bursts,' says the log, 'were observed in the railroad yards of Dommary-Barroncourt, and the trail of bombs, 640 kilos in all, extended to the warehouses beyond the tracks. Anti-aircraft, active but inaccurate. Plane No. 7 received two explosive bullets in the motor but was able to reach the airdrome. Three planes were forced to land with empty gas tanks. That night the entire Squadron joined in a camp jubilee to celebrate the unqualified success of the first American bombing raid.'

That was twenty-three years ago. About twenty-three minutes ago a single ship of the 96th, on a routine practice flight, under poor weather conditions and at an unfavorable altitude, had with the greatest of ease plumped its entire load on the centre line of a relatively small individual target — a load more than twice that of the entire pioneer formation. And tomorrow? Well, the ships that will replace the Flying Fortresses are, from all accounts, *something*.

Yes, things have changed; are still changing — fast. During the last war the Air Service gave the young men of that day an opportunity to engage in a new game, and as amateurs — in the literal sense of the word — to fight. I know of no survivor who is not deeply and permanently grateful for that opportunity. But the present-day Air Force does far more than that. It teaches men to fly, — to fly well, *really* well, — and, when the need comes, to fly and to fight effectively.

CAMOUFLAGE

BY NINA FEDOROVA

I

MR. RIND was a lonely person. The longer he lived the less he understood his own generation. It could not be his fault, for *he* had not changed. In his youth they moulded him into a good shape, solid and valid — that of an average man with a common-sense brain, moderate virtue, moderate vice. He strode an even, rhythmical pace, calmly proceeding from cradle to tomb. For him life was a distance to cover, not a depth to plunge into.

He was a little past midway now. His contemporaries had moved forward too, but they behaved in the queerest and most unexpected way. They had deviated somewhere — Mr. Rind did not notice where it had begun — and now he and they moved farther and farther apart, beyond any reach of mutual adjustment and understanding.

Mr. Rind disapproved. He refused to become frenzied with the rest of humanity. He withstood the contagion. He strode his path alone. And the whole thing was ridiculous because, although Mr. Rind knew *he* was right, he could not suggest a single word of solution for the situation in which the world found itself on the late November days of 1940. Little by little Mr. Rind was shifted from the rows of the active builders of life into the crowds of passive non-resistance men. His new attitude was Oriental, old, blamed and doomed long ago — but there Mr. Rind found himself fixed.

Not that Mr. Rind was self-sufficient

or cultivated the lofty attitude of self-righteousness. No. Not at all. He was kind, and honest, and loyal. But somewhere his hour was struck, and he had to clear the stage for other actors, for another play. Who rang the bell? Fate? Life? Madness? Dream?

Mr. Rind was a practical man — meaning that he was not an idealist, that a sober word and a critical glance were always his. But materialism was, in that autumn of 1940, falling down, deflated; and an average man — hitherto plain and quiet — had either to change or to get away. For the first time Mr. Rind understood the mood in which some people of his Bible would tear their garments and throw ashes upon their dolorous heads, and curse all woebegone people and run to a desert and live alone, and take sympathy only from the black ravens.

Of course, Mr. Rind did not *tell* how he felt. Intelligent people never do. He did not let people even guess. And now as he walked down the famous Shanghai Bund — his face all pink, his eyes a-twinkle, his cheeks well-shaven, his hair a-curly — who would ever dare to suppose how he felt? Camouflage, Mr. Rind thought, is an important part of a civilized mind, and, although hardly anybody is deceived by it, to pretend is the best style of living. And Mr. Rind pretended with the rest, as he walked down the Shanghai Bund at ten o'clock in the morning.

It happened very quickly and quite

near Mr. Rind. It rose up as a turmoil of sounds: several shots, then several cries, then a rushing of people, then a gathering of crowds, whistles of police, and honks of motor horns.

Mr. Rind behaved as others did. He gasped, rushed away — then stopped short and turned back, drawn by curiosity. The running crowd enwrapped him. He stumbled. He was jostled aside. He turned abruptly and bumped against a girl who gave a cry and would have lost her balance if Mr. Rind had not caught her in his arms. Mr. Rind came to himself at once, and completely.

He felt the girl tremble all over, her body clinging to his in the search for shelter.

Mr. Rind behaved with *Cœur de Lion* chivalry. He drew the girl, unharmed, into a side street. When they halted round the corner, the girl leaned against Mr. Rind's breast. She was weak from exhaustion. Therefore he held her tightly, lest she should fall.

News travels quickly in Shanghai, and Mr. Rind heard passers-by talking about two Chinese who had been killed, in spite of the gallant fighting of their bodyguards. Those Chinese were pro-Japan, therefore doomed. No need to worry — just a daily event of the New Order.

The girl came to herself. She pushed Mr. Rind away gently, and stood, tall and slender, looking round to see where she was.

Mr. Rind had a full view of the girl. She was beautiful. But what is a beautiful woman? One who makes a man feel younger — one whose presence makes life seem easy and carefree, whose smile . . . Mr. Rind, being no poet, did not go any further. He just saw that she was blonde, her eyelashes dark and long, the features of her face fine and tender. She was beautiful.

'How are you?' he asked with pleasure.

'I'm all right now, thank you,' the girl said in English too, and then added with dismay: 'I ought not to be so nervous.'

She wore a gray suit, and her felt hat was exactly the color of her eyes — gray too, but also very green. A white lace collar, a bunch of violets at her shoulder, made her look distinguished, noble.

'Are you frightened?' Mr. Rind asked with interest.

'Oh, no!' she said. 'I ran because everybody did — not to be trodden upon.'

Mr. Rind looked at her again and again. She was very pleasant to look at. There was a peculiar charm about her, a certain fullness of life, everything meaning something — the light of her eyes, the smile of her lips, the movement of her head, her long fingers, as if she knew more of life than people usually do but held her knowledge tightly, for herself only. But it was too overwhelming and, in spite of her will, splashed over the cup of her being. She was splendid, like a tulip in an earthen pot.

'Are you tired?' Mr. Rind asked with sincere compassion.

'Yes, I am,' she answered.

Mr. Rind invited her to the nearest café. He offered her a drink. She wanted milk.

She liked milk — really. While Mr. Rind looked at her the girl drank, one after the other, three full glasses of milk, and then, all contentment and smiles, her lips glistening with milk, she rose to go home. This was a pity — she was so pleasant to look at.

Mr. Rind offered to see her home. She thanked him and declined. He offered her a taxi. She declined. He said he was glad to see her. She thanked him.

They walked out. The girl called a rickshaw man and made a rapid bargain with him in a broken Anglo-Chinese slang.

It was a pity to let her go. Mr. Rind said that aloud.

The girl looked at him.

'Do you live here, in Shanghai?' she asked.

'No,' Mr. Rind answered. 'I am a

visitor in China. In three days I am leaving.' And he introduced himself, expecting that the girl would do the same.

But she did not. She said: 'Let us make a mystery out of our meeting, Mr. Rind. In Shanghai every visitor is bound to have some mystery. It would be a pity if you had none to tell afterwards at home. It would belittle the town. Have you had any?'

Mr. Rind said he had not.

'Then here you begin. I will not tell you my name. Not that it is great, or famous, or notorious, or anything. You just will not know who I am. And, if you like, you may invite me to dinner tonight. Only choose a quiet, modest place, not too fashionable.'

They agreed to meet that evening in the lounge of a certain hotel.

When she took leave, Mr. Rind had one more full glimpse of the girl. Being a practical man, he knew there could be no perfection, even in women, upon this earth. She had to have a flaw or two. The search for imperfection is usually rewarded, and Mr. Rind decided that the girl's bust line was a bit too heavy for the slender outline of the rest of her body and her lips were too tightly pressed, making her mouth a narrower outline than was intended by nature. Still she was very pleasant to look at.

Mr. Rind was left alone. As the girl was driven away in the rickshaw, she turned to look back at him with what he took to be a significant smile of complicity.

II

Waiting for the girl, at eight o'clock in the hotel lounge, Mr. Rind not only felt at peace with the world and himself, but experienced a light and easy mood of joy, a long-forgotten guest to his soul.

She did not make him wait long. She moved quickly toward him, radiant and fragrant. She wore a low-cut green dress of tulle, very ample in the skirt and with almost no bodice. The dress was a

puff of cloud, greenish-blue, transparent, opalescent. It was moving round her, waving and curling and coiling, and — against lights — one could see a graceful, a very thin silhouette, which was she, the rest being a cloud, a haze, a mist, a fog, ready to fall down or to fly away, leaving her alone and naked.

But nothing like that happened. She just wore it, and it touched and enwrapped Mr. Rind too, at his or her every movement.

They dined and danced.

She chose very simple but substantial dishes and ate with relish. Her manners were perfect, her jokes new and witty. She refused wine. She had milk, not only after dinner but also between dances, which seemed rather funny even to the waiter, who asked twice before bringing it.

Dancing was for her a natural state, as flying high for a lark, or sweeping low for a swallow.

That evening, that fascination, that charm, slid away rapidly. At eleven the girl was ready to leave.

When, holding both her hands in both of his, Mr. Rind then insisted that he must know more about her, and did not let her go, she suddenly softened, gave in. She sat down again and told him about herself.

She was alone — here, in Shanghai, absolutely alone. Her money was about gone. She was looking for a job, but could not find one. She did not have much hope. But she would not tell him her name, and she declined all Mr. Rind's hints of financial aid.

Now Mr. Rind was a practical man. He refused to accept the utter idealism of one so poorly equipped to meet a rude awakening to the realities of life. Did she have any plans?

Yes, she did. *Plans* she had: to earn money somewhere, to buy a sewing machine, and then to start a business. Simple sewing or embroidery would not do in Shanghai. Chinese cheap labor could not be competed with. She would

sew only evening dresses, which do not require so much of work as of taste. The taste she had.

'Look at this dress,' she said and stood up before Mr. Rind. 'It cost about five bottles of milk.' (Mr. Rind had never heard such a system of valuation.) 'It is made of the simplest net, with which lamps are covered in summer. Only this piece — the upper layer of the skirt — is of silk tulle, for which I paid. To make the dress beautiful, of different shades, moving, changeable, I washed the old net from lamps. I made the dress of different shades — see? — every layer coming from darker to lighter and then back again. Then I put this silk tulle over it to make it glisten and shimmer.'

Yes, there was something in all that — the girl had a sound germ of practical reasoning in her. But so far she had no sewing machine. A girl with such a talent for evening dresses — of tulle — of net . . .

Mr. Rind was a man, a gentleman. He knew life better than that helpless girl — perhaps not altogether an idealist, still helpless. She was alone against life. Mr. Rind was a man, a practical one — an almost chivalrous man.

He took her hands firmly, made her sit down again, and said, resolutely, that he would *give* her the money for that machine and that she *had to take it*.

The girl seemed tempted, but still she declined. Finally, at twelve o'clock, she said: 'Well, I accept, but only on certain conditions. You have reproached me for being an idealist. I am. I will always remain one. Let it all be romantic. My conditions: tomorrow we meet here; we go and buy me a sewing machine; then we part — forever; we never meet again; you will never know or ask my real name. Remember, this is the chief point: you will never try to see me again. I will never try to find you and give you that money back. I accept it as a present. You will have absolutely nothing from me in return.'

Mr. Rind was silent. He hesitated. Then he said: 'But why this insistence on the point that we never meet again?'

'You see,' the girl said eagerly, 'thus I shall never feel any kind of obligation. I like freedom. I will banish the memory of this moment, for it is a humiliation to accept money like that, even from one like you. Otherwise you see what happens: a young girl in need — a kind gentleman to help; first she refused, then she accepted. Oh, no! Oh, no!' She almost cried. 'Spare me this vulgarity — of remembering you all my life with a warm gratitude, perhaps praying for you. Oh, no!' Abruptly she rose, ready to go.

Mr. Rind caught her hand. 'I accept your condition,' he said firmly.

Then she brought her lovely face near to his and said slowly, but somehow sadly: 'You are worthy of admiration.'

Mr. Rind could not sleep that night.

'What is a beautiful woman?' he was thinking again. 'One who makes me feel younger, who makes me kind, who soothes the dissonances of life with her word or smile. There are such women . . . but there is no word to name exactly *what* they are, and we men call them beautiful, although, as a type, they mostly are not. Only they are *ours*, created for men — to bring that essence of joy . . . of joy of living . . . like a tulip . . . in an earthen pot. . . .'

His mind was falling asleep first, his senses after. Swimming in a wave of well-being, he relaxed for the first time in many days of anxiety and fear. And a last thought floated through his mind: 'Because they are not women . . . they are birds . . . they teach you to fly . . . easily . . . easily. . . .'

III

She came at ten o'clock in the morning. She brought fresh wind into the hotel lounge. She was in haste and eager to buy the sewing machine.

In a taxi they drove to a big store. Once inside, it became instantly clear

that the girl knew sewing machines well. The saleswoman, a dark-skinned girl with dark, squinting eyes, seemed to know the customer too. She showed the things before she was asked, as if following a well-established rite. Her eyes seemed hostile while resting upon the girl and mocking when meeting Mr. Rind's.

Suddenly Mr. Rind felt uneasy. His eyes grew evasive, his movements restive. He would rather have been somewhere else. But he had to go on being gentlemanly to the end. He told the girl that she might have the best possible machine with all the accessories necessary to help a good evening dress come into existence. She gave no answer, only looked at him in a greenish radiance of light. Mr. Rind felt better.

With what absorption she examined machines! She rotated the wheel — her lips tightly pressed; she changed the needle — her mouth half open; she clicked and clacked with something else — and her throat gave out deep sighs. Perhaps she was not such a rootless, groundless idealist as she seemed.

At last the machine was bought. Mr. Rind paid the bill. Then the girl asked him to wait for her outside. Mr. Rind knew she did not want him to hear her name and address.

With a light step she approached him where he stood at the corner of the noisy street. With a smile, almost tender, she raised her eyes to his. For a while she looked at him in silence. He too had nothing to say. But then she took his hand in hers — and he felt every one of her long and slender fingers. And again, as yesterday, she brought her face near to his and said in a voice perhaps too deeply emotional for such an occasion: 'You are worthy of admiration!' And she shut her eyes.

For a moment Mr. Rind saw another face. It was not fresh, it was not young. There was no age to that face: wrinkles round her eyes, a doleful line round her mouth, those bitterly closed lips. . . .

But instantly she opened her eyes, again all sparkling joy and radiance, and said, 'Good-bye!' And she turned away from Mr. Rind and walked down the street with poised and graceful steps.

IV

Mr. Rind stood it until six o'clock that evening. Then he could no longer fight off the powerful wish to see her once more. He would take her some flowers — just a greeting to her on the threshold of her new life, her new profession.

He bought roses. Then he hurried to the store where they had bought the sewing machine. The store was empty, and the dark, squinting salesgirl was just leaving. But she consented readily, almost maliciously, to accept his bribe.

She wrote the address on a slip of paper. Giving it with her two fingers to Mr. Rind, she added: 'I have not written her name. But once in the yard of that house you ask for the Sewing Angel . . . everyone will show you.' And she blew on her two fingers, as if they were burnt or dusty.

Mr. Rind walked away quickly. He left his flowers behind on the counter. 'The Sewing Angel,' he murmured, and he stopped short. 'The Sewing Angel,' he repeated, and began to walk again.

He found the street, he found the house, and then he understood at once. It was a secondhand shop. For sewing machines, of course — machines to buy, machines to sell, machines to mend, to rent, to pawn. He could see it written on the window, in several languages. He could see behind the window those machines themselves — from old veterans to glistening newcomers. And it seemed to Mr. Rind that at every one of them there stood a gentleman, a practical soul like himself, who had succumbed to the Sewing Angel.

He moved decisively to the door and tried to open it. It was locked. The shop was empty. It was after closing time.

Then he remembered about the yard. He looked around, saw the gate, and went through the yard toward the rear of the shop. There were steps, narrow and rotten, the wood giving under his weight, and finally a kind of small terrace. Attracted by the light, Mr. Rind stopped beside a window.

He looked into a room, big, poor, and slovenly. The electric lamp's light revealed all the ugliness of it, shamelessly, brazenly. At the wall, on a sofa, an old woman was sitting. Her dark hair was in disorder, and a huge swollen hand with almost square fingers made the restless movement of an invalid who suffers and does not know where to find help. Aside, at a table, an old gentleman was sitting. Small in size, he was erect and spruce. He was talking animatedly. A big cup of steaming-hot tea stood before him on the table. And then Mr. Rind's unbelieving gaze fell upon the girl, the Sewing Angel. She was seated on a low chair holding a baby — plump and pink. She was nourishing it at her breast, and the baby's bare rosy heels softly moved to and fro in an unconscious, innocent gesture of beatitude and satisfaction. But she — the mother — looked sad and tired, with none of the glow of youth about her.

And suddenly a hot rage, an inexplicable wrath, primeval and blind, took possession of Mr. Rind's being. Loudly, savagely, he knocked at the door.

He heard dim movements and noises inside the house, and then she — the Angel — opened the door.

Seeing Mr. Rind's face, ugly with wrath, she stepped back. Then she said quietly, 'Please come in' — and Mr. Rind saw her teeth, perfectly white, small and pointed.

There was nobody in the room now. Movements and voices sounded somewhere behind the wall.

'Sit down,' she said.

But Mr. Rind did not want to sit down. 'Will you kindly explain your behavior?' he began in his most official

manner. 'So this is a kind of *profession* with you — *swindling*.'

She did not answer for a moment, but looked at him thoughtfully with those green eyes, now limpid and stony. Then she said, 'You call it "swindling." Granted. But remember this: you *wanted* to help. You did. I was swindling you into being a knight. There is no reason for anger. We both succeeded. We should not have met again.'

'No,' he said, 'you are mistaken. Don't you think a legal procedure in a law court would be a better finale to our meeting?'

'No,' she said, 'I don't think so. You will only be ridiculous. You can do nothing to me.'

'Let us see.'

'Mr. Rind,' she said, 'perhaps you are not worthy of admiration after all. . . . Let me explain further. And when I say "explain" I do not mean "apologize." The fault was yours. You were looking for a good deed in a romantic setting. You found it. The rest is fruits of that eternal tree of knowledge. You could have stopped at the first day, and had *one* vision of me. You could have stopped at the second, and have had *another*. But you did not. Still you have come out of it unimpaired. Everything is still perfectly safe and sound with you. As for me —'

'As for you — who are you? Are you French?'

'No.'

'Who are you, then?'

As if it cost her a great effort she said, 'I am Polish.' And she pressed her lips tightly — even the line of her jaws stepped out under her tender skin. Mr. Rind knew it hurt her. He felt that her teeth were crushing against each other. And his wish was to put his hand — his strong masculine hand — upon her shoulder and say, 'Don't!' But he did not; he was too well trained to let free his best impulses. And after all this woman, however attractive, however pathetic, was not altogether respectable

— not a woman one could wish to have for one's wife, or daughter, or sister. This was Mr. Rind's viewpoint, because for him life was a distance to cover, not a depth to plunge into.

They sat silent. It was as though they were sitting on the two opposite banks of a river, one seeing the other, but separated forever by the river, which was their moral code. Then she spoke again:—

'We were at Warsaw when the war began . . . you read, perhaps, how it was. When the army began to give in, a call came on the radio for loyal men: "Go eastward! Go eastward! New armies are being formed there." Nobody knew whose voice it was that made the call — but our men went eastward. . . . Meanwhile, as we found out afterwards, the eastward roads were all the time being bombarded from the air, and there never were any armies being formed in the east of our country.'

'Was your husband a military man?'

'He was a musician. A composer. And he played the violin.'

'And he went eastward?'

'The first day he resisted. He was a nervous, delicate man. He resisted that voice the second day. On the third day he put away the violin. He said "Good-bye" and went away. . . .'

'Perhaps —' Mr. Rind began.

'No. Who would let him live? Russians? Germans?'

Suddenly her eyes flashed hard and green again.

'Mr. Rind,' she said, '*remember this*: Poland is not altogether beaten. If Polish men are, Polish women are not. As long as a single Polish woman is alive and has a son — Poland lives too. We are a rebellious race. For centuries we perish, but we reject the humiliation of being other people's slaves. We do it now, again and again, forever.'

She stood before Mr. Rind, erect and proud. 'My son has never seen either his father or his country. But I will tell him how to die for the free Poland.

He will be a Polish patriot, invincible, ardent. I am living for that.'

Her face looked almost happy now. 'There is no price too high for that. You might think me a criminal, but you will not see my son a slave.'

She stopped and looked straight into Mr. Rind's face. 'Would you now call me a swindler?'

He took the challenge. To say 'no' would mean a betrayal of all he lived for and on. For him, a descendant of Puritans, an Anglo-Saxon, morals were not flexible. A sinner was a sinner to him, and for a crime he knew no other word than 'crime.'

'Yes,' he said with the greatest softness, 'you are.'

She sat erect, her face aggressively thrust forward.

'In times when governments are dishonest and nations grow criminal, when laws become only a trap for the innocent, do you think it possible for individuals to go on being honest?'

'They must.'

'They cannot.'

'They should remain honest, in spite of all.'

'You deny any change in morals?'

'Upward. Not downward.'

'Oh,' she said, 'you know nothing! You must not be given the right to judge. A healthy man knows nothing about illness, and a righteous man knows nothing about vice. What right have you to judge me?'

'You asked me to answer.'

'And you are always ready with your stone to throw. You, a rich Englishman —'

'I am not an Englishman,' Mr. Rind said. 'I am an American.'

'Are you very rich?'

'I am not rich at all. I just manage somehow on my salary.'

A wave of dismay went over her face, then it changed swiftly as the sudden shrill cries of an infant came through the wall.

'Stasik,' she whispered. 'Stasik.'

'What is happening to him?' He whispered, too.

'He is hungry,' she said. 'You interrupted us.'

A hot wave of shyness mixed with an inexplicable feeling of close intimacy rolled over Mr. Rind — as if that child were his and hers, not hers and somebody else's.

'Go on in there,' he muttered, almost pushing her toward the place where she was needed.

The baby's voice grew wrathful with urgency.

'Oh,' she said, all soft and mild now, 'we cannot part like this! Come back in an hour. We can have coffee. Please. . . . Only, Mr. Rind, in my home nobody knows how I get my sewing machines — about my "swindling," you understand. Here is the hardest part of it — to lie. By now I am a perfect liar. Mr. Rind,' she said simply, 'I even enjoy my lies sometimes. I imagine I am an actress, and I play my part honestly, carefully. I even feel proud when mine is a good play. But to lie to my mother, who is dying, to my father, who has such a ridiculously strict sense of honor—'

She halted. Mr. Rind avoided her eyes, but pressed her hand in a quick gesture of helpless sympathy and left the house.

V

Why Mr. Rind went back he did not know. For him — a practical man, a man of common sense, an American — a sin was always a sin, and a crime was always a crime, however big the family, no matter how many babies to feed, no matter how many Polands. But he did go back, waiting for an explanation that could never be adequate, knowing motives which could never be justified. An overwhelming sadness filled his soul, for Mr. Rind had not entirely lost his soul, and in this moment he knew that these incidents were the small things of life. They could do nothing but melt in the dissolving power of sadness, a sadness which was the essence of life.

When he returned the room was tidy, the table was covered with a napkin, and a coffee set of blue china added a note of prosperity. There was a small bouquet of purple violets on the table, crowning the whole with a hint of elegance and refinement.

She met him on the threshold with a gay word of welcome. She wore the same suit she had worn when they bought the sewing machine. He saw a glass of milk on the table behind her — and suddenly she was a tulip again, in an earthen pot.

GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA

BY LOWELL MELLETT

A word of which I've grown very weary is the word 'propaganda.' I am weary of being charged with engaging in propaganda, on the one hand, and weary of being urged to engage in propaganda, on the other. So I'd like to discuss the subject for a moment and then drop it — if permitted.

It may be that we propagate the doctrine of democracy by the simple process of making available to the people all possible information concerning the workings of their government. If that is what is meant by propaganda, let's hope we are guilty. Of course, that is not what is meant by those who toss the charge loudly about; they mean something much more slick and sinister. And those who complain that we are not doing the propaganda job we should be doing don't mean that either; they mean something much more slick, but noble.

The accusers can be dismissed more easily than the complainers. They have had years in which to offer some evidence to support their accusation and have thus far failed to do so, so it is not necessary to give them credit even for good intentions.

But this cannot be said concerning those who in the past year have become more and more insistent that we take up the tactics of Hitler and turn them to our own purpose. We've got to rouse the American people, they say, to make them fight for their own country. We've got to educate the people of foreign lands to our way of thinking.

Let's take the case of the American people first. Do they have to be aroused? Are they unprepared for whatever they may have to do?

You are riding on a streetcar. Having read the newspapers or listened to the radio during the day, your mind is filled with forebodings concerning the threat from abroad. You look around you and you don't see a single face that registers any of your forebodings. Your alarm over our unpreparedness grows greater. But, to all outward appearance, you keep cool. Nobody can tell from your expression what is going on in your mind. Isn't it just possible that this is true also of your fellow passengers? And if you are going to a dance tonight or a movie, isn't it possible that you will appear to be as careless of the world crisis as others will appear to you?

You can't tell by looking, or, for that matter, by listening. Few people wear their hearts on their sleeves. Few voice their deepest feelings in public.

But you can tell by behavior — behavior that has direct relation to the subject. A long year ago the American people accepted selective army service — conscription — without batting an eye. That was a tremendous thing in American history — conscription in peacetime. The American people took it in their stride, for the American people did understand what was happening in the world and the American people were prepared in mind and heart to do their part.

No propaganda had been required to bring the people to this state of preparedness, and so far as the government is concerned no propaganda was attempted. The government refrained from propaganda despite very great pressure. There were those in Washington who believed that the time had come for a 'great educational campaign.' There were those who journeyed, individually and in committees, to Washington to express the same honest conviction and to offer their services. The answer given both groups was that the government had no propaganda agency, but that even if it had such a thing it could not be used to whip up sentiment for the selective service system in advance of action by Congress. Congress, it was explained, is the national policy-making branch of the government, and Congress was even then engaged in determining this question of vital American policy. It was doing this in the normal constitutional way, debating the question and preparing to vote.

There was nothing to prevent any citizen or any group of citizens from undertaking an educational campaign designed to influence the people, who in turn would be expected to influence Congress. Citizens and groups of citizens, indeed, were doing just that, some on one side and some on the other. Not, however, until Congress had declared its decision and ordered a selective service system to be set up could any government educational campaign begin. And then it was begun and carried out by the organization which Congress itself had authorized to do the job. And then it was that many who wished to give their voluntary assistance were furnished the opportunity to do so.

This is the American way, the right way, the wise way. It would be wrong for the President to use funds voted by Congress to set up an agency designed to whip Congress into line with his thinking. And the President has not done so. It would be wrong and it

would be unwise, since national policy is always in the process of making and the collaboration of President and Congress is always essential.

What I have said concerning the manner in which peacetime conscription was enacted and put in effect is true of the other long steps that have been taken these past crowded months to keep abreast of the people's understanding and determination. The people do understand and they are determined. How else the lease-lend bill? How else a tax bill, which the people are measuring on the basis of whether it will provide the needed funds and not on the basis of what it will cost them individually?

Turn loose a flood of patriotic propaganda on people whose understanding already is equal to that of those who would make the propaganda medicine? Not a very bright thing to do, surely. Not a right thing to do, certainly.

What would such propaganda be? Suggestions include use of pictures, radio, and press. A study of those three media of public expression reveals a curious fact: first to appreciate the deep determination of the American people and to respond to it has been the motion-picture industry, notwithstanding that it takes months to make a picture as against minutes to write an editorial; second has been the radio, an industry wise beyond its years in its understanding of popular feeling; third, but rapidly catching up with the other two, the press, and we can leave it to the press itself to explain why it elected to be the laggard.

In any case, those who propose government propaganda always have in mind these three avenues to the public eye and ear. Not believing that the people are aware of the world crisis, they would use these media to make them aware. Yet the fact is that the motion-picture industry, on its own initiative, has been giving its time and its talent for much more than a year to furthering the national defense effort; owners, producers, directors, actors, writers, distributors, ex-

hibitors, all have been putting their hearts into it. Nobody had to ask them to do it and they don't claim any particular credit for doing it. They say they are merely making the pictures the people want to see. And so with radio. While providing as much time for the dissenters as they can use, radio is doing its part in the defense program every day in every other way. Merely producing the programs the people want to hear, says radio.

What would or could the government do better in the matter of pictures if it were the kind of government that wanted to try it? What would or could it do in the matter of radio? And what would or could it do better than the press will be doing when it finally dawns on all the publishers — as it has on very many of them — that if Hitler wins his war on democracy there'll be no freedom of the press, constitutional or otherwise. Then the press, while meeting its duty to criticize conduct and expose shortcomings, will at the same time begin to see the whole picture and present it to newspaper readers. That this is not impossible is made clear by the fact that many newspapers are doing just that already.

So much for the home front. What about the urgent demands that the government develop a great propaganda offensive abroad? Some would have us out-Hitler Hitler or out-gabble Goebbels. See what Nazi propaganda has done in one foreign country after another, they say. A better test, for our purpose, is what Nazi propaganda has done in our own country. The American people have been exposed freely to practically every trick in the Berlin bag for several years, and the net result of it all

is nothing to make Berlin happy. The net result of it all is that America is lining up solidly and effectively against all that German propaganda represents. The softening-up process apparently has only served to make America hard.

During this same period there has been developing an American propaganda weapon that is certain to obtain results, notwithstanding it was not designed for that purpose and does not actually deal in propaganda. I refer to the free American press associations, the finest and fairest news-gathering and news-disseminating agencies in the world, and to the free American radio. In practically every country these two agencies have set a standard of truthful reporting that has caused their reports to be believed. This is the fact beyond question in all countries where the newspapers may still receive American news reports, notably the nations of South and Central America. In the course of the past quarter century the American press associations have so won the respect of the many excellent newspapers and the newspaper readers in those countries that nothing save a sudden switch to dishonesty on our part can take this advantage from us. The same story can be told concerning American radio news, with the fact added that American radio news continues to reach listeners in European countries from which American press association news is now barred.

The American press associations and American radio have done America a great service already. They can continue to render such service if, in our efforts to supplement what they have done, we do nothing to destroy the confidence they have created.

DARK SYMPHONY

BY MELVIN B. TOLSON

I

Allegro Moderato

BLACK Crispus Attucks taught
Us how to die
Before white Patrick Henry's bugle breath
Uttered the vertical
Transmitting cry:
'Yea, give me liberty, or give me death.'

And from that day to this
Men black and strong
For Justice and Democracy have stood,
Steeled in the faith that Right
Will conquer Wrong
And Time will usher in one brotherhood.

No Banquo's ghost can rise
Against us now
And say we crushed men with a tyrant's boot,
Or pressed the crown of thorns
On Labor's brow,
Or ravaged lands and carted off the loot.

II

Lento Grave

The centuries-old pathos in our voices
Saddens the great white world,
And the wizardry of our dusky rhythms
Conjures up shadow-shapes of ante-bellum years:

Black slaves singing *One More River to Cross*
In the torture tombs of slave-ships,
Black slaves singing *Steal Away to Jesus*
In jungle swamps,

Black slaves singing *The Crucifixion*
 In slave-pens at midnight,
 Black slaves singing *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*
 In cabins of death,
 Black slaves singing *Go Down, Moses*
 In the canebrakes of the Southern Pharaohs.

III

Andante Sostenuto

They tell us to forget
 The Golgotha we tread . . .
 We who are scourged with hate,
 A price upon our head.
 They who have shackled us
 Require of us a song,
 They who have wasted us
 Bid us o'erlook the wrong.

They tell us to forget
 Democracy is spurned.
 They tell us to forget
 The Bill of Rights is burned.
 Three hundred years we slaved,
 We slave and suffer yet:
 Though flesh and bone rebel,
 They tell us to forget!

Oh, how can we forget
 Our human rights denied?
 Oh, how can we forget
 Our manhood crucified?
 When Justice is profaned
 And plea with curse is met,
 When Freedom's gates are barred,
 Oh, how can we forget?

IV

Tempo Primo

The New Negro strides upon the continent
 In seven-league boots . . .
 The New Negro
 Who sprang from the vigor-stout loins
 Of Nat Turner, gallows-martyr for Freedom,
 Of Joseph Cinquez, Black Moses of the Amistad Mutiny,

Of Frederick Douglass, oracle of the Catholic Man,
 Of Sojourner Truth, eye and ear of Lincoln's legions,
 Of Harriet Tubman, Saint Bernard of the Underground Railroad.

The New Negro
 Breaks the icons of his detractors,
 Wipes out the conspiracy of silence,
 Speaks to his America:

My history-moulding ancestors
 Planted the first crops of wheat on these shores,
 Built ships to conquer the seven seas,
 Erected the Cotton Empire,
 Flung railroads across a hemisphere,
 Disemboweled the earth's iron and coal,
 Tunneled the mountains and bridged rivers,
 Harvested the grain and hewed forests,
 Sentineled the Thirteen Colonies,
 Unfurled Old Glory at the North Pole,
 Fought a hundred battles for the Republic.

The New Negro:
 His giant hands fling murals upon high chambers,
 His drama teaches a world to laugh and weep,
 His music leads continents captive,
 His voice thunders the Brotherhood of Labor,
 His science creates seven wonders,
 His Republic of Letters challenges the Negro-baiters.

The New Negro,
 Hard-muscled, Fascist-hating, Democracy-ensouled,
 Strides in seven-league boots
 Along the Highway of Today
 Toward the Promised Land of Tomorrow!

V

Larghetto

None in the Land can say
 To us black men Today:
 You send the tractors on their bloody path,
 And create Okies for *The Grapes of Wrath*.
 You breed the slum that breeds a *Native Son*.
 To damn the good earth Pilgrim Fathers won.

None in the Land can say
To us black men Today:
You dupe the poor with rags-to-riches tales,
And leave the workers empty dinner pails.
You stuff the ballot box, and honest men
Are muzzled by your demagogic din.

None in the Land can say
To us black men Today:
You smash stock markets with your coined blitzkriegs,
And make a hundred million guinea pigs.
You counterfeit our Christianity,
And bring contempt upon Democracy.

None in the Land can say
To us black men Today:
You prowl when citizens are fast asleep,
And hatch Fifth Column plots to blast the deep
Foundations of the State and leave the Land
A vast Sahara with a Fascist brand.

None in the Land can say
To us black men Today:
You send flame-gutting tanks like swarms of flies,
And plump a hell from dynamiting skies.
You fill machine-gunned towns with rotting dead —
A No Man's Land where children cry for bread.

VI

Tempo di Marcia

Out of abysses of Illiteracy,
Through labyrinths of Lies,
Across wastelands of Disease . . .
We advance!

Out of dead-ends of Poverty,
Through wildernesses of Superstition,
Across barricades of Jim Crowism . . .
We advance!

With the Peoples of the World . . .
We advance!

PARDON MY HARVARD ACCENT

BY W. G. MORSE

I

IN 1920 Harvard was beginning to grow, beginning the enormous building program that increased its size from forty buildings to a hundred and eighty. No longer could the faculty with a few meetings and the help of a few clerks plan its financial program. Harvard had outgrown its business methods. Each year it was going deeper in the red. Because it was necessary to keep track of more than a thousand different endowments, each of which had been given for a special and a different purpose, a year or more had to elapse before anyone could discover how deep in the red it had been in the previous year, by which time it was still deeper in the losses of another year.

The situation was worse than this, because the red figure finally arrived at showed only what Harvard had spent; no one knew how much more Harvard owed. Even Jordan, Marsh could not tell how much they were owed by Harvard, for any one of a thousand or more professors, doctors, and clerks could charge things to Harvard or to himself or herself, put the bill in the pocket of another suit of clothes to be completely forgotten, or, if he remembered it a few months later, say to some bewildered credit man, 'Harvard owes you that, not I.'

Harvard with millions to spend was poor, for a man is poor who spends more than he has and rich when he spends less, it making little difference, once food and shelter have been provided, how many

zeros there are before you come to the decimal point.

Fred Mead changed all that. It was a Herculean task uprooting old habits, traditions, and prejudices to bring order out of chaos, and I am glad and proud that I too was called to Harvard to take my small part under him in this reorganization, to be one of those who for twenty years have helped to keep Harvard in the black. In 1910 the corporation had voted to have the Harvard Co-operative Society do Harvard's purchasing, announcing in the next year's report that the annual purchases by the Co-operative had been fifteen thousand dollars — not a very large percentage of the million or so that Harvard was spending for supplies. The Society's buying function had died a natural death by the time I was called in as purchasing agent in December of 1923.

Nobody seemed to think a purchasing department was needed. A hundred and fifty department heads could tell their \$18-a-week stenographers to spend the million or so dollars available with quite as good results as any single expert buyer could accomplish; but an analysis of twenty thousand bills from a hundred stationers, fifty hardware stores, and a thousand other sources, seemed to indicate a possibility for improvement. My report so indicated, making modest claims that some savings could be made on perhaps an annual volume of \$350,000.

In the days that followed, much was added to the routine day's work that my

four clerks and I had to do — if it can be called routine to order such items as

Dimethylcyclohexanone
Dichlorobenzimonoinodophenol
Hæmometers, hæmacytometers, and hæmoglobinometers

Praying mantis oöthecas
A hundred yards of diaper cloth — not for the freshmen

An electric hair dryer for the Athletic Association

Sirens for Zoölogy (Note that a Siren is not what you and I thought it was, but a kind of frog)

Cockroaches for Abnormal Psychology — finally found in an abandoned sugar mill, to the indignation of the sugar company

A picture of a general of the South Dominican Republic, who had been dead for many years

A gallon of stallion urine
The skeleton of a bullfrog

A baby carriage for Dr. Dillon's Fatigue Laboratory (I do not know how it was used, but perhaps practical knowledge that pushing one can be fatiguing is of value to the young graduate)

Ten dozen Squalers
Two hundred yardsticks, with metric measure on the other side; but please be sure, Mr. Morse, that they are not meter sticks with yards on the other side (Which is the other side of a stick?)

Guinea pigs to be got through the Custom House, from Canada, with the Consular Invoices, Customs Declarations on forms 3321 and 3343 sworn to as correct at the start, but proving to be quite inadequate to cover what arrived two weeks later

An inanimate Busybody for the Warren Anatomical Museum (Dr. Canavan has a sense of humor and was trying to stick my office on something of which we knew nothing. We got it for her from a Philadelphia mirror manufacturer)

A million and a half index cards for the library. These will weigh two and one half tons — and at the same time send another million to the Harvard-Yenching Institute in Peiping, China

A Swedish flag to be rented and put up half an hour before the Crown Prince reaches Harvard (Remember that a few thousands or millions of people will notice the front-page headlines the next day criticizing Har-

vard if the flag is bigger, smaller, cleaner, dirtier, brighter, dingier, or otherwise superior, inferior, or equal to either the Harvard or the United States flag hung on the same building)

II

In starting a purchasing department at Harvard I was expected to sink or swim without annoying anybody in the process. By the nature of his work a purchasing agent annoys everybody, for everybody likes to spend the money himself — if it is somebody else's money. It is lots of fun to give a salesman an order; it gives one a warm feeling around the heart. But unfortunately the purchasing agent almost never can give a salesman an order without taking it away from someone else. That is one reason why the amateur, the department head, likes to do his own buying. He can jump in and have all the fun, leaving the agony of pacifying the losers to the purchasing agent. Placing eighty or a hundred orders a day, the buyer should expect to make eighty or a hundred enemies a day, except for the fact that most of them are already his enemies; and this he accomplishes without satisfying the people for whom he is buying, who know they could have done it better themselves.

Sixteen hundred professors, doctors, and instructors had the authority to do their own buying if they could get any money appropriated from the Harvard Treasury. Not all of them could get money, but many individuals and more than a hundred and fifty departments and committees had funds. All of these had the right to buy and thought they were doing their own buying. But they were not, for they were busy, each one turning to a woman clerk and telling her to order what was wanted. Several hundred women clerks had made themselves important to their employers by their ability to supply them with whatever they wanted. In short, my job was to take the authority to buy away from

important men who liked to buy, and at the same time to reduce the imaginary self-importance of their women clerks. This I was to do without annoying them, and without any authority to do so, for all I had was a title — Purchasing Agent of Harvard University.

There was also the problem of the department head and the individual professor or doctor. Jealous of his privilege of freedom of choice, freedom to do as he pleased, each would be afraid that no purchasing agent would get him what he wanted. Always he would be suspicious of this new buyer, who any minute might acquire the power to force him to accept supplies other than what he wanted. This was a genuine fear, justifiable. At one time a keg of ordinary hypo for fixing photographic plates was purchased for the Harvard Observatory, a particular grade from a particular chemical house being specified by the observatory. When the keg arrived it bore the wrong name. Now this was a cheap chemical which came loose in a car — in bulk, as it is called; different chemical houses took their kegs to this car, which they had bought in common, and shoveled the kegs full, each putting his own label on his own kegs. The observatory was taking pictures of the stars nightly; to have a batch go wrong in developing the plates would have been a catastrophe, for once April 1, 1940, has gone by it will never come again; stars will have changed position. Our stargazers had lost confidence in that particular keg of chemicals; explaining would only have hurt, not helped. It was right for us to send the keg back and replace it with another keg from the same car but with the right label.

Harvard is a loosely knit organization with many departments, commissions, committees, and activities, so many that it is difficult to count them. However, a safe estimate would be a hundred and fifty, some of which might be subcommittees or subcommittees of subcommittees, but each of them having funds

available, granted to them perhaps by Harvard, perhaps by some wealthy friend or some charitable or educational organization or fund. These departments or committees, by whatever name you choose to call them, may be located anywhere.

An observatory in South Africa, an aquarium in Bermuda, a botanical station in Cuba, an island in the lake through which runs the Panama Canal, all are owned and operated by Harvard. A small building is going up this year in the Colorado mountains; there is affiliation with Yenching University at Peiping, China; our Loeb Classical Library is printed in England; the Harvard Oriental Series was printed until recently in Germany.

One week I received through the Boston Custom House for our Peabody Museum the following objects coming from Borneo (the cross-word puzzle trade please note): —

An anglit for cooking rice
A banga for cooking fish
A dapulan or cooking stove
A barahan or incense tray
A tatapek
A babatu for use in making pottery

The same day there came two cases from Mexico containing manuscripts and archives from Leon Trotsky, and a hundred and forty-one dozen negatives of the stars from Africa. I am trying to obtain a list of two hundred native utensils and instruments shipped in 1935 from Arequipa, Peru, because a Custom House inspector is wondering if Donald Scott of our museum staff has violated our Permanent Exhibition Bond No. 4937 of that date by lending them without permission to some other museum.

On one occasion the head of a department, one of Harvard's finest professors but a man with ideas of his own, was looking for a suitable chair for a lecture room. He and I were talking it over. I said: 'There is a chair at the business school —'

'Damn the business school!' and his

fist pounded the table until large volumes bounced.

'All right, damn the business school!' said I. 'At the business school —'

'I beg your pardon, I have a nasty temper.'

'So have I,' said I, telling the truth, for I was a bit upset too. 'At the business school —'

'All right, Morse, tell me about the chairs at the business school.'

He has a lot of them today in his lecture hall.

III

An important doctor, the best man in the world on biochemistry, — a man perhaps about to give to the world some great discovery, the result of years of research, — is paid not only in money, but in comfort, in happiness, freedom from annoyance, freedom to concentrate without distraction upon the problem at which he is working, the ability to reach out his hand and have placed in it silently the exact instrument needed next. Around him his helpers stand breathlessly watching the result. Standing with mind focused, concentrated on the object before him, the doctor reaches behind him to have a helper put in his hand an unfamiliar tool, a tool just as good, but with a balance unfamiliar. Contact has been broken. With a rustle of annoyance the little group straightens up, breathes deeply, shifts, and concentrates again. I should not want to be the object under that doctor's unaccustomed tool. The experiment over, with taut nerves relaxed, the doctor goes to his office, where his stenographer tells him she does not like the only carbon paper she can get and the janitor complains that his broom is no good.

The doctor calls the dean to tell him there is a fly pestering him. 'Please shoo him away. He calls himself a purchasing agent.'

It took three years of patient work and the aid of a progressive manufacturer before we could standardize the universi-

ty on one kind of paper towel — twelve hundred cases, or four and a half million towels, being required yearly in our public washrooms. It was another year before we could standardize on soap.

In spite of the difficulties, our department progressed rapidly, for it was badly needed. Our Fogg Art Museum requisitioned two hundred chairs, specifying the kind and the company from whom they were to be bought at \$13.50 each, as selected by Harvard's architects. I recognized the chair and was able to buy it elsewhere at \$9.00, a saving of \$900 on the lot. The middleman had expected to earn this sum without lifting a finger to perform any service for Harvard, as the manufacturer made the delivery, the middleman's part being to collect money from Harvard in ten days and pay the manufacturer in thirty to ninety days.

For a number of years the senior class had graduated owing the university about \$2000. Harvard eventually would get paid, but maybe not for twenty-five years, and this made things unpleasant both for Harvard and for the graduating class. Most of this debt came from inefficient managing of Class Day, which is a senior party, run by the seniors themselves, and paid for out of the money received for the tickets they sell to themselves. I was asked to stop this, but of course given no authority. It was another typical college situation. There were amusing developments, for I found that each senior committee received the records of the year before and knew no better than to run Class Day accordingly.

Because for many years 10,000 folding chairs had been rented, 10,000 were rented again. Investigation proved that at least 4000 of them were never unfolded, being piled in ugly heaps in different parts of the Harvard Yard. The boys were being charged ten cents a chair, or \$1000, while two days later these same chairs were carried across to the Commencement Exercises and Harvard was billed

for them at eleven cents apiece, making a total cost of \$2100. I was warned that it was hopeless to try to do anything about this, for there was only one supplier who had 10,000 chairs. I do not like to be told a case is hopeless; it is a challenge. It was not true in this case, for competition brought the price from twenty-one cents down to five cents, reducing the cost for the smaller quantity from \$2100 to \$300, plus another \$75 to have our own laborers move them from the Yard to the back of Sever Hall for Commencement.

Music for Class Day cost \$2500, besides the cost of erecting a pavilion where the orchestra played — now and then; for nobody gave them any instructions and nobody listened to them, so most of their time was spent sitting under trees in the Yard in some of the 10,000 chairs. Today the budget for music is \$600. Orchestras play for dancing with not more than three-minute intervals between dances and one hour's rest in every four hours of playing.

There was a tradition that bay trees must be used for decorations for Class Day dances. Class Day could not be Class Day without bay trees. Bay trees do not grow in New England, and they are liable to a disease which makes it illegal to bring them in. One company owned the only bay trees that could be had. Age, thunderstorms, and many trips to and from Cambridge had made them a bit mangy, and committees had bought them and given them back (it was called renting) many times. There are no bay trees now on Class Day.

Japanese lanterns used to be strung in courtyards on a forest of overhead electric wires, at a cost of \$1000 a year. Daylight saving had come, and no one had noticed that it was still daylight at nine o'clock when the old people went home and the young people went indoors to dance, coming out between dances to stroll in the moonlight in cloistered courtyards that are now lit only with an occasional doorway fixture and from

light shining through the windows of all the available surrounding rooms. In daylight, Japanese lanterns strung on festoons of heavy insulated electric wire do not add to the landscape. All the lighting now is a floodlight here and there to call attention to the vista through an archway, or to throw a welcome shadow over steps where a couple are sitting.

Each department, each activity, each committee, sometimes an individual professor, is granted a budget for the year. So much they can have to spend, and no more. This money comes from a thousand sources, more than a thousand special funds, each given to Harvard for a special purpose. One fund (I think it amounts to a few hundred dollars a year) is for the purpose of providing geological lantern slides. How many slides we already have I do not know, but there will have to be a building to keep them in in a few hundred years more. There is a fund for the sole purpose of helping worthy students of the name of Murphy. There is always a Murphy, but sometimes he does not need help.

Each department, activity, committee, or professor is naturally eager that his all-too-small budget can be stretched to cover as much space as possible. That is the purchasing agent's opportunity, how he can help; that is what induces co-operation, though not always. It was Dean Pound, when he was Dean of the Law School, who would not allow the Law School roof to be repaired. He wanted to spend the money on his investigation into criminal law. So instead of roof repairs he bought buckets to place around in different parts of the library bookstacks to catch water that might damage the books. Not liking to spend money for paper towels, he refused to allow us to buy any, until he found that the increase in the number of rolls of toilet paper which the students unrolled to dry their hands cost more than the towels.

Professor John Livingston Lowes, — whom our catalogue describes as Ph. D.,

LL.D., L.H.D., D.Litt., and Francis Lee Higginson Professor of English Literature, — coming home from Europe with too many personal possessions, was assessed by the Custom House for a duty of \$15.49. Later the Custom House sent him a bill for additional duty of \$10 which he could not understand. This he took to his son, John W. Lowes, Financial Vice President of Harvard, to see if he could understand the reason for the additional charge. John Lowes, knowing it was my job to attend to United States Customs matters, brought the bill to me. After looking up the Tariff Act of 1930 and reading through various paragraphs without finding any adequate reason for the extra charge, I sent the bill to our customs broker for an explanation. He returned it to me, I to the vice president, who in turn gave it to his father with the explanation that, as anyone could see at a glance, the original bill for \$15.49 had been added up wrong, the four items on the bill adding to \$25.49, the very first item being more than the original total. It is not only college professors with letters after their names who live in worlds of their own!

Crossing Harvard Square one day, I met Professor Wambaugh, one of our finest Law School professors. As he was quite old and getting blind, I tucked his arm under mine to pilot him and myself over a busy traffic square. A delightful man and companion, with a keen wit and sense of humor, he lived around the corner from my home on Craigie Street, and as we reached the sidewalk he asked me if I knew which was the shortest way to my house, to go by Brattle Square and Brattle Street or out Garden Street to Concord Avenue.

'I measured it very carefully once, on my bicycle,' said he.

Then, as he said nothing further, I asked, 'And which was the shorter?'

'Oh, I've forgotten that,' was the answer.

There is a kindly sweetness, a thoughtfulness for others, a genuine humility

attained by the biggest of these men, so universal that I cannot help thinking there is something in the search for knowledge, as opposed to the search for the dollar, which is ennobling. Perhaps, as the student learns, there is so much more to learn opening up before him that it brings humility. Dean Briggs, who never forgot a face or a name, used to tell me who he was on entering my office for fear I should not know him and might be embarrassed — I who had met him a dozen times, read his books, and known of him and loved him for many years.

IV

That the Harvard staff is not motivated by self-interest, but by the search for truth, is true at the top, and less true the nearer one approaches the bottom; for breadth of mind and tolerance seem to come with the mastery of any branch of learning. Department heads and important professors were always willing to coöperate, willing and glad to make concessions on unimportant details that did not bear directly on their own study, willing and glad to be relieved of the burden of making the small decisions necessary for the hundreds of minor items used by everyone. It was sufficient to say to them, 'This has been adopted,' to have them accept it. Opposition to my department came from lesser minds, from lower down in the organization, from men in each department who, reached by disappointed salesmen, hoped by coöperation with them to break up and undermine what I was trying to accomplish.

On the market are thousands of cleaning materials. Most of them are secret formulas mixed in the garage, in the cellar, in little factories and big factories, and ranging in price from two cents to two dollars a pound. When a buyer has resisted the blandishments of the salesman, the salesman goes to the janitor, often through a friend, renewing and increasing the pressure on the buyer to

try his product. It is not right to destroy a janitor's initiative by refusing to hear him; perhaps he is really trying to improve his work; yet to give in too often is to lose all hope of standardizing. A survey showed me one year that I was buying thirty-seven different kinds of soap and cleaning materials where five or six would do the work, the worst offender being the man who was trying the hardest to improve his work. Obviously he should be encouraged, and freedom to select his own particular pet compound taken from the less progressive ones.

A janitor went to his superior with one of these back-door salesmen, the three of them appearing in my office to put on the pressure. I had looked at his product before, knew what it was and disapproved, but I called for a trial at once. It was a furniture cleaner, so, drawing a line down the centre of a fairly dirty desk top in my office, I asked the salesman to go to work on one half, while I reached in the cupboard behind me for a quart bottle kept for just such an emergency. Each of us went to work with a rag, I stopping breathless some time before the salesman would give up. We looked at the result, squinting at the desk from all angles, while they waited for a decision from me. Although I could not see any difference in the two results, I pronounced the salesman's side the best. All were smiling and happy until I asked the price.

'Four dollars a gallon,' said the salesman, rubbing his hands in anticipation of an order for at least a barrel of his cleaning compound.

'Oh,' said I. 'Mine costs only a tenth of a cent a gallon.'

Mine was a teaspoonful of trisodium phosphate in a quart of water, a fortieth of a pound of a four-cent-a-pound chemical; not the right thing with which to clean a desk, though it is really the rubbing that removes the dirt. The salesman left us a disappointed man, but I had stopped a threatened leak; the

janitor had learned something without having his feelings or his initiative injured, and his boss was convinced of my open-mindedness.

Naturally leaks are everywhere, in front and behind; when one is stopped, two others spring up elsewhere. With the sellers in front of you, coöperation lacking on each side and behind, progress is slow, but life is interesting.

Someone must have started the rumor that Harvard was dirty, for hundreds of salesmen have tried to help us clean it up. I had to ask one company to call off its salesmen, as more than thirty of them tried to sell me the same vacuum cleaner. I learned that the company had four hundred salesmen in New England alone, each of whom would in time get the bright idea of cleaning up Harvard, and cleaning up a nice commission for himself by selling me a hundred or so vacuum cleaners. Poor fellows — probably twenty housewives slam the door in their faces to one who tells them politely she doesn't want to buy.

Testing out all the well-known makes, I finally selected one, buying a hundred vacuum cleaners. There was a loser that interested the business school enough so that I was asked to buy one machine for trial. This I did, issuing the usual Harvard purchase order. Soon letters began to come in from schools and colleges all over the United States, saying that they understood I had tested all makes of vacuum cleaners and had adopted for Harvard and purchased a hundred of this particular make. This company had made photostatic copies of my order for one machine. Their salesman would tell their prospects how 'Harvard had tested all, bought a hundred, and here is a copy of Harvard's order to us,' the thumb being held over the quantity.

Salesmen for the most part believe the stories they tell. One of them pulled a piece of blackboard, some chalk, and an eraser from his bag. Wiping the chalk sideways on the board he showed how perfectly his eraser cleaned off the mark,

and was astonished when I marked his board with the end of the piece of chalk, instead of the side, to find that his eraser was very poor. He did not know that the best thing, except water, to erase chalk marks on a blackboard is an eraser which has itself become saturated with chalk dust.

Always there is pressure on the buyer to buy from this seller or that, pressure from heads of departments, pressure from sellers, pressure from friends of sellers, from friends of Harvard, from graduates and officials. Pressure from the sellers is easiest to resist, until they go round to the back door to see employees, offering them I know not what inducements. Sellers have demanded my orders because the heads of the company had contributed to the Harvard Endowment Fund—not such a good reason. There is one Harvard graduate who has written long letters saying that if Harvard will not buy his white ink he will cease his contributions to the endowment fund. In fifteen years the only white ink of which any record can be found was bought from him—three one-ounce bottles, two of which are still in stock. He still sends a contribution. Business and charity are not supposed to mix.

V

To a committee which was discussing the building of the new biological laboratories I made the statement that I could save \$30,000 if they would allow me to outfit the building with steel shelving and cupboards instead of the wooden equipment planned by the architect; and that from an inspection of the new museum at the University of Michigan I was convinced that the steel would prove more satisfactory. It does not matter whether I was right or wrong, for one of the committee asked: 'Why, Mr. Morse, should we save \$30,000 when it will only have to be given back to the donor?'

I could only sit dumfounded and

shocked at such a question, while the committee voted for the wooden equipment. That type of mind, that type of control of the spending of Harvard money, is wrong.

I had lost, and I have debated with myself many times whether I should have walked out of a meeting that could come to such a conclusion. I think I was right to stay, for if I had walked out it would probably have meant my walking out of Harvard, and I like to think that it was right to stay on and keep fighting, sometimes to lose a big fight and sometimes to win a little one.

How we all should have liked to have available that \$30,000 before the building was completed, for while I had put in an estimate covering a hundred pages of itemized needs for the furnishing of this laboratory, amounting to \$200,000, it was shelved and forgotten, since I was not a popular member of the committee. Smilingly I was told, when it came time for me to do the furnishing, that \$60,000 had been saved for that purpose. The committee had done their own estimating by the cubic-foot method, their experience having taught them that a certain allowance per cubic foot would do the furnishing—forgetting that this was a building for use by scientists, and scientists cannot work without tools. The microscope equipment alone cost \$60,000. I furnished the building for \$130,000, for of course I had allowed a margin of safety; but the extra \$70,000 came out of the income set aside to run the building, and its loss cramped the operation of the various occupants until it had been paid back.

I too wasted money on the furnishings, for the biological professor is temperamental and must be kept happy. We equipped a machine shop in the basement, probably not needed at all, and I am sure we could have got along without one of the \$3000 lathes, for it was a duplicate, bought only so that when the head of that department wanted to play with the lathe himself he could leave his work

all set up in it while the rest of the world used the other one. I did not suggest that Harvard could hire expert machinists to run lathes at lower wages than are paid to professors.

Another one got away from me when I took a Friday-to-Monday week-end in the summer, for the same professor ordered and got possession of five Marchant calculators at \$550 each, so that he could have one on each floor, never climbing stairs when he wanted to calculate. All five are not used a total of an hour a day, or twelve minutes each.

The buying for all educational and charitable institutions lags behind industrial buying — a paradox when you learn that the best study course on industrial buying in the country is given at the Harvard Business School and the textbook used by most of the business schools in the country, a book on the shelves of more than five thousand of the country's best purchasing agents and their buyer's bible, was written by a Harvard professor in our business school. Industry is awake to its value. Education has not yet learned to use its own resources.

One doctor sent us a sample of a small, sharp-pointed staple which we tried for several days to duplicate, only to find it was no longer on the market. Thinking it might help to know what he wanted to use it for, I called him on the phone.

'I want to pin a tag on a cat's ear,' was the answer.

We bought him a ten-cent box of cloth-pricing tags, which proved satisfactory.

Not long ago a well-known professor, Kirsopp Lake, came into the purchasing office and said that he and his wife and five others were going to Mount Sinai, which, my atlas shows, is somewhere in the Arabian desert; they would be in the desert six weeks, a four-day camel journey from their nearest source of food supply, where even their water must be brought in by a two-day camel journey.

He wanted to know whether we could outfit them. It seems that on their preceding trip, for which they bought their food in England, they did not take pains enough in the selection and were somewhat troubled by scurvy. Did I think we could help them? At once a few questions were asked and the answers given: —

How much can a camel carry? Three hundred pounds.

How should the material be packed? In three cases, each weighing about one hundred pounds, one case on the camel's back and one on each side.

What supplies could best be bought in Alexandria, the nearest town?

How hot was it in the desert?

When the preliminary information had been obtained, we asked that the problem be left with us for a while. After a little investigation as to the rates of exchange, freight charges, and so forth, we found that Boston was as good a place as any in which to buy, and so the expert in one of the prominent grocery houses in that city was enlisted on the job. He gladly took it in hand. With some misgivings we reported to the professor that it could be done, but that it would cost between \$300 and \$400 and would require fourteen camels. I confess that the fourteen camels staggered us until the professor said over the telephone, 'Fourteen camels. Let me see. A camel and driver costs six piastres a day; that's thirty cents each and is not excessive.'

Next, the grocery expert made up a menu for seven people for a week. That one week's supply was multiplied, of course, by six in order to cover the duration of the trip. Then we planned the packing of the foodstuffs. Not all of the dried prunes were put in one box and the powdered eggs in another. What a mess that would be in the hot desert! It was easy to imagine what would happen if the explorers had to pry open forty-two cases, more or less, for their first meal and then leave them open

at the mercy of insects and natives until the last meal of the trip. So, with the exception of a few staple articles such as cans of evaporated milk, the food was divided into days, forty-two days and forty-two cases — about one day's food in each case.

When we had gone thus far, having consulted the professor and his wife once or twice on their likes and dislikes, they stopped in at our office one day to say they were off to New York in a hurry and would not be back. Would I finish up and see that the food reached Alexandria in time? As they walked out I called after them: 'I suppose the university bursar is to pay the bills.' 'Oh! I forgot that. No, here is a check for \$400 — deposit the balance in my bank.'

A few years ago a professor cabled us from Yugoslavia, 'Send half ton discs.' We knew what he wanted because he had taken a thousand aluminum discs over with him to make phonographic reproductions, I had supposed for recording Balkan dialects, and now he wanted three thousand more. When he came back I found it was not dialects; he claimed he had found the last place in the world where the troubadours of the days of chivalry were still singing their songs of gallant deeds, for it was the only entertainment available for the illiterate peasants. One song took more than twelve hours in the singing, almost equaling some of our American radio serials.

This professor also had forgotten about paying, and as he had taken with him all the money to which he was entitled we had to cable him for \$900.

VI

Lacking coöperation, Harvard has not yet learned to use her own resources. In the early part of the twentieth century Professor Sabine of our Department of Physics developed the formulæ for calculating acoustical results, by which it is possible to calculate how to build a

lecture hall so that the lecturer can be heard, how to build a library and a dining room for the suppression of noise. That this could be done successfully Professor Sabine proved by his assistance in the designing of Symphony Hall in Boston.

Thirty years later Harvard was building Lehman Hall, an architect planning, unsuccessfully, how to keep the rooms quiet. I say unsuccessfully, for after the building had been in use most of the rooms required soundproofing material on the ceilings. At the same time another architect was building the Harvard Business School, and with the aid of Sabine's formulæ successfully reduced the noise in the Baker Library Reading Room. Another lecture hall was being built by a third architect on the third floor of the Germanic Museum. Here no attempts were made to plan the acoustics, with the result that neither the lecturer nor the students could tell what the lecture was about until several hundred dollars had been spent to correct the architectural defects. While these three scattered attempts at solving the acoustical problems of Harvard were in process, the Johns-Manville Sales Corp. sent a representative to my office to tell me about Professor Sabine's wonderful discoveries and how they had commercialized them. For three hundred years we built lecture halls without learning how to build them.

Our athletic association wanted loud-speaking equipment in the Harvard Stadium so that the plays in football games could be broadcast to the audience, and other athletic events described. This stadium of concrete is a difficult place in which to amplify a speaker's voice, for it was not built according to any of Sabine's acoustical formulæ, nor did it occur to anyone when it was built that acoustics would ever be a problem. The result is that there are focal spots where echoes are bad. For several years our electrical experts, with the coöperation of the acoustic experts from the

physics laboratory, spent Athletic Association money experimenting, each year renting equipment and services for each game. They finally announced that because it was Harvard a certain company, which had installed loud-speaking equipment on a Long Island race track at a cost of \$100,000, would sell us equipment of the same type and power at the ridiculously low cost of \$10,000. There were to be no guarantee of satisfaction and no trial of it, the company assuring us that we should be satisfied.

Our Athletic Association, which struggles gallantly to make both ends meet, did not have \$10,000 that could be easily spared. They had, however, sent a football team to Princeton. Bill Bingham, our Director of Athletics, went to Princeton and watched the game. Princeton won, because it played better football than the Harvard team. When I asked Bill how he enjoyed the trip he said: 'Even the loud-speaking was better than ours! It was good. Why can't we find out what they have?'

I did, and got a price of \$3000 and an offer to install it, with a year's free trial before we had to accept or reject it, we to be the sole judge of whether we liked it or not.

We ordered the installation — to have the most persistent pressure I have ever experienced put on us to reject this equipment. This pressure came not only from the rival company but from our experts, who proved on paper that what we had bought could not come within 10 per cent of giving us the volume of sound required. When Bill and I said that it had worked well at Princeton, it only led to two hours' more lead-pencil demonstration of how 150 watts of amplifier capacity would produce less than 80 decibels of sound.

'But it has worked at Princeton!'

That was in the spring. In the fall at our football games we had our new \$3000 equipment. Also there was the installation of the rival company, which had by now offered free trial and reduced its

price to the approximate equal of what we had purchased in good faith from the manufacturer of the Princeton outfit. It seemed to me to be the kind of competition — of brutal effort, by a trust, to destroy its only competitor so as to have a monopoly — that is responsible for our antitrust laws.

During that football season one half of a game would be amplified by one outfit, the next half by the other. Watchmen guarded the outfits for fear of complications. Engineers and experts climbed around the stands recording sound decibels on gauges. Mornings were filled with trials until libraries and lecture halls across the river complained of the noise. Without the knowledge of the Athletic Association, ushers were given postcards and asked to vote. Letters of protest from experts and hours of conferences followed, until our Athletic Association, in despair at the persecution, asked me to hire an outside unprejudiced expert for an opinion. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology said our Princeton supplier had done a good job. His equipment is still doing a good job. In the course of the battle he had offered to present his equipment to Harvard free, but we could not accept a gift forced by that kind of unethical procedure.

Another job wished on the purchasing department was that of passing goods imported for Harvard through the customs. Some of these are books ordered by our libraries, or apparatus for our doctors and scientists. Some things are the collections made by various expeditions, exchanges from other colleges, gifts, or whatever the professor in his travels picks up and sends home.

The traveling professor who has a budget of Harvard money, or money of his own to spend, cannot resist shipping these things back to Harvard addressed to himself. He does not want them to go astray, he wants to find them when he himself returns; so instead of addressing them to Harvard, in care of himself, he

addresses them to himself, in care of Harvard, and then forgets to write home to explain. I have power of attorney to sign for Harvard, but none to sign the name of each of our sixteen hundred professors. If the article belongs to the professor, it is probably dutiable; if I can swear it belongs to Harvard, it is duty-free. In 1931 a traveling professor shipped many art objects from Persia addressed to himself. Some were for himself, some for Harvard, some to be given to other institutions, some to be sold to other institutions, and all were mixed in the cases that arrived. We are still trying to find out which are his and where they all are, for I swore they all belonged to Harvard and were for permanent exhibition in one of our museums. If the Collector of Customs were not reasonably lenient, I should probably be in jail.

A member of the staff, connected with Professor Hooton's department and traveling in Yucatan, cabled: 'Try arrange better freight rate on 100 Indian skeletons.'

It was from a port where steamer sailings were not frequent, and a little investigation showed that a clerk in the Ward Line office had quoted a rate of \$100 each, or \$10,000 for the lot.

'Yes,' he said over the phone, 'these are dead bodies. Furthermore you'll have to get a certificate from the Board of Health before we can bring them into the country.'

As the skeletons were more than a hundred years old, they certainly were dead; but it was not difficult to persuade officials of this line that they could also be classed as 'old bones,' reducing the total freight to \$400. However, during the investigation other shippers had been

approached, and before instructions were issued to the Ward Line one of the other steamship companies called up to say that their vice president was a Harvard man and interested in our problem; that a cargo of sisal was soon to leave that port on one of their ships bound for the Plymouth Cordage Company in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and if the skeletons could be shipped as a deck cargo, and Harvard would take delivery at Plymouth, his company would make no charge whatever. So the Indians made their last voyage 'deadhead,' as first-class passengers or distinguished guests of the company.

When they arrived, the customs officials were a bit worried about the unusual cargo and asked for a list of the contents of each case; but they were satisfied when told there was no record of the names of the Indians and there was no knowing if the heads in one case did or did not belong to the feet in another.

I despair when I attempt to interpret Harvard, even to one of its graduates, for Harvard is to each graduate what he himself thinks and feels about it. Harvard has been described as a State of Mind, and this would be a good description if we could only fit an adjective or two before the word 'State.' Certainly Harvard is not a group of buildings, not a constantly changing group of professors, graduates, or students. Professor Childs once said that the university would never be perfect until we got rid of all the students, meaning of course, in his humorous way, that the heart's desire of every professor and instructor was not to teach but to study, to pursue his own branch of knowledge.

MINDS IN THE MENDING

BY OLIVIA HARLAN

I

EXISTENCE in an insane asylum, far from being the most wretched of any in this vale of tears, can sometimes be distinctly more pleasant than life in the great, wide, beautiful world outside. Mr. Webster's definition of asylum as 'a haven of refuge' is my reason for using that word here, rather than the newer and more generally accepted term, 'mental hospital.' We should all be deeply grateful that there are such havens to which we may retreat when the buffetings of life become too much to be borne with fortitude and calm, places where we can be taken care of until we have regained our lost equanimity of mind and soul, which is so necessary in these days of dire stress.

Serene tolerance, I believe, is one of the supreme prerequisites of sanity, and certainly in all but one of the asylums in which I have been there has prevailed a tolerance for all human idiosyncrasies and foibles that was remarkable. More was forgiven and gladly forgotten there than anywhere else I had ever been. The things a person says and does in the throes of any mania would, except in an asylum, be held against him until his dying day. But the trained workers, the nurses, and lastly the patients themselves — unless they are too sick — soon come to understand what is happening, and as a consequence overlook actions and speeches which in ordinary life would result in lawsuits and irreparably damaged friendships. In states of abnormal elation which often follow a

profound depression, a person is very apt to say and do things of which he would be dreadfully ashamed once he has regained his senses. These uninhibited pranks and frankly bawdy remarks are never alluded to after he has been promoted to a better hall. All the embarrassing episodes of his extreme sickness are promptly forgotten, and, by this conscious process of forgetting, the patient is hastened on toward permanent recovery.

A remark which I made the other day, to the effect that most of my best friends were in or had just left asylums, was greeted with shouts of wildest mirth by the group with which I was lunching on the veranda of a well-known Southern retreat. I had not meant to be funny, and went on to explain that when one had been 'locked up' for the better part of six years it was only natural that the people one was most interested in were those friends found during that enforced exile apart from the friends of yesteryear. I doubt if anywhere else in the world are such deep and enduring friendships made as those cemented by the common bond of fear found among mental patients. Perhaps in the army, during wartime, the same holds true, but there the fear is a tangible reality, and not a ghastly, haunting spectre which pursues its helpless victim inexorably.

Let us consider next the personalities of those who are incarcerated in any sort of mental hospital. The border line between insanity and stable mental

health is unbelievably slight. Those of your friends who are eccentric and odd, unstable and queer and wild, are not in asylums only because of the degree of their unusualness. Let them overstep the mark of the behavior pattern required of them in their particular environment, and *bang* — the doors of some asylum will swing to behind their reluctant forms! But just as the people in your community whom I have listed above are the most interesting and most entertaining, so are the people who have gone them one step further the most diverting and amusing and unpredictable and often the most distinguished persons one could possibly know. Phlegmatic, cow-like, dull individuals do not, as a rule, crack up mentally or emotionally. It is the potential genius who has not been understood or allowed to develop his qualities of greatness — it is the artist who from a pinnacle high above the heads of the multitude has seen visions which he longs to set down in permanent beauty — it is the idealist whose dreams so far outshone the bleak realities which he knew — it is the childlike person of great faith whose belief has been betrayed — these and numerous others like them are the inmates of asylums throughout the land.

Because of the diversity of the temperaments found in confined isolation, there is very little chance of being bored. Unless one is so temporarily incapacitated as to have interest in nothing, one has the opportunity to study human nature in its most uninhibited and often most primitive state. There is literally never a dull moment if one is in the mood for entertainment of an ingenious and often startling variety. This is especially true of the most disturbed halls. Life here resembles nothing so much as a three-ring circus. I do not mean to be unkind or facetious in this allusion. It is true. Disturbed wards are filled, for the most part, with unmanageable cases, elated and utterly unrepressed individuals who do and say

anything that comes into their heads; and, if one can observe them objectively, and not through a haze of sentimental and maudlin sympathy, he will see things that are devastatingly funny. Remember that these people do not suffer; their feelings are exactly those of a person on a prolonged and intensive jag, and, except for their resentment at the necessary discipline and restraint, they are enjoying themselves tremendously. The cases of mistaken identity alone would make a bookful of entertaining anecdotes. I have myself at various times been confused with Hitler, Clark Gable, and one very attractive woman's husband, with whom she was not on the best of terms. The mental dexterity involved in playing up to these rôles that have been thrust upon you is something of which any first-rate actor might well be proud!

Then there is the question of all the things that can be learned in modern asylums. In one Maryland institution there is the most efficient and amazing occupational therapy department to be found in any mental hospital in this country. A staff of fifteen or more graduate workers, under the supervision of a charming, intelligent, cultured, and highly gifted woman, teach the patients innumerable arts and crafts. There are dramatics, with plays directed, acted, and costumed by the patients. There are classes in current events and music, and studios where painting, sculpture, ceramics, basketry, weaving, carpentry, metal work, and jewelry are taught. One of the most interesting things about this form of treatment is the number of hidden talents it brings to light. People who have never dreamed they could do anything creative with their hands become surprisingly proficient artisans. A great many of them continue working at the craft they have learned after their dismissal from the hospital, thus filling their leisure with a satisfying outlet which often acts as a safety valve throughout the ensuing years.

Sick people have been likened to children, but I must say that children are a hundred times easier to reach and appeal to than any person suffering from depression, chronic melancholia, or any of the forms of mania which a mental sickness is likely to take. This makes it necessary for the occupational therapist who is really good at his job to be a person of unusual capabilities. He must be kind without being too gentle, sympathetic in the broadest sense of that word, understanding without being officious or smugly superior, and must possess an intelligence of the heart as well as the head. All these qualities and others were found among the workers at this particular hospital, who were tireless in their efforts to interest, stimulate, and divert those of us fortunate enough to be under their tutelage.

II

While I have been speaking wholly of conditions I have found in private asylums, I know from investigation and inquiries that many of the privileges I have mentioned are to be found in the majority of well-run state places, though the occupational therapy departments are of necessity operated on a less elaborate scale. In other words, asylums are no longer the mediæval houses of horror that most people picture them. Moreover, cures are often more quickly effected in state hospitals than in the more luxurious privately owned retreats.

So if you or anyone you love needs the sort of care and specialized treatment which can only be found in a reputable asylum, do not hesitate to take advantage of the protection which is thus offered you. If the treatment is taken in time, months and often years of needless suffering can be avoided. Don't ignore the many warnings which nature is kind enough and wise enough to send, and don't, above all, be ashamed of these warnings.

After four years in one of the largest private institutions in the United States I was allowed to return to my native heath, 'on parole.' I was in excellent spirits at the time, neither elated nor depressed, and was looking forward to the visit with mingled feelings of joy and distress. Let me say at this point that I have never been the least bit ashamed of having been committed to an asylum, any more than I should have been upset at having tuberculosis and spending the same length of time in some mountain sanitarium. My distress was due entirely to tragedies which had occurred in my private life during my incarceration. Well, I went home — not to the home I had made, which no longer existed, but to the old home of my happy childhood and youth — and proceeded to play around with the first and supposedly best friends of my life. And what, alas, did I find?

I found that while I had been languishing in a place where time seemed so often to stand appallingly still — shut away, as we were, from the world of consequence, action, and achievement — it was I who had grown immeasurably during these years, and they, who had been busy in a normal way, had either retarded or completely stopped developing. My 'soul stature,' might I say for want of a better expression, had increased surprisingly. I was emotionally adult, and because of this phenomenon we were wholly uncongenial for the first time in our grown-up lives. I was at first completely at a loss to understand, and then it dawned on me, as I analyzed the situation, that something of this sort had taken place. A concentrated solution of anything is more potent than a dilution. I had for the past four years been getting a concentrated dose of life. Existence in any asylum is a very intensified one. You suffer more, your enjoyment is keener, you drink more deeply of the dregs of human misery and woe; you run such a gamut of emotions in a day as the man outside would know in a

month, and every emotion is felt in a higher, sharper key. You learn discipline from a harsh master, for upon your controlled and civilized behavior depend your privileges and all your comforts, and if you are a person of any sensitiveness these experiences are bound to mature you.

Now these friends had been college people; they were the young married crowd of successful, happy, pleasantly well-to-do, averagely intellectual persons who make up so large a part of any good-sized, prosperous American city; and yet they suddenly seemed to me like a group of backward and badly spoiled children whose only conversation consisted of the most tiresome inanities — the feeding of their youngsters, how much so-and-so had paid to have her house done over, constant talk of dieting and clothes, and continual bickering over bridge and golf scores. I was amazed and not a little troubled. What, I asked myself, was the sense of regaining one's senses if the process did not fit one for happy living in the outside world? I reminded myself of those returned soldiers who had been living such intense drama behind the front-line trenches that life in the normal world seemed indeed 'weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.'

Another thing that made it exceedingly difficult for me was the obvious reluctance my friends showed in alluding to where I had spent the past six years. If I had been serving time at Sing Sing they couldn't have been more embarrassed about it, and this didn't make sense to me. I had no great desire to regale them with the more lurid details of my asylum life; on the other hand, I couldn't understand why they should be ashamed of my mentioning it. You cannot take six years of a person's life and politely pretend that those years have never been. As I look back on it now, I believe that it was the length of time I had been shut away that especially bothered them. They seemed to

figure that I must have been particularly violent if it had taken me so long to get well. In other words, it was not just a 'nervous breakdown,' which would have been quite fashionably forgivable, but I had really been 'crazy,' and that — people simply didn't talk about!

This time element is another thing that is universally misunderstood with regard to mental sicknesses. Look at it this way for a moment. Within a period of five minutes an accident occurs which sends the victim to bed for five months with a compound fracture. In a mental sickness no one actually knows when the accident or harmful incident took place. One may know the final tragedy or set of circumstances which brought the whole thing to a climax, but even the best psychiatrist has no way of telling how long the patient has been getting sick or for how many dreary years he may have struggled along, fighting both his problems of existence and his encroaching illness. A compound fracture, while a very disagreeable thing, is perfectly definite and a great deal easier to mend than shattered minds and emotions. I have never been out of contact with reality in my sickness; I have never had hallucinations or delusions, nor heard voices, nor been disoriented; but it has taken me six years to recover from a sickness which was probably fifteen years old before it was recognized as such. So don't be alarmed, or ashamed, or more impatient than you can help, at the length of time required in regaining your mental health. When nerves and emotions are involved, time should not be, and indeed is not, reckoned in the same terms as it is under ordinary circumstances.

III

Since these days of which I have been writing, you will, I hope, be glad to hear that I have made a completely satisfying adjustment to life outside, in a city far removed from the scenes of any previous

living. While I don't feel that this is necessary for every person upon leaving the sheltered life of a hospital, I do think that one must, upon going back into the world, create for himself a new and different pattern of existence. If there hadn't been something radically wrong with the way we had been living, we should never have got sick. A nervous or mental breakdown is simply nature's way of saying, 'You must change your present mode of living.' In other words, there was some fundamental difficulty in our business, social, or love life, and nature was warning us to take time off and try to discover what the trouble was.

If this should ever happen to you, don't hesitate to go to some reputable retreat and put yourself in the hands of people professionally equipped to help you. Remember that your family, no matter how loving and how good their intentions, are not trained psychiatrists, and that what they think is best may be the worst possible thing for you in your present state. And don't be ashamed of your sickness, nor feel guilty about it. Go off to your hospital with as good grace as possible, no matter how much you dislike the idea, and try with every faculty you possess to adjust yourself uncomplainingly to the strange

environment. This effort at adjusting will take your mind off yourself, and before long, if you use your head and are coöperative, you will discover innumerable things to interest you.

Once safely sheltered in your haven of refuge, those problems which you have been lying awake nights worrying over will cease to seem so dreadfully significant. In a surprisingly short time, things will slip back into their proper perspectives, and these phantom fears and phobias will no longer assume such outlandish and overwhelming proportions. Then there will come a morning when you awaken refreshed from a deep and dreamless sleep; you will begin noticing things that used to delight you but for a long time have left you quite unmoved — shadow patterns on a spring lawn, the flash of a bird's wing, the color of an evening sky, or a half-forgotten fragrance. You will be able to laugh once again and converse as though you meant all the things you were saying. On that day you can rejoice, for you will have come a long way on your journey back to health. And by the time you are ready to leave the place where you have been shown the 'error of your ways' you will be willing to admit, if you are honest, that life in a well-run asylum is not half bad.

HENRY L. STIMSON

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

ALTHOUGH the Secretary of War was born in the heart of New York City and has practised law there for many years, he is by temperament and preference a country squire of a type less rare in England than in America — a gentleman with a traditional sense of obligation to his community and the state. Indeed, a striking parallel could be drawn between him and such statesmen as Grey and Balfour and Asquith, with their scholarly education, their fondness for the land, their versatility, their superficial aloofness combined with their capacity for constructive popular leadership, especially in appointive positions. Stimson has served the United States well, but almost always in appointive office, and he has never really enjoyed the rough-and-tumble of the political arena. But at heart he is thoroughly democratic. For many years his farm, Highhold, on Long Island, was the scene at Thanksgiving of a frolic with his farmer neighbors, at which all the countryside participated in outdoor sports, both afoot and on horseback. Stimson not only managed the entire show, but entered as a contestant in many of the games, and the informal atmosphere of the occasion was long remembered in the township.

In public contacts, Stimson does not readily cast off that native dignity which is for him an instinctive protection, but which in any scramble for votes would react to his disadvantage and keep him from being 'one of the boys.' Like many

unpretentious and shy men, however, he does crave companionship and stimulating conversation. He is perhaps at his best in argument or exposition, especially when good-naturedly defending his code and theories. He avoids gossip or scandal, but when for a few days he is relieved from strain he is full of diverting reminiscences of people he has met. Under such circumstances, in the woods or on the golf links or before a library fire, he is most genial and entertaining.

When duty is involved, Stimson is obedient to the call of conscience. Personal ambition, the promise of wealth or power, have never been determining motives in his career. Contrary to the general impression, he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father, a distinguished surgeon, was a man of modest means, and Stimson had to make his own way. He has done so by hard work. But when it has been suggested that he could help in public affairs he has been capable of any sacrifice. In June 1940, when President Roosevelt suddenly asked him to join the Cabinet, Stimson, weary after a tedious and exacting law case, was looking forward to a restful summer. Nevertheless his response to the telephonic summons from the White House was immediate and favorable. 'Just let me talk with Mrs. Stimson and my partners,' he replied. 'If they have no objection, I am ready.' Thus he accepted with cheerfulness a responsibility at least as heavy as any

American War Secretary has been forced to bear.

Stimson has always prided himself on keeping fit. During the summer of 1939, in the Adirondacks, he climbed mountains, holding his own with younger companions. One morning on the trip back from a fishing camp he was rowing a guide boat, — a very delicate, unstable craft, — with a gale blowing us along in fitful gusts. The waves ran high on the narrow lake, and the intermittent squalls threatened to turn us into the trough, in which case nothing could have saved us from a bath in the chilly water. Stimson finally had to shift both hands to one oar in an effort to bring us about, and for a few seconds the struggle was indecisive. I was sure that we were going over and, in precaution, had removed my trousers and shoes. At last, with one mighty tug, he pulled the boat around, and we drifted to the nearest lee shore. Not for one instant did he betray any alarm, except to remark in a matter-of-fact manner, 'I suppose you can swim.'

Beginning with his freshman year at college, for almost a quarter of a century he spent virtually every vacation in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains or of Canada. He explored and mapped what is now the Glacier Park, climbing and naming many of its peaks, and one of them is now called Mount Stimson. He killed and cooked his own game, made his own camps, and handled his own pack train, being a master of the now almost forgotten 'diamond hitch.' It was this love of the wilderness that first brought him into touch with Theodore Roosevelt. In later life he has retained his love for fishing and hunting, and he is still completely at home in the saddle or in the field shooting quail.

Today he is still a man of exceptional physical vigor. During recent months he has faced with skill and patience the most searching cross-examination of critical Congressional committees. In the very controversial hearings last January on

the Lease-Lend Bill he was under fire for two days, — longer than any other witness, — and when he left the stand the audience spontaneously burst into applause. So far he has been equal to every demand made upon his resiliency, and he possesses reserves of vitality which will carry him through crises. Those who see him constantly are unaware of any weakening under pressure.

The Stimson home in Washington is Woodley, an old historic house packed with treasures, the mementos of the Secretary's active career. Here he rises at six-thirty and before breakfast dictates his diary for the previous day. He is at his desk in the Munitions Building by nine o'clock, remaining, with a brief rest at lunchtime, until five, or later if necessary. As an executive, Stimson is orderly, thorough, and positive in his decisions, and keeps each engagement punctually. In the late afternoon he relaxes in a game of deck tennis or has a massage treatment before dinner, which comes at eight. The Stimsons are by no means recluses and on two or three evenings a week entertain guests in delightful, informal fashion. They have, however, reduced their more formal social obligations to a minimum. Furthermore the Secretary declines all but the most urgent demands for speeches, such as that at the West Point graduation exercises. A seasoned Cabinet veteran, he has learned how to resist importunity and avoid needless depletion of nerve energy. Under this healthful regimen, Stimson thrives. Occasionally he goes by army plane to his Long Island farm for a recreative week-end. Even there, however, he devotes time to consultations with people whose advice he desires on a pressing problem.

II

In his attitude and behavior, Mr. Stimson is a model gentleman, not only of the old school but of any school, and his elevated standards of integrity and

decency are discernible in everything he says or does. With all his soul he abhors flashiness and vulgarity, and his own tastes are of the simplest. It is inconceivable that any temptation could induce him to compromise with his ideals for the sake of advancement. His sturdy character is controlled by moral fastidiousness to a degree very rare in such a masculine nature. One cannot help recalling Wordsworth's description of the Happy Warrior:—

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state.

If I stress this attribute, it is only because such unswerving, quiet rectitude is rare among men in public affairs. In this respect, as in others, Stimson belongs in the same distinguished category with John Hay and Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes, gentlemen statesmen who found their proper *métier* in the Cabinet or on the bench.

He has a consistent, well-organized political philosophy, evolved from study and experience—a pattern of thought to which each new difficulty is automatically submitted and adjusted. Throughout life a Republican, he now occupies a key post in a Democratic administration, and some feeble and abortive attempts have been made by partisan managers to outlaw him as a renegade. Even before 1940, however, he was no blind adherent to any party creed. For example, on the issue of the League of Nations, he was drawn far closer to Woodrow Wilson than to Henry Cabot Lodge; and he obviously has been unorthodox on the tariff. By any definition he belongs to the more liberal branch of his party.

Because he has unequivocal convictions and moral principles, transcending party platforms, he has not been obliged to temporize or evade. Everyone knows

how, as President Hoover's Secretary of State, he took the position that Japan's invasion of Manchuria, in September 1931, was a direct repudiation of well-recognized treaty stipulations, as well as 'a direct assault upon the good relations which must exist between neighbor nations if order and stability are to be preserved in the North Pacific.' He looked upon the Sino-Japanese controversy before the League of Nations—to employ again his own words—as 'the record of the arraignment, the trial, and the condemnation of a great power for the violation of certain new standards of conduct aimed at preventing international aggression.' Feeling that Japan's unjustified attack defied not only the League but also the signators of the Nine-Power Treaty in 1922, Stimson condemned it unreservedly, as he would have done a similar case of treachery in private life. The Secretary of State assumed, perhaps too naïvely, that great nations would adhere to their solemn pledges, as gentlemen do in well-ordered society. In future years he did not wish to face the verdict of posterity that his government, and he himself as Secretary of State, had not expressed themselves forcefully on a matter involving international morality. The full story may be read in his *The Far Eastern Crisis*, published in 1936.

It is not difficult to reconcile Stimson's theoretical desire for world peace with the rigorous resort to force which he has advocated in some historic cases. Very few men have done more in various ways to help abolish war. Again and again he has endeavored to encourage amicable relations between the United States and the other peoples on the American continent, as well as with the European and Asiatic powers. But when, in spite of all his earnest efforts, the League of Nations and later the Pact of Paris were repudiated by their signers, he had no alternative but to take a strong stand in condemnation of their action. We must, as he saw it, either

establish international good will through some form of common agreement or, that failing, be adequately prepared to hold our own in the test of brute force. It is fatal to place ourselves at the mercy of any lawless government which flouts the moral concepts of modern society. Hence it is that Stimson has been both the promotor of a Disarmament Conference and the ardent advocate of active resistance to what he regards as a menace to civilization.

Stimson's political philosophy is the product of careful study and thought, substantiated and corrected through ample practical experience. He has a clear, alert intelligence, fortified by extensive reading and a perception of cause and effect in social evolution. I doubt whether nowadays he has time to read much poetry or drama or current fiction, but he does cover the field of economics, government, sociology, law, and history, with some attention to biography and memoirs. His lectures delivered at Princeton in the spring of 1934, and later published under the title *Democracy and Nationalism in Europe*, are the distillation of wide reading and reflection, presenting a scholarly defense of the League of Nations and the motives of those behind it, together with an appeal to the United States to join as far as possible in 'the deliberate and mature effort of the statesmen of Europe to save their continent and incidentally the rest of the world from the perils of a modern war.'

Stimson's thoroughness has led commentators to describe him as having a 'one-track' mind; and indeed he does concentrate with a passionate absorption on whatever engages his attention, and will allow nothing to divert him from his aim. Even in ordinary conversation he prefers to adhere to one topic at a time, and becomes annoyed at the introduction of trivial or irrelevant material. If the talk is temporarily deflected into another channel, he is likely to await the opportunity of turning it back to its original theme. When he

was practising law, he showed a tenacity of purpose which was disconcerting to his opponents, and he checked up on every item of evidence relating to the case. In any litigation Stimson was dangerous, for he overlooked nothing.

All this is deep-rooted in his character. He just can't be satisfied with halfway measures or hasty, shallow conclusions. If he undertakes a quest, he will pursue it to its logical end. On the pros and cons of our national attitude towards the present European War he made up his mind months ago, and has not wavered. Without ignoring the trends of public opinion, he holds the theory that a government member should create and lead popular thinking on important matters and should not himself be swept lightly in one direction or another by some fleeting breeze of mass doctrine. 'How are you voting on the Lease-Lend Bill?' I asked a Congressman last winter. 'Well, I'm waiting to hear what my district thinks,' was the reply. Such an answer would seem to Stimson iniquitous. He is a stout-hearted, dynamic person who, when he has established his own views, maintains them staunchly, indifferent to ridicule or condemnation. His firm lips and hard-set jaw show indomitable resolution. He has always been regarded as a stubborn statesman.

In presenting his ideas in speech or writing, Stimson is not facile or fluent, but chooses to prepare himself carefully. I have known him to work an entire morning over a ten-minute address. When he speaks without notes he talks deliberately, as if weighing the significance of each phrase, with the result that his sentences are never blurred or confused. He believes that language should be used to reveal, not to conceal, thought. But he does not confine himself to cold logic. Some of his public utterances during the past year have literally throbbed with emotion. It is difficult to be cynical or flippant when you listen to his sincere, convincing words. He means what he says.

III

Stimson has had an adventurous, varied, and rich life, as a much condensed summary of his career will indicate. After being graduated at sixteen from Phillips Academy, Andover, he went to Yale, where he made a fine record in his studies and won more than his share of college honors as a member of the class of 1888. He took a law degree at Harvard, was admitted to the bar in 1891, and two years later joined the firm of Root and Clark, of which Elihu Root was then the senior partner. In the same year he married Mabel Wellington White, of New Haven, who has been ever since his companion on his trips into the wilds and his missions to foreign countries. A woman of unusual charm, she has, with remarkable abnegation, subordinated her own inclinations to his, and her reward has come in his reliance upon her judgment. Theirs has been an exceptionally happy and fortunate comradeship of congenial tastes and joint accomplishments.

Root took a fancy to Stimson, and the younger man profited by the relationship. Gaining rapidly in prestige and influence, he was appointed in 1906, by President Theodore Roosevelt, as United States Attorney for the Southern New York District, and achieved wide recognition by his prosecution of some dramatic law cases. In 1910 Roosevelt, after returning from his African hunting expedition, jumped into the New York political campaign by leading a revolt against what he called 'the tyranny of party machines and party machinery.' He needed some friendly adherent to run for Governor, and Stimson yielded to persuasion. The election, however, occurred at a time when disappointment with President Taft had aroused a strong Democratic reaction throughout the nation; furthermore Stimson was linked by the press with Roosevelt's alleged manœuvring for a third term. The combination of factors led to Stimson's

defeat by his Democratic opponent, John A. Dix. It was the first and last real political contest in which he was to be a candidate, although later he was elected as a delegate at large to the New York Constitutional Convention.

In May 1911, President Taft appointed him as Secretary of War to succeed Jacob M. Dickinson, and he remained in the Cabinet until the Republicans went out on March 4, 1913. During the campaign of 1912, in which his two friends, Roosevelt and Taft, were pitted against one another, he had a divided allegiance, but pledged his support to the latter. 'Archie' Butt, in the White House, put the case clearly for friends of the administration when he wrote, 'No matter how much we may love the Colonel, we must remain true to the President, or else we should have left him a month ago. Any other course is full of dishonor and baseness.' This was Stimson's position. In 1913 he returned to his law office, but in the spring of 1915 he was chiefly occupied with the Constitutional Convention, of which he was one of the controlling spirits. The revised Constitution proposed by the Convention was rejected at the polls, although many of the specific reforms suggested by Stimson and his friends have since been embodied gradually in the State Constitution.

For years Stimson had been a member of the famous New York Squadron A, having worked up from private to first lieutenant; and as early as the autumn of 1915 he was a pioneer, with Colonel Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood, in advocating preparedness measures. Although he attended the Plattsburg Training Camp in 1916, he could not be commissioned in the Reserve Corps because he was over age, but in June 1917 he was appointed a Major Judge Advocate and later transferred to the Field Artillery. Assigned to the American Expeditionary Forces in France, he saw combat service as lieutenant-colonel, later as colonel, and was deco-

rated by the Belgian and French governments. He is the only man who has been Secretary of War and later served in the army under generals whom he had formerly commanded. Colonel Stimson was a fine officer. No swivel-chair soldier, he knows from vicissitudes and hardships what modern war is like, and he talks the robust language of army men.

After this military interlude, Colonel Stimson again resumed his practice in New York City. He was frequently consulted during the Coolidge period, and finally the President asked him to go as his Special Representative to Nicaragua to bring about peace in that revolution-ridden country. His quick success on this mission led to his appointment as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands — which he had already visited unofficially in 1926 — as the successor to General Leonard Wood. There his tact and sympathy made him very popular with the natives. In the spring of 1929 he was named by President Hoover as Secretary of State, remaining throughout that ill-fated administration. It was inevitable that he should be Chairman of the American Delegation to the London Naval Conference of 1930 and of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva in 1932. At both he proved himself to be a lover of peace and an advocate of all reasonable disarmament measures. Unfortunately his dreams were not to be realized.

Not quite thirty years after he had become Secretary of War under Taft he returned to the same Cabinet position, this time under a Democratic President with many of whose domestic policies he had not hitherto been in accord. In 1940 he was a trusted statesman who had been nearly everywhere and met nearly everybody, who had been praised by such different Chief Executives as Taft, Coolidge, and Hoover, and who was at the moment outstanding because of his uncompromising views on Nazi aggressions. President

Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the hope of uniting Republicans and Democrats on the broad issue of national defense, asked Stimson and Knox into the Cabinet; and they, although lifelong Republicans, accepted their appointments as their patriotic duty.

IV

Stimson is a diplomat, and therefore usually discreet. But he can also be refreshingly blunt, and, as an Elder Statesman with an assured reputation, he can and does express his views without mincing words, even to the President himself. He has rightly been regarded as the spokesman for those in the Cabinet who approve of American intervention on the side of Great Britain to the full extent of our resources. From the day when England, under stress, declared war on Germany in September 1939, Colonel Stimson has been in advance of American public opinion and has used his influence to guide it properly. He has advocated successively the modification of the Neutrality Act, the exchange of our destroyers for bases on British soil, the adoption of compulsory military training, the passage of the Lease-Lend Bill, and all other subsidiary measures intended to promote national defense and cement our relations with Great Britain. His position has been declared so openly that no one can be in any doubt where he stands. In an address on June 14, 1939, he summarized his belief as follows: —

‘The world today is divided into two necessarily opposed groups of governments. These governments are divided both by irreconcilable principles for international behavior without their borders as well as by irreconcilable principles of human rights and behavior within their borders. One group is striving for international justice and freedom, both without and within, while the other group recognizes only the rule of force, both without and within.’

Not long afterward he asserted, 'The battle now being waged by the Allies is our battle. . . . There is no time to lose.' Today he is still encouraging the administration to assume the leadership which, in his judgment, a large majority of Americans are craving.

It must be emphasized that Colonel Stimson has an obvious rugged virtue, a forthright independence, like that shown by Cato and Gladstone, by Grover Cleveland and George F. Hoar. He will not resort to compromise or appeasement for the sake of tranquillity of mind. He has never, so far as I know, dodged an unpleasant task or feared to confront a critic. Last winter a little group of young people, presumably representing the American Youth Movement, started to picket the War Department beneath the Secretary's window, carrying banners alleging discrimination against Negroes in the army. After watching them for a few minutes, Stimson went down into the chilly morning air without his hat or coat, halted the procession, and addressed the paraders very simply and candidly, telling them that they had evidently not investigated the situation and outlining what the War Department had done and was proposing to do to give black soldiers a square deal. It was an impetuous but salutary method of driving home the truth, and the picketers did not appear again.

Still another of his conspicuous attributes is his passion for justice. Unyielding though he is on certain issues, he recognizes that, unless an evil motive is involved, every man is entitled to a hearing; and he himself is watchful not to pronounce a judgment without considering all the evidence. He is never affected by a personal prejudice in reaching a decision. Furthermore he is extremely loyal to those who have his confidence. On one occasion, when he was sitting quite comfortably with a group after dinner, somebody uttered a half-slurring criticism of Mr. Justice Frankfurter. Stimson sat up a little

straighter in his chair, caught the attention of the guests, and then began with a good-natured smile, 'Gentlemen, perhaps you'll let me tell you what I know of Felix Frankfurter.' He then proceeded to describe Frankfurter's career from the time when, as a young graduate of Harvard Law School, he became Stimson's assistant as United States Attorney for the Southern New York District to the period when he declined a nomination for the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court and finally, in 1939, became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It was a thrilling story, punctuated at intervals by picturesque incidents and decorated with humor. Gradually Stimson built up a picture of a keen-minded, farsighted, very honorable lawyer and jurist, and some of his audience found themselves modifying their preconceived and not very well substantiated opinions. 'I do not agree with the Justice in all that he has said,' concluded Colonel Stimson, 'but I regard him as a fine American citizen and an ornament to the bench.' I have never heard a worthier tribute paid by one friend to another.

Among the Secretary's other generous traits is his consideration for those around him. At the very moment when he is allowing himself no respite, he is admonishing others not to work too hard or get too tired. Like all true gentlemen, he is thoughtful of servants and subordinates. He is exacting, impatient of delay, and disturbed when a task is done slowly or badly; but he does not expect from his staff what he is not ready and willing to do himself. He is a shrewd judge of men and has surrounded himself with able associates, like Robert P. Patterson and Robert A. Lovett, John J. McCloy and Harvey H. Bundy, who have been infected with his own zeal and industry. According to the calendar he may be an Elder Statesman, but he has the audacity, the courage, the ceaseless drive, which are conventionally ascribed to younger leaders. And that he is a

leader no one in the War Department has any doubt.

He can still, if necessary, carry through a program which would exhaust a less tough-fibred campaigner. Last April he flew one Friday morning from Washington to Long Island, leaving Mrs. Stimson there at their home. Continuing on to Camp Edwards, on Cape Cod, he examined the cantonment and troops and had luncheon and a conference with some divisional officers. In the late afternoon he boarded a plane for the Boston Airport, where he was met and motored to Andover, twenty miles to the north. After a short rest and dinner, he insisted on inspecting the Phillips Academy Rifle Club and talking with those who had it in charge. Incidentally, although he has always shot left-handed because of an eye difficulty, he is still a first-class marksman. On the following morning he was up by seven o'clock and, after breakfast, strolled about the campus revisiting his schoolboy haunts; he lunched at his own request with about twenty of the undergraduates and answered their eager queries about the war; he presided from two until five at a meeting of the Andover Trustees, and finally flew down from Boston to Huntington in time for a late dinner with his wife. Throughout the trip he was on the alert, remembering names without hesitation and never missing an appointment on his schedule.

Stimson has not escaped some very human weaknesses. Quick of temper, he succumbs to moods of irascibility when the fur is likely to fly in his immediate vicinity. He is completely intolerant of meanness or rascality. He has his periods of doubt and dejection as well as those of optimism. In his long career he has made, like everyone else in authority, his mistakes of omission and commission, and often in his idealism he has

trusted cynical statesmen too far. But he has been right most of the time — never more so than in the last decade. Unquestionably, too, he does inspire confidence. I have already quoted the 'Happy Warrior' as in several respects peculiarly applicable to Mr. Stimson. Certainly, since he has come back to the War Department, he has shown himself to be a chieftain

. . . Who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired.

Fortunately for the country, Stimson did reënter public life at such an 'awful moment,' when 'great issues, good or bad for human kind,' are being decided, and he has measured up to the need. His influence is now very potent in administration circles, for it is realized that he has so far been a true prophet. Moreover he has no political axe to grind. He has no desire to be involved in the domestic policies and program of the Democrats. He came into the Cabinet for one entirely patriotic purpose, — to defend his country against the threat of the totalitarian states, — and he has pushed ahead steadily, unflinchingly, towards the victory which seems to him to be of supreme importance if the United States is to continue free. History is likely to reach the conclusion that Henry L. Stimson, by his early intuitive analysis of the moral issues involved in this war and by his insistence that the American people should resolutely give all-out aid to Great Britain, provided the nation with additional wise leadership at a time when it was decisive. He has not faltered even when the Little Americans have been most denunciatory. He has crowned a distinguished career with an act of conspicuous renunciation and loyalty.

BONEHEAD

BY RENA NILES

I

THE name on the mailbox said C. S. Hendricks, but often as not a letter would come addressed to Bonehead Hendricks and the mailman would just laugh and put it in the box along with the ads mailed out to the humble Rural Box Holder.

Bonehead never seemed to mind his name; we all called him Bonehead. But he disliked being a Rural Box Holder. 'Makes me mad,' he told me once, waving a sheet of rough paper proclaiming the current bargains at the supermarket in town. 'Makes me pure mad. If them fellers wants me to buy, why don't they call me by name?'

'You'd rather be a Bonehead than a Box Holder, eh?'

Bonehead looked at me out of small, pale-blue eyes. 'They hain't but one Bonehead in this county,' he said, 'and that's me.'

He was right, too. We found how pathetically right he was one day last month, and ever since then I haven't been able to use his name. Not that Bonehead ever said anything to me about it. But Snowball, the colored man who lives on our place, put his finger on it: 'I reckon we cain't call him Bonehead no mo'. Now that he done showed us what a Bonehead he really is.'

'Yes,' I said, 'that's right, Snowball.' And walking down the lane to our house I wondered why you can't call a man by a name that fits him — not when it fits as snug as that. There's such a thing as being too neat.

Bonehead's troubles came down on him all at once, early in June. He was late in getting his tobacco land ploughed, and when all the farmers in these parts were waiting for a rain, so they could set the young plants, he was just fixing to board his land. That was just like him, too. Last year he set his tobacco nearly three weeks later than anyone else.

'Bonehead's savin' hisself trouble,' the folks said. 'He jest waits till the 'bacco is ready to top, then he sets it and tops it all to-oncet. Savin' hisself trouble.'

Bonehead saved himself trouble all right. He also saved himself the trouble of harvesting a crop. 'Hain't enough there to keep me and my man chewin' thu the winter,' he told me last fall. And he wasn't far from the truth.

For the past three years Bonehead had kept a man on the place to help him out — a man called Newt Parker. He was a small, wiry, idlesome fellow, with the face of a carrion crow and a way of cocking his head to one side when he spoke. Newt Parker never looked you straight in the eye. He kept looking off somewhere, just about the level of your left ear, till you got downright uncomfortable and started worrying your ear as though a sweat-bee were at it.

Sometimes he said he was from Texas, sometimes from Tennessee, and other times he said he was from the North. But it was norated about that he had done time. He'd been jail-hampered for quite a spell, folks said. Like most simple people and abused husbands, Bone-

head never knew. Bonehead and his hired man seemed to get along, in a grudging kind of way. No one ever heard of any trouble between them.

Bonehead farmed a smallish piece of the poorest land in the county — rocky land, with fences made of barbed wire wrapped around spindly posts. We were forever helping round up Bonehead's calf or Bonehead's sow. And his only pasture was so full of wild larkspur that it looked like a calico print at the crossroads store.

Bonehead had a cow and the meanest pair of white mules on Tabcat Creek. Sixteen hands high they stood, and their heels were full of dynamite. He had a wife and two small daughters and a son not more than six years old. That was why Bonehead had to have Newt Parker to help him out. Two little girls, aged eight and nine, and a sturdy little boy with gray-green eyes can't do much of the heavy work on a farm. And Bonehead's wife never stirred much outside the yard.

I remember calling to see her last summer, just about the time the bean crop came in. 'I think I'll take a mess of beans to the Hendricks,' I said at noontime.

The family tried to talk me out of it. 'Listen — everybody's polluted with beans this year. . . . Go up and see slattern Sue if you must, but don't go taking her beans.'

So I went up to see Sue with a basket of beans on my arm. As I walked up the treeless, dusty lane to her house, I could see her sitting on the front porch, fanning herself with a folded newspaper. She rose wearily to her feet when she caught sight of me and automatically smoothed her dress. She was fumbling with the safety pin that held it together at the neck when I called out to her.

'Take chairs and set,' said Sue.

I was apologetic about the beans. 'Just brought you a few of these wax beans,' I said. 'You must have plenty of the green kind, but I thought you might like to try some of these.'

'Glad to have 'em, 'cause we hain't got

no snaps at all this year.' And Sue settled back in her chair and went to fanning herself with the newspaper.

Sue had taken on weight in the last few years. She had been pretty once, with dark wavy hair and gray-green eyes — and a waist like a wasp, she told me. Now she looked like a bag of meal propped up in a doorjamb — just sitting. Sitting and waiting; resigned, for the time, but the smouldering fire behind her eyes ready to burst into open flame.

'Them flies is pesky,' said Sue, making talk.

I heartily agreed, and our common aversion to flies enclosed us in a woman's world of household tribulations.

'How's your garden?' I asked.

'Tain't no-count,' Sue declared with finality. 'The beetles got the bean crop.'

I didn't ask if she ever used the spray I had given Bonehead.

'Get any squashes this year?'

'No'm, the borers done et 'em up.'

'Any potatoes?'

Sue sighed. 'No'm. And we like potatoes, too. But them stripe-back potato bugs done chewed the stalks right down even with the ground.'

It looked as though our conversation had come to a dead end. I inquired after the children. Doin' jest fine, they were. Then I asked about Bonehead. . . .

'He's jest tol'able — as good as you kin 'spect, I reckon. But you knows as well as I does — Bonehead's a no-good farmer. He's jest a tinkerer. Fixin' up that damn thing he calls a tractor. Took our old Ford to do it and bought some extry parts at a junk yard in town. . . . Jest means we hain't got a car no more and cain't go nowhere of a Sunday. . . . And hit won't work. Jest sucks up gas, is all.'

I knew that Sue was right about the tractor. Jokes about Bonehead and his tractor had been the delight of the community for several weeks.

'Won't it run at all?' I asked. 'I thought I heard it the other day.'

'Yes'm, hit'll run.' Sue sounded more

amused than bitter. 'But, as I always says, runnin' don't do no good 'less you's goin' somewhere. That tractor'll run twill it comes to the end of a row. Bonehead's got it fixed so hit cain't turn round. All he kin do is back it back. And thataway it goes — back an' fill, back an' fill. . . . Hain't no sense to it, I says. And him with as sharp a pair o' mules as ever kicked the waddin' outa any man. . . . But that's Bonehead fer you.'

Yes, that was Bonehead for you. And that was Sue.

II

Bonehead's tobacco crop never made him anything that year. In the fall he sold one of his mules, the one called Sharp. He held on to Snag. And this year he ploughed with one mule. He was just starting to board his land when his troubles came down on him. Roy Allen, his little boy, was riding on the board, and the two little girls were playing in the furrows.

Newt Parker came out to the field where Bonehead was working — Newt Parker in a pair of clean overalls and a white shirt. He stood at the near end of the field, watching Bonehead. He waited for Bonehead to get within earshot. Then he said: 'Don't reckon I'll work today. I hain't been feelin' so good.'

Bonehead didn't say anything. He hawed Snag around and started down the next stretch, his mind going back to the breakfast table that morning: Sue, pale and broodsome, plopping the coffeepot on the table so roughly that the coffee spluttered from the spout, and Newt nowhere around.

'Where's Newt at?' he had asked.

'He's your hired man. You look fer 'im.' She was watching the biscuits. She kept her back turned to Bonehead.

Later he saw Newt. He noticed that Newt was shaved and that he was wearing a clean white shirt. He was coming from the barn. He was carrying the milk buckets into the kitchen. And Bonehead

wondered at that because Sue always milked in the summertime. But he said nothing, and while Newt was in the house he walked over to the barn and hitched up Snag.

Now all these things came back to him.

Bonehead took Snag down the next stretch. He was thinking of Newt and his thoughts slowed his steps. When he came back to the near end of the field, Newt was still standing around.

'I'm all down in the back,' he whined.

This time Bonehead looked sharply at Newt and grunted.

Halfway down the field Roy Allen spoke. 'I like this, Pappy.'

Bonehead looked over his shoulder at his son sitting cross-legged on the board. He was proud to have a little son who sat up so straight and sure.

'Like what, son?'

'I like ridin' here with you and thinkin' of that mess o' greens Maw's cookin' fer dinner. I's gittin' hongry.'

'My breakfast done give out on me two hours ago,' Bonehead said, wetting his thin, sun-parched lips. 'But you and me has got a power o' work to do twill dinnertime.'

Bonehead was down at the far end of the field when he heard Sue calling the little girls.

'That's funny,' he said, half to himself, half to Roy Allen. "'Tain't near dinner-time.'

'I's glad to be a boy,' Roy Allen proudly declared. 'I kin stay with my paw till he goes home fer his dinner.'

The little girls started for home, their bare feet brown against the brown earth. They ran across the field, and when they came to the hard stubble of the pasture beyond they stopped running and slowed down to a walk. Newt Parker shaded his eyes. He looked down at Bonehead and Snag and Roy Allen. Then he started toward the house, too.

At first he walked. Bonehead stopped halfway down the row and followed him with his eyes. 'What the hell . . .' he muttered to himself.

Then he heard Sue's voice, shrill and angry. 'Hurry up, Newt. They's here!'

Bonehead could see Sue. She was standing on the front porch. She held a bundle in her arms, and she had put on the red-and-white print dress she wore to town. Newt Parker broke into a run.

Bonehead knew something was bad wrong. He dropped the reins and started to run. He left the mule without hitching it up, and he forgot about Roy Allen. Bonehead was like that. His mind could cover but one emergency at a time. Something had gone wrong at his house, and he must settle that first. First things first, he said to himself as he ran, and one at a time . . . they last longer.

He caught up with Newt a few feet from the house.

'Stop right there!' Newt shouted. And this time he looked Bonehead straight in the eye.

Bonehead went on running. Newt pulled an automatic 45 from his pocket. 'I says, stop right in your tracks, or I'll blow a hole the size of a punkin thu you.'

Bonehead stopped, his face hate-changed. This was his farm, wasn't it? And his hired man. He paid the man a wage, and only last week he had gone to town with a handful of crumpled bills and a pocketful of change to make a payment on the mortgage. But here was his hired man pointing a gun at him, ordering him about, telling him when to stop. And there was nothing he, Bonehead, could do but obey him — stop and stand and look, hands hanging limp and moist at his sides.

Sue came out of the house, pushing the little girls ahead. Clarinda, the older, ran toward the car, but Jo-Jo stopped, pointing at Bonehead. 'Hain't Pappy goin' with us?'

'He hain't goin' nowhere!' Sue snapped. 'And you git in that car 'fore I beat your ears down.'

When Sue and the little girls were in the car, Newt jumped in the back seat beside them. A man Bonehead did not know was driving, and a woman was sit-

ting with him in the front seat. Newt leaned out the back window and kept his gun aimed at Bonehead while the driver backed the car around and started it down the lane to the road.

Bonehead saw the car float away in a cloud of dust. He saw it heave and lurch and grind its way in and out of the deep ruts. And he just stood, ground-bound. It was only when the car had turned on to the main highway that he remembered his rifle, standing in the corner by the front door.

All the words he had ever heard spoken about other men's wives by the idlers who whittled the bench in front of Tip Pointer's store came back to him with the sharp sting of a volley of buckshot. He could hear their laughter, he could see Tip's son, his fat belly shaking with laughter, and Granpaw Pointer — the one they all called Sugardough — leaning out of his rocker by the door: 'What's that you's sayin'? What's that I hear?' And the men calling back: 'What's that you *doesn't* hear, Sugardough?' And the laughter again. . . .

Sue — you all know Sue, Bonehead's wife. Sue. Weed-muckie Sue. Easy-placket Sue. His neighbors must have known. They must have norated it up and down Tabcat Creek, how Newt, the hired man, was sweet-talkin' Sue. They must have heard and looked at Bonehead and wondered if he knew. . . .

III

Bonehead was still staring down the lane when Roy Allen, panting and hot, ran up to him. He was staring down the lane, his eyes glued to the spot where the Model-A Ford had made its right turn and disappeared out of his sight behind a clump of locust trees. The dust had settled, and the hot stillness of the summer noon muffled the cackling of the hens.

'Pappy, Pappy, what's happened hereabouts?'

Bonehead didn't move. Roy Allen looked up at Bonehead's small pale-blue

eyes, shame-narrowed down to watery slits, and when those eyes kept staring straight ahead he dared not ask the question again. He walked over to the porch. He sat down on the top step, leaned his head against the post, and cried quietly. Bonehead's eyes dropped to the ground. He stared at his battered brogans. One had a shoelace, one was tied with string. Bonehead vaguely remembered that he had intended getting some shoelaces in town. How did he come to forget? . . . He walked over to the porch and slumped down beside Roy Allen.

'Your maw's gone,' he finally said.

Roy Allen went on sobbing.

'Your sisters is gone, too. They all went with Newt Parker.'

Roy Allen turned his tear-smudged face to Bonehead. 'Did little Jo-Jo wear my shoes?'

Bonehead shook his head wearily from side to side. 'I recollect' that both my daughters was wearin' shoes — both of 'em.'

They sat in silence a long while. Roy Allen had stopped crying. Every now and then he would take a deep sniff and wipe his nose on his shirt sleeve, turning the matter of the shoes over in his mind. Now that Jo-Jo was gone, and the pair of shoes they shared was gone with her, he might stand a fair chance of getting a pair of his own. But, with the instinctive wisdom of the very young, he knew this was not the time to speak of new shoes. He went in the house to look up some victuals.

When he returned he was crying.

'Pappy, the stove is plumb cold. And they hain't no greens cooked with side-meat like I thought. There hain't nothin' cooked at-all, at-all.'

Bonehead put his arm around Roy Allen. 'Don't you worry, son. Your ole paw'll feed you. He'll feed you good. He'll give you all the things you likes best.'

'I like bananas.' Then, after a pause, 'But I doesn't want bananas. I want my maw. I want my maw fer to cook greens

with side-meat. . . . I want my maw and I want my shoes.' And Roy Allen was sobbing.

Bonehead stood up and stretched his arms and yawned. All at once he felt very tired — too tired to care.

'Son, your paw'll do what he kin fer you,' he said wearily. 'I reckon he kin get some bananas, but he cain't bring back your maw and your shoes. They's gone.'

IV

Now Bonehead's folks lived some miles away, and they lived by the side of the river. Bonehead's parents were old, but they were better off than Bonehead. They had a nice little cabin, and Old Man Hendricks was a shaker in the stone quarry. Maw Hendricks made her own sunbonnets and raised a little garden, and Paw Hendricks didn't do much, of a Saturday night, but drink a couple of beers. Sunday morning they bought a gallon of gas and went to church in Pleasant Hill.

'We's goin' to see your granmaw and your granpaw,' Bonehead said.

But Roy Allen was sobbing loudly now. He was tired and hot and hungry, and through his sobs he kept saying: 'I want my maw. . . . I want my maw fer to cook greens.'

They had a long drink from the spring, and Roy Allen had a glass of milk and some biscuit while Bonehead snooped around the house for a snort of liquor. The liquor was gone.

It's six miles from Bonehead's farm to the river, and they walked all the way, Roy Allen trudging along by Bonehead's side. Three times the boy stopped and said, 'I's tired,' and each time Bonehead carried him on his back till his breath came short and his blue denim shirt was dark with sweat. 'I kin walk now,' Roy Allen would say. He had given up crying. He was a man now, walking down the road with his father. There was no time to cry.

Bonehead sat on the porch with his

mother while Roy Allen chased the chickens and crawled under the cabin to scare out the old white sow and her litter of pink pigs. Roy Allen could hear the grown folks talking in whispers. Every now and then he heard his name spoken. But he never heard his mother's name — only the words 'she' and 'her.' And then he knew they were talking about his mother and he would stop in his play.

Finally Bonehead called to him. Roy Allen stood at the foot of the steps, looking up at his father.

'Son — your granmaw wants you to visit with her a spell.'

'Is you stayin' too?'

'Naw, son, I hain't a-stayin'. I's got to git back. I's got to milk that cow and feed that mule — if I kin ketch 'im. And tomorrow I's got to finish boardin' down my land, so I kin set my plants and you and me has a crop to sell, come fall.'

'Then I's goin' with ye,' Roy Allen said.

Bonehead looked into Roy Allen's determined face. He started for the gate.

'Son — I hain't goin' yit,' he pleaded, his hand on the gate latch. 'I's comin' back fer supper. You wait right here while I fotch your granpaw.'

Roy Allen stayed with his grandmother. He let her wash his face and comb his hair. Then he sat on the porch and waited for Bonehead.

Old Man Hendricks came home at edge of dark. He was carrying a bunch of bananas under his arm — a smallish bunch of small brown bananas.

'They's fer you, Roy Allen,' he said. 'All fer you. Your paw sent 'em.'

Roy Allen took the bananas in his sturdy brown hands. He looked at them a long while. Then he looked at his grandfather, and the old man looked away and coughed a deep husky cough.

'Don't you think hard of your paw, young feller,' he said sternly as he slowly ascended the porch steps.

It was dark and cool when Granmaw Hendricks put Roy Allen in the trundle bed. He had sat in her lap after supper

and sobbed and called for his maw and paw, and she had rocked him in her ample lap, saying over and over, 'I knows just how you feel. Granmaw knows.'

The katydid sang their endless song, and soon Roy Allen was picking up the words of their singing. Katydid, katydid, katydid. . . .

'Katy did what, Granmaw?'

'You listen, and you'll soon find out.'

Roy Allen listened and mumbled the words of the song. Katydid, katydid, katydid, katydidn't. . . .

'Katy didn't, Granmaw.'

'That's right, boy. I reckon she didn't.'

Katydid, katydid, katydidn't, katydid. . . .

Roy Allen woke in the trundle bed. The big bed beside him was empty, and he could smell biscuits and coffee.

There were two bananas left from the night before. Roy Allen ate one and gave the other to his granmaw.

'I never gets bananas at home,' he said. 'Or almost never.'

Instinctively he knew that his home needed defending. It would never do to let Granmaw know how bad things really were. 'But we have greens. Does ye ever cook greens, Granmaw? Greens with side-meat?'

V

Bonehead must have walked back to his farm that night. The next morning I could see him from the high knoll of our sheep pasture. He was gee-hawing Snag around, and the board on which Roy Allen had sat, cross-legged and sturdy, was piled with field rock. The following week Bonehead set his tobacco — more than two weeks late.

But I haven't been able to call him Bonehead any more. Maybe Snowball is right. Maybe the name fits too well. And maybe it doesn't. I even tried calling him Mr. Hendricks, but he looked so shocked that I had to give it up. I don't call him anything now. He seems to like it better that way.

TOMORROW WILL COME

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN

[THE chapters that follow have been selected from the Atlantic \$5000 prize book. Miss Almedingen was born in St. Petersburg in 1899. Educated by her English mother and knowing only by reputation her father, who was a Russian scientist, she tells in this and the previous issue the story of a young girl, bred in poverty, who saw an old world collapse and a new world begin. — THE EDITOR]

I

THE Brest-Litovsk Treaty was signed — we heard of it through a sequence of rumors. Peace bells rang in Europe — we knew nothing of their peal until a long time after. Our newspaper was the tongue of the bread queue, our frontier the granite girdle of the Nicholas Quay. We lived on the Vassily Island, and the outside world threatened too much for us to undertake light-hearted excursions. Even bridges and outlying streets were not safe. The dreadful music of machine guns had long been stilled; not so the occasional shot in the dark.

There was only one terrible urgency — food. Rent had ceased. Mother's small income, which came from the Imperial Chancery, had also ceased the very first day of the Revolution. We had nothing else. Some fortunate ones, their bank resources denied them, could fall back on what valuable things they had within their homes. We had the slenderest possessions imaginable, and their total worth was little enough. People of the *ancien régime* bought expensive food by selling

furs, plate, and jewels; our few silver spoons and our pathetically tiny hoard of trinkets would not have supported us for a month. Others spent time and substance in devising means of escape. Such a venture was beyond us; sums quoted by occasional acquaintances made us feel dizzy.

'We can't escape,' said my mother, 'we must see it through'; and she added, 'I am not being heroic, but commonplace. There is nothing else for us to do.'

I had forgotten about Oxford and history by that time; I had forgotten that a daily paper used to be a pleasant thing to see in the morning. I had forgotten most things except God, who had given me a mother to learn from. She never preached: she lived, and from her I was now learning day by day that life could be not merely possible but even worthwhile in spite of cold, darkness, hunger, and inevitable dirt.

Nobody ever molested us in the one-windowed room with two iron bedsteads, trunks, and a great padlock on the door. Midnight searches, 'legally' organized by the Red Guards, passed us by. But the porter had long since gone from his lodge, the great block was open to all and any marauders, and an ordinary key would not have been enough to check them.

Anna Feodorovna, fat, florid, fifty, and nice, was a midwife who had her room farther down the passage. She was a peasant woman, unlettered, rough, and slightly too communicative about her work, but she succeeded in placing my

first literary job in my hands, at a publishing firm where her niece did char-work. A few publishers were still left in Petrograd, though the one I went to was a new one, fired by a novel and grandiose ambition to acquaint the Russian masses with European classics in 'proletarian dress.' The offices were in the back yard of an extremely ancient building. I opened the door, and found myself in a room packed with paper and humanity. Did I know any English? They wanted several poems translated: their own people knew no English. Would I do the work?

A sandy-moustached little man told me to follow him into a second drab room, also packed with papers, books, and people. Another man stood by the window, reading a proof. The sandy moustache grew voluble. 'She can do it. . . . Splendid!' 'Splendid,' rejoined the proofreader, without a glance at me. 'Tell her the rates and give the books.'

I brushed the titles with a cautious glance. 'All these? . . . Yes, but . . .' I saw myself buried in them for months, if not years — Coleridge, Swinburne, something of Byron, and Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The sandy moustache realized that he had been talking in a fog. 'You'll have to put the Russian equivalent under the English words — in pencil, please, but legibly. We'll pay you' — it worked out at something like a farthing for six lines, but it seemed wealth to me. 'Sign for them.' He thrust a narrow paper slip under my nose. I signed. He barely looked at the signature. 'You'll be paid as soon as these are brought back.' He pushed me towards the door. They had not asked for my address, and I ran down the Nevsky, the volumes in my arms.

It was a biting cold February. I worked mostly in bed, my hands wrapped in odds and ends of wool and rug to make up for the gloves we owned no longer. 'Write in pencil, but legibly.' A pencil was something dearer than flour. I had a few left from those remote pre-1917

days. But, as I came to the end of Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*, I saw that pencils used themselves up with a ruthless rapidity.

We had no clock, and I knew it was midnight by the sudden rush of darkness. I groped round my bed, depositing pencils and books in safety. I fell asleep, imagining another day among lovely words and great ideas. At last the volumes were done. The journey to the Nevsky was repeated. The sandy moustache furnished me with another gray slip for the cashier. I had some money and more books.

But the third expedition was shorn of all that glory. The sandy moustache was nowhere to be seen. Those who rushed about, proofs and manuscripts in their hands, ignored me. I found the cashier's warren and handed over the finished work. He almost swept the books aside. 'You mustn't come here, you mustn't come here' — he sounded fussy and annoyed. 'I have not been paid for these,' I ventured to insist, and he measured me with an ironical look. 'Well, what about coming tomorrow? Leave these here. Nobody will gobble them up.' I came the next day and once more — at my third visit I found the door boarded up, and a brief notice announced that the publishing firm had closed down.

'Never mind, little pigeon,' Anna Feodorovna refused to see any calamity in my experience. 'Something will turn up.' She thought for a moment. 'Come to the hospital. We want a lot of writing done in the office.'

I sent my application to the hospital board. In spite of the prevailing chaos, even Anna Feodorovna could not interfere there. They took about a fortnight to consider my application. It seemed life or death to me — because of my mother.

It was late April, the winter had gone — a winter of cold, dark, and hunger. Pack ice had vanished from the face of the Neva, and I could see young grass pushing up here and there between the

cracks in the pavements. The only trees down the length of the Bolshoy Prospect were breaking into leaf, and it seemed almost easy to glean new hope and strength from all the beauty waking up from the soil. But the winter had been such a thief. It had stolen things that spring seemed unable to bring back — strength and health of so many people in the city. I only knew that stairs seemed so much to Mother, that tiny efforts brought more and more exhaustion, that the worn, sapped flesh seemed more and more in the ascendant where once the spirit had moved so firmly and triumphantly.

At last I received word that they had approved of my application. I found myself almoner at the Stock Exchange Hospital. I knew little about my duties, but the matron, obviously tired of considering an endless queue of applicants, said that it would be a blessing to find someone who could read and write. The pay was slender, but in those days nobody gauged a job in directly monetary terms. There were generous food rations — millet, flour, condensed milk, and even sugar on occasion. I began my work the day after one such distribution. The matron tried to get me my share in advance, but she failed, and I had something like thirteen days to wait for the next 'food day.' Some dates become graven in the memory — nineteenth of April to the second of May.

I had my work to take my mind away from the dread I could no longer escape at home. Also our life was rudely interrupted by the sudden going of Anna Feodorovna: her sister having been taken ill in Moscow, she 'wangled' a railway ticket and left. The block on the Bolshoy Prospect held no more friends. But 'on the second of May,' I kept repeating to myself, 'I shall see Mother eating properly, and then it will be summer, and things must get better next winter: nothing could be worse than the last one.'

Early in the morning of the second of May, I left her in bed by the opened

window; the lilac tree in the courtyard was in breaking bud. 'When the lilac is in bloom, I always wish we lived on the ground floor,' I said to her. An indeterminate old body on the floor below would, I knew, look after her few wants during the day — a good third of my rations had already been mortgaged that way. And I went to work, an empty sack slung over my shoulder.

It was a very busy day. I got off about seven in the evening, and then there was the distribution of food. I came back to the house on the Bolshoy Prospect. The chairman of the house committee met me in the doorway. He stopped.

'Two whole rooms, haven't you? Well, you'll have to look for smaller quarters now that your mother is dead.'

'I must go upstairs!' I must have said something of the kind when he checked me.

'We have had her taken away. The Stock Exchange Hospital mortuary . . . aren't you working there? I might have remembered and sent word to you.'

I spent that night on a bench in a consulting room at the Hospital, the useless food bundles lying on the floor beside me. The matron knew and would not object. People were all the kinder because I could not respond to any kindness.

II

I had a decent job and enough food, but I had no home. About a week later a thin, sallow-faced patient, wife of a chemist, came up to my desk and whispered that she had a room to spare. I went to them, and in their poky flat I stayed till July. Their kindness beggared all description. They refused to accept either money or food for rent.

My duties at the hospital were simple enough. Each outpatient had a card, kept in the files in alphabetical order. On his or her coming, the card had to be taken out of the files and slipped into the appropriate pigeonhole on my desk. There were several of them, each neatly

labeled 'Lungs,' 'Skin,' 'Oculist,' 'Dentist,' and so on. When the doctors arrived, the sister in charge came to my desk, grabbed the cards, and the patients were called up in their turn. The ambulatory closed at six, but the day's report had to be made out of the remarks scribbled on the cards by the doctors. Sometimes those reports took two or three hours.

For something like three months the patients were merely cards and voices to me. I worked like fury, but I was unaware of them as separate individuals. Then one morning a fussy sister chose to clean and wash a very dusty mirror hanging on the wall behind my desk. I came in. I saw my face reflected in it. It made me furiously angry for the space of one morning, but very likely the washing of a mirror ended by waking me up. I was not yet twenty-one, and it was a shock to find myself staring at a set and hardened face, and to know it for my own.

'And this face,' I thought vaguely, 'looks out on what?' On a room full of brooding, smelly, grumbling men and women, who had better remain so many differently colored cards, suggested my impatient, benumbed, and hardened self, as reflected in the mirror. Or else that face looked at a room full of patient and uncomplaining folk who had long ago learned to endure without saying much about it, and who had turned their very endurance into something rare and precious, suggested another barely awakened self, of whose very existence I was still unaware. I could no longer think of them as cards.

One morning a nurse strode up to my desk. I knew her well. She was a violent Communist, untidy and unpunctual; she broke nearly all the rules, was an ever-present thorn in the matron's flesh, but, by virtue of her membership in the Party, she sat on the hospital committee, had a vote in all medical and clerical appointments, and could not be dismissed from her post under any pretext whatsoever.

Now she elbowed her way through the crowd waiting round the screen, put her arms on the edge of the desk, and demanded to be put down for the dentist. 'First turn, mind — I am busy today.'

A man on crutches was standing before me, and I was hurrying over his card. A few seconds slipped by, and the girl banged her fist on the desk. Two or three patients looked frightened. A card file clattered to the floor. My assistant stooped to pick it up. Blood leapt to my face.

'Ivanoff, done! Next, please.'

'Put me down for the dentist.' This time she added an unprintable word to her request, and I had to say something. My head over a card box, I snapped that I would ring for the Commandant if she did not move away instantly.

'Ah, you will, will you? Here is sabotage! I am on duty the whole day and I can't suit your convenience. Put me down at once for the dentist.'

Next to her stood a quiet elderly woman with her arm in a sling. The girl raised her hand to bang the desk once again. She brought down her fist so suddenly that it missed the desk and fell on the bandaged arm. I heard something like a hurriedly muffled groan, and the girl shouted, 'What are you making faces for? Think yourself a heroine with all those bandages on? A softy, that's what you are.'

But she stopped, for, leaning across the desk, I raised my own arm and hit her on her thickly powdered cheek. She staggered back for a second; then, one hand to her cheek, she rushed out of the room screaming 'Murder!' with all her lung power, which was considerable.

Hot with fury and shame, I turned to the card files. My hands were trembling. The room was oddly still. It was hard to believe that some fifty or sixty people were in it. But the silence was soon broken by the Commandant, a fussy, stout woman, who ran in. 'Now what is the trouble?' she shouted from the door. 'Surely you never hit her?'

The crowd kept still, though they might have so easily chorused, 'Oh yes, she did,' and so put themselves into the good graces of both Commandant and Communist. But they kept silent. I found a shred of courage to answer, 'I did. She was so insolent and used foul language. That did not matter to me. But she hurt one of my patients, an old woman.'

The committee was summoned. Having refused to apologize for 'the assault,' I was fined. 'The wildcat,' however, decided to keep away from the ambulatory. A sister arranged for her appointment with the dentist. That no longer concerned me.

When I returned home that night I learned that the chemist and his wife were about to leave. He had been appointed to a job in the South of Russia, and he dared not refuse to go. He had about forty-eight hours given him to get ready. His wife cried and wanted me to keep her Persian shawl. Their modest quarters had already been commandeered by the house committee, 'and now you'll have to go and search for another home,' she said tearfully.

The day they left I found a burly nurse installed behind my desk. She was there instead of me, she said, and I went to see the matron.

'I have to do what I am told,' she sniffed into her handkerchief. 'There will be a fortnight's rations in advance. I feel sure you will find something else. Of course, if things go too badly, I might be able to manage a pound of bread for you now and again. You will let me know, won't you?' And she whisked out her handkerchief again, and I knew that if she had had her will I should never have lost that job. So I thanked her warmly and went out.

III

About six hours of daylight were left. It meant that I had six hours to find a home and, unaccountably, I wasted one

of those hours on a visit to the housing committee of the local commissariat. They were neither rude nor unkind, but they had no home to offer me. 'What about the place where you are working?' suggested a mild-faced clerk. 'They should be able to provide for you.' When I mentioned having lost that job, he shook his head. The unemployed, it seemed, had to shift for themselves. The housing committee were hard put to it to find shelter for those who worked. . . .

I halted at the buildings of the ex-Imperial Institute of Mines. I remembered that my father had once been connected with the Institute. The place seemed empty and quiet, and no uniformed porter came out to pepper me with inquiries. I went on through the huge untidy courtyard; myriads of grimy windowpanes looked at me blindly from the four sides of the building. The place seemed inhuman, deserted, as frozen as a lump of quartz in prehistoric ice. 'I wonder if anyone is living here,' I thought, when I saw a woman come out from one of the doorways.

She was of middle height, with a broad pale face. Over a loose fur coat she wore a thick gray shawl, and yards of bright yellow stuff were swathed round her head. She shuffled along, her hands stuffed into a shabby astrakhan muff. She took no notice of me, but I ran up to her.

'I am sorry. Could you tell me please if Madame X still lives here?'

I might have asked her whether she carried dangerous explosives in her muff. She dropped it in the snow, and staggered back, her blue-veined hands raised to her face.

'I am Madame X,' she said thickly. 'What can you want with me?'

I had never met her before. Now the yellow turban, the pale gray eyes, the thick voice, and the abrupt gesture with which she seized my wrist made me feel frightened. Haltingly I told her who I was, and she listened, her face un-

changed. Then she let go of my hand, and picked up the muff.

'Why didn't you say so at once?' She dropped into rapid, nervous French. 'You frightened a poor old woman out of her wits. I thought you were one of the enemies. . . . Of course I remember your father. He was a great friend of my poor husband. How sad life is! You look rather like your father. Where are you living now?'

The question fanned the ashes of hope into a faint flame. I told her about my plight.

'Of course you are coming here. It is very providential. I am all alone in an enormous flat. There are twelve rooms and no servants to keep anything tidy. Yes, come at once.'

Of the twelve big rooms, some were still furnished, while others stood bleak and bare except for a profusion of dust and cobwebs. In the drawing room was a small tin stove, its clumsy funnel thrust through a broken windowpane. It had been lit in the morning, so she told me, but the great room was cold and damp. The smoke almost stifled me at first. I rubbed it out of my eyes. I could see little else than dust. Velvet-covered chairs and sofas, tables and whatnots, floor boards, were all coated with it. Pictures and mirrors were daubs of yellow-gray. A big table was littered with saucepans, cups and plates, and several chipped teapots. Everything was soiled. Each teacup had a generous coating of dark brown sediment at the bottom. A heel of a rye loaf had grown green with mildew. But I stood under a roof; dust and dirt could be remedied in time.

So I left Madame X alone in her dusty kingdom, ran back to the hospital, and told the matron of my good fortune. In less than an hour I returned, pushing a sledge piled high with my belongings and rations. Through the thick curtain of smoke in the drawing room I saw Madame X get up and come forward, and I thought, 'She is certainly queer, but she has a kind heart.'

I laid my bundles on the least littered table. She had got 'tea' ready for me, and, sipping the weak strawberry-leaf concoction out of a Dresden cup, I told her that I was looking for a job.

The innocent remark annoyed Madame X. The whole world, she said acidly, was either looking for a job or else doing one. Most jobs were quite futile. Hers, of course, differed from all the others.

'It is most providential that you should have come here. Now we can begin working together, and between us we shall put the devil under our feet.' She rapidly dispatched the last of the buns and looked at me with something like strange satisfaction. I had a curious fleeting feeling as though she were seeing a blank wall in me and preparing to start her own picture on it. I said nothing. There was no point in getting frightened. Unprompted, Madame X proceeded to enlighten me.

'My dear father was a doctor. This used to belong to him. It is full of most lovely poisons. I am fighting the devil with them' — and she snapped open the lid of a shabby leather box. I saw row upon row of grayish glass bottles, filled with tablets of different shapes and colors. For all I knew, they might have been dangerous poison. Again, they might have been harmless enough, but I judged it wiser not to offer immediate comment. Madame X picked up one of the little bottles and fondled it lovingly.

IV

I went on tramping in search of a job. I was lucky enough to find two days' employment sweeping the snow in front of a house in one of the Lines on the Vassily Island. I cut bread one day for the local store, the bread man having hurt his thumb with a ten-pound weight. I minded a house for a few nights when the man assigned to the job had to go to a hospital. Yet all these were so many stopgaps, maddening in their brief inse-

curity. There seemed nothing permanent left in the world.

One afternoon in December I came back after several hours of fruitless search for work. I had not had even a casual job for more than a week. It was a day when the frost all but killed the birds in the air, and I found the little stove had nearly burned itself out. My stupidly benumbed fingers proved clumsy with logs and matches. The wood was damp. The matches were pitifully few, and I had to use them very sparingly. But at last one of the sticks caught fire. The mere sight of that slender orange-blue tongue shooting upwards brought on a foolishly emotional reaction.

I nursed the fire, squatting in front of the stove, and I indulged in a reckless outburst of self-pity. It was all coming to an end, I said to myself. If you did no work, you starved, and there was no work to be had. I had offered my services as charwoman at one of the commissariats, but I must have looked too much of a weak reed: they merely shrugged and said they knew I could not possibly cope with the work. Yet I knew I could do anything, because I wanted to live with all the passion in me, and it looked as though nobody else wanted me to go on.

At twenty-one, tears are sometimes good. They were certainly good then. I cried until I felt that nothing could be either worse or better: I found myself groping in a shadowy no-man's-land where little mattered at all.

But Madame X was back in the room. I looked up. She shuffled no longer, but walked, her head erect.

'Thank heaven I have caught him at last,' she cried, clapping her hands. 'Just imagine, he is in the dining room. I have locked the door on him, but of course anything might happen in a moment. We must act at once. Get up and don't look stupid. I have no time to explain. He is far more cunning than we know. Come on!'

I jumped to my feet, conscious that

another bat had invaded Madame X's belfry.

'Didn't you hear me? The devil has got into the furniture in the dining room. Something dreadful will happen unless we act at once. We must take everything out of the room and dump it somewhere in the yard. I don't care who finds the things. They will be welcome to the devil in them. I refuse to harbor him under my roof.'

Slowly, and gasping at each step, we dragged the enormous mahogany table down the stairs. Nothing but the middle of the yard would satisfy Madame X, and to the middle of the yard we transplanted the devil's portable habitat, sweat beading our faces in spite of the frost. Then back to the flat for the chairs! After the sixth had been taken to join the table, I got a stitch in my side. Madame X grumbled but accomplished the work alone, and came back to the drawing room panting, sweating, and triumphant.

Within the next few days the devil chose to spread his fleeting perch all over the flat. All the furniture of a bedroom went one evening, but the pile in the yard kept getting smaller and smaller, whatever we dumped on it. In those days some people reaped vast profits out of the madness of others. Furniture, even if useless as such, was always good for fuel.

Having played his pranks about the flat and laid bare almost every room, the devil decided to invade the drawing room. His activities had perforce to cease on the evening when we sat on suitcases and my pile of blankets was spread on the bare floor boards. My sofa and her bed had gone earlier in the afternoon. But Madame X was exultant.

Christmas was coming near. I had spent something like five weeks with Madame X. I was not sure if I could pass another week under her roof. It seemed almost imperative to start looking for another perch as well as for a job.

I tramped towards the Quay, dimly

thinking of a certain commissariat I had so far left untried. Suddenly I heard a gruff voice behind me: 'Can you use one of those machines for writing on?'

I swung around and answered without thinking, 'You mean a typewriter? Of course I can.' I suppose I should have given the same answer if asked whether I could build bridges.

'Then come along and help me. I am like a bear in a bog.'

He looked a 'chance' man, a peasant washed on the urban shore by the tide of the new régime. But his eyes were not hostile, and I followed him to the basement of a house in the Eighth Line. The room was apparently used as an office and a living room. From its gloomy depths an untidy woman emerged, stifling a yawn. Her waxen face looked a mask in the shadows. She said nothing, but stood, arms akimbo, challenging me with a piercing look from her small eyes. He hurried me to the end of the room, to a table facing a grimy square apology of a window where a rusty typewriter lorded it over an ocean of ledgers, papers, envelopes, ink bottles, and innumerable scraps of soiled pink blotting paper. It was so noisy at the office, he muttered, that he preferred working at home. He had held his present job for about a fortnight, and had the machine brought over a few days ago, and then found he could do nothing with it.

'Unemployed, are you? Well, I can't give you a state job; this is something private — see? Will you work here from nine till four? There will be victuals and a bit of money now and then.'

I pretended to hesitate. Was it a safe job? Could I have something in writing? He exploded.

'None of that, citizen. . . . Private, I told you. . . . Take it or leave it.'

I took it.

Stepan could hardly wield a pen to scrawl his own signature, let alone work a typewriter. His wife was quite illiterate and regarded any paper covered with writing with the gravest suspicion. But

her bark was far worse than her bite. As soon as she saw that I did not prowls about the basement, rummaging in the chests and lockers, she offered me a glass of well-sugared real tea, a buttered roll, and a thick slice of sausage.

I set to clearing up the desk. Agafia ensconced herself at the opposite end of the room. She had some mending in her lap, and she never ceased munching. In about an hour she offered me another 'snack.' When an old rheumatic clock announced the noon hour, she bestirred herself to get the dinner ready. We sat down to an incredible meal of cabbage soup, sausages, potatoes, and walnut cheese, *halva* — all of it washed down by several glasses of tea.

In those days delicacies like wheaten flour, eggs, butter, sardines, jam, even cocoa and chocolate, were still to be had in the city, but people had to get doctors' prescriptions to receive them from a special depot. If a doctor certified that you were suffering from, say, acute appendicitis, some liver disorder, or even gout, you might be solaced with a tin of Norwegian sardines or else a slab of German chocolate. The prescription, issued by specially appointed doctors, had to be countersigned by officials detailed to deal with such matters. Each district had its own 'prescription' store, guarded day and night by armed sentries. Stepan was managing one such store on the Vassily Island.

Of course he stole from the store. They all did. Some doctors plied a successful trade in issuing prescriptions; no price could have been considered too high for soap or chocolate, and there was no other way of obtaining them — unless people belonged to the privileged party circle. Stepan stole as much as and sometimes more than he needed. But he hardly ever made any bones about it. Once, giving me a cake of soap, he said by way of a polite explanation, 'If I hadn't clapped my eyes on it, that devil Vanka would have grabbed it. And why should he have had it? He got a lion's

share the last time we had soap in. I told him my turn must come round sometimes. No, he didn't argue. . . . Thieves we all are, and thieves should not quarrel.'

The work proved monotonous. A list of supplies was sent over from the headquarters, and I had to make about seven copies of each list. At the end of the day Stepan returned with the chits about supplies distributed during the day, and he made it plain that all embezzled things were to be entered as 'loss in transit and error in stocktaking at headquarters.' The seven copies meant typing every list seven times over — Stepan's stock of stationery included no carbon paper. But such details were unimportant. I worked in luxurious warmth and I fed like an Andersen princess. At the end of the week Agafia had compassion on my poorly shod feet, the big toe of my left foot having gone almost black with several near frostbites.

'I shall give you a pound of butter for the New Year. You can exchange it for a pair of good felt boots. But if there should be a raid and you get caught, mind, don't say where the butter comes from. You would not like to have my husband stood against the wall, would you?'

V

Having successfully expelled the devil and all her furniture from the flat, Madame X fell into absolute inertia. For days she remained unaware of my presence. She crouched on the floor, her pale eyes fixed on the oil stove. She took what food I brought in, and ate it like an automaton. The victuals were varied, plentiful, and good, but Madame X's face grew pinched and angular. Her chin jutted out till she ended by resembling a witch out of an old engraving. Her dirty hands went pitifully thin. Obviously she could no longer be left to shift for herself. Yet I could not help her very much; she took no notice of me. I decided that I had better consult my new employers.

I did not expect any sympathy from Stepan, but Agafia I felt certain would help.

It was the last day of 1919. I found Madame X sitting on the pile of dirty, dusty rugs which now served her for a bed. She was shaking from head to foot, clenching and unclenching her fists and repeating that once again she had found the devil in the flat.

I was sorry indeed — not about the devil, but for her. And I suppose that pity drove out all fear that night, otherwise I doubt if I could have stayed in that room. Madame X never stopped mumbling. The candle guttered out and the stove went cold. A day's hard work sent me to sleep. It was still dark when I woke to hear Madame X's wooden voice mumbling quite close to me, 'I am going to act now. The devil is in you. Out you go — this very instant.' She dropped her voice to a whisper which made me go wild with fear. 'I picked up my muff yesterday, and I heard the words quite clearly: "Get rid of that girl. You'll score a great victory."' She stopped, and I knew that her bony hand was clenching my right shoulder, and it hurt.

Later, I blessed the darkness around me. Had I seen her face at that moment, I might have fainted, and the devil might have ordered her to kill me then and there. As it was, I leapt and felt that she was staggering back. Somehow I wriggled myself free. We did not undress for bed in those days, and of course I didn't stop to gather my few belongings. Somehow I groped towards the door. In a few minutes I must have been racing across the yard. The dawn was coming, its timid gray fingers beginning to pattern the tall bleak walls.

The bitter blades of the wind from the Quay made me halt for a second. Where could I go? I don't suppose I could think clearly that morning because it was some time before I remembered Stepan and Agafia. Yes, I would go there and ask them to see that something was done

for poor Madame X. She could not be left alone for another night.

Soon I was knocking at the familiar door. For several minutes I heard no sound from within. I began wondering whether they were still asleep when I heard the cautious shuffle of slippared feet. A bolt was drawn and the key grated in the lock. The door opened an inch, and a voice I could hardly recognize as Agafia's muttered, 'Go away. What do you want here? Go away,' and, my teeth chattering, I pleaded with her to let me in.

She breathed heavily. I could not see her face, but I knew she was hesitating. At last she opened the door just wide enough for me to squeeze through. As soon as I was inside, she bolted and locked the door. I looked round and wondered if my own wits had vanished that night.

The room suggested that a herd of frenzied elephants had stampeded up and down its whole length. Chairs and tables were upside down, most of them splintered. Floor boards were ripped up here and there. All the doors of Agafia's food cupboards were hanging loose on their hinges, their shelves swept bare. There was no Stepan. I stared at her, and her mouth twitched.

'They came, the fiends — soon after midnight. . . . They took him away. A "thief" they called him, and is there one honest man among them, I ask you? Not a single crumb, not a single thing did they leave behind! Well, I must save Stepan. I am going to Moscow — Feodor will show them what it means interfering with Stepan. They think Moscow is far away. They'll see, anti-christs!'

Suddenly she thrust a couple of bread cards into my hand. 'Go to the store, there's a dear, and get me the day's rations — else I shall have no food for the journey. You may keep them for yourself. Those are January cards, good for the whole month. . . . But you must not stay here. It might be dangerous.

You never can tell — those fiends might be back today. It is all right with me here, though. . . . The store does not open till eight.'

We sat there in the dismantled room waiting for the clock to strike eight. Then I got up. The store was a good ten minutes' walk from their house. Agafia begged me to be quick. The soles of my worn boots slipped on the snow once or twice as I ran.

There was nearly an hour to wait for my turn at the store. I grew restive, thinking of Agafia's probable anxiety over the delay. At last I seized the enormous chunks of rough gray-brown bread — quite obviously those rations must have been very special ones — and started running back to the Eighth Line.

Rounding a corner, I slipped off the pavement on to the street. I lost my balance and fell, the bread still clutched in my arms. There may have been a shout, but I heard it come from a remote distance, and I felt that it did not concern me.

VI

I was in a hospital, and I had no business to be there. Where were Agafia's bread cards? She had no other food for the journey to Moscow. And there was Madame X, convinced of the devil's presence in her flat. And I was lying in a warm bed, while Agafia thought me a common thief and Madame X was left uncared for and alone. I remembered falling in the street, but the recollection came in a very muddled fashion, something wholly disconnected from the earlier happenings of the day.

My body seemed whole enough, but I found something strange about my left foot. It seemed rather too big, something that had never before belonged to the rest of my body, and I guessed that I must have broken my ankle. This comforted me. A few broken bones meant staying on in the hospital. By virtue of an accident, home and food of a kind would be mine for several weeks.

'I am glad they brought you here. But please go to sleep again.'

The nurse should not have spoken in English if she meant me to go to sleep. My eyes opened wide. I saw a vaguely familiar face, but the name eluded me.

'We have met,' I whispered very slowly, 'but where?'

'You must promise to sleep if I tell you. I used to nurse at the Anglo-Russian Hospital. We met there often enough. Once you told me all about the history of some imaginary country you wanted to write. But I thought you were British and had gone with the rest of them.'

'You are Sister Esther.'

'Yes. There will be plenty of time to talk later on. You must sleep.'

She vanished. I lay with my eyes closed. But sleep was impossible. The world had changed again: it held a friend whom I could tell about Agafia and Madame X. But Sister Esther must not vanish; I opened my eyes and saw her at the end of the long room. I slept.

Early in February they decided I was fit to be discharged. Esther was not on duty that morning. Another sister brought the news to me, a fussy, black-browed woman with mind and manner tied up in tidy knots of red tape. The surgeon said I was ready to go, and the hospital would lend me a crutch. There was a long waiting list, and they had no room for purely convalescent cases. I asked dully, 'When is Sister Esther coming on duty?'

'I am not talking about any sister,' she snapped. 'I was saying that the nurse will bring your clothes in an hour. You may stay till dinner, but we must have the bed ready by one o'clock.' And she marched away, formal, fussy, and starchy.

All too soon, the food wagon was wheeled in. I received my portion and ate it at the table. Immediately afterwards the black-browed sister sailed up

to me. 'Finished?' she asserted rather than asked. 'You are not a patient now, and visitors are not allowed in today. You must go. You will sign for the crutch and bring it back later on.'

'Yes, I will sign for the crutch and bring it back later on,' answered my voice.

Could I really hobble all the long way to the Petrograd Side? That grand woman, called Elena something Vlagina, might give me a job, or again she might not. Perhaps Sister Esther might think of something. Surely not! Sister Esther had done so much. I could not worry her about anything else. It was more than enough that she had come in, a friend, a human being, a wonder, and . . . 'Splendid, *Liebchen*, I am just in time to take you home.' Esther, unfamiliar in a rough tweed coat, was by the table.

'But I have no home,' I answered in English, and the starchy sister snapped again, 'Now then, are you ready?' and I murmured, looking away from Esther, 'I have no home — but of course I'll manage somehow. You see, winter is over.'

The next moment that bleak, ochre-painted ward was turned into an ante-room of some fairy palace. There was the sun, of course, and it rioted all over the plain deal table, the chipped enameled plate, and the tin mug, and the softly violet moss shone and gleamed with purple and gold. The sun and the moss were real, because Esther was saying, 'Don't be silly. Of course you have a home. It's only a very small room, but there is enough space for a second bed. I'd have told you before, but I'd no chance to talk it over with Mrs. Strauss till this morning.'

The black-browed sister frowned in disgust.

'She must go this very instant, Sister Esther. If the doctor were to come in . . . I really can't have people crying in the ward.'

(To be concluded)

IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

I

I TURNED to the County Agent in surprise.

'A chicken farm in an apple orchard!' I said.

The County Agent smiled.

'There are milch cows in the barn yonder, sheep on the far slope. They are all profitable.'

'You mean they make money,' I started to say. I did not say it. I was already under the spell of a peculiar land where profit does not quite mean money, where wealth is dignified by use.

I did say something about the encroachment of industry upon agriculture. I spoke of greedy mercantile interests fixing prices out of all relation to the prices of farm products; I talked of utility chains and brokers, of middlemen and financiers and foreclosures and insurance companies; of government subsidies, surpluses, crop reduction, parity-percentage loans, and the other hobgoblins that people the nightmares of the typical American farmer driven to the wall by the march of an industrial civilization.

'In Rockingham County,' said the Agent, 'no one talks of the poor farmer. These folks would laugh at you if you talked about farmers being driven to the wall. Other things, yes. Big milk chains coming in from outside, high-priced retail stores, light and power and phone companies, insurance outfits, yes. Some of them never even got a toe-hold here, others went to the wall, sure enough. But the farmers, no. You see the farmers run most of this valley.'

Like most of the Valley people, the Agent is a quiet, reticent man. He works harder than he talks. I had the feeling that he worked some twenty-four hours out of the day; that, even in his sleep, he was planning. Perhaps — quite properly — he is suspicious of strangers until he is sure of their intent; he seems, in this way, more like a Yankee than a Virginian. But in the end he answered my questions, and he did far more: he showed me the first community I had seen where the diversified farmer is king. Beneath its life I saw the doctrine of use above profit in full career as a practical philosophy.

I do not mean that the practices I saw there do not exist in other communities. They do — often on a far larger scale. There is nothing new or singular about the farm-coöperative idea in America. There are books about it which date back to the beginning of the decline of the American agricultural tradition. In parts of Europe the farm coöperative is a tradition in itself.

But usually it has come through the promotion of a zealot or professional organizer or through a prejudice against some special destructive interest. It is in common use in the West where staple crops like wheat cover enormous acreages, though even there, as taxpayers know to their sorrow, it is not sufficient in itself to protect the farmer against economic disaster. It rarely prospers in a community of small farms — most of them a hundred acres or less — on which

not only apples, but cows, sheep, turkeys, poultry, and the nourishment for these as well as the farmer's family, are all raised by a single farmer.

In Rockingham County 'coöperation,' as they call it to cover the whole tightly organized system, is the result of a long, slow evolution. The idea was born in the Valley, sired by peculiar human and social conditions; it was not a formula imposed from outside. That the Valley people have borrowed details does not alter this fact, for in their borrowing they have selected only what was especially adapted to their needs. Step by step they have evolved something so modern, — so far, indeed, ahead of the modern norm, — so productive and so unified, that I came to think of it as a model for the country. It was then that I learned of the 'imponderable' which lay behind it, and I began to wonder about its application in other places.

It was the president of the mutual fire insurance company who enlightened me. I had asked him why coöperation here had been so nearly total and why it had achieved such success when other counties even in the same valley had hung back.

'One of you writer people answered that question. I have forgotten his name; he came here years ago to study our people. But I remember what he wrote. "They are a sturdy, industrious people," he wrote; "none are exceedingly rich and none exceedingly poor."' "

II

Rockingham County lies west of the Virginia Blue Ridge among the headwaters of the Shenandoah River. North of it is the County of Shenandoah, where the farms turn into apple orchards, and north of Shenandoah is Frederick, which is nearly all apples, an orthodox staple crop. Immediately south of Rockingham is the County of Augusta, which has taken on the Rockingham pattern.

Counties in Virginia have almost the

distinctions, social cohesions, and local pride of counties in England. The ridge which divides the tidewater from the 'Valley of Virginia' is like a national or, indeed, a racial boundary. From it to the sea are the relics of the slave-owning tradition, the great tobacco plantations and the towns or estates that have grown out of them, peopled with the descendants of Church-of-England English. Here an old civilization of slave-built leisure is dissolving in the transition to the machine age. Here too the counties have their own legends, but the differences are smoothing out.

But cross the ridge and all the aspect alters. The Negroes — necessary to the plantation but never adapted to diversified farming — thin out until a black man is noticeable. Instantly there is the sense of work without break, a continuity of intelligent, sharing, and common labor; of the dignity of physical effort and cunning connivance with nature; of the selective adaptation of a machine, an era, a social invention, or a political phase to the old, primitive purpose. In a sense you pass, as you cross the Blue Ridge, from transition into eternity.

Now this is a remarkable thing to feel while crossing a state, rapidly, in a motorcar. The change does not seem to accord with the normal historic pattern of westward American migration. Normally a coastally settled people attacked by restlessness, land lure, taxes, or congestion, moves west across the mountains carrying its customs with it, and what social changes occur are imposed by the conditions of the new land. Parts of Ohio or Indiana or western New York became replicas of Connecticut or Massachusetts, the towns bristled with steeples dedicated to Calvin's God, the Yankee merely expanded in a wider land. But here in the Valley of Virginia you will find scarcely a tint or a sound to suggest the tidewater, hardly a church or hymn or legend that descends from Jamestown or Williamsburg. The set-

tlers, then, must have come from separate sources.

Occasionally in Harrisonburg, the Rockingham County seat, you will see a man with a wide-brimmed, low-crowned black hat or a woman with a stiff black bonnet tied under her chin. Perhaps you will catch a scrap of conversation between these folk and will be startled to hear an unfamiliar language. On a Sunday you may see many of these people driving buggies (less often cars) to a church which bears no relation to John Smith's Church of England, and if you listen to the service you may hear singing in the strange tongue, or, in English, a long exhortation against war.

If you have come to the Valley of Virginia by way of Pennsylvania, especially the country round York and Lancaster, these sights and sounds may be reminiscent to you. For these plain-dressed, horse-and-buggy-riding religious people are Mennonites, and their language belongs to that altered German which is known as Pennsylvania Dutch.

Mennonites and German Baptist Brethren (known as Dunkers or 'dippers' from their doctrine of baptism through 'trine immersion') were probably the first white men to penetrate the Valley of Virginia. Historians differ as to when they came, and the first of them seem to have kept no records of their own. The earliest records of settlers report them as already there. The other Pennsylvania Dutch, when their migration began down the great Indian highway into the Valley, found the Dunkers on the Shenandoah in little colonies, dressed in the skins of animals, carrying on their special rites of trine immersion, feet washing, the love feast, and the kiss of charity, and living at peace with the Indians. And they were living, moreover (as they had done in Pennsylvania), on the land.

This they had always done, these dissident sects from Germany, until at last, because they repudiated infant baptism and other dogma, they had been hounded

out of their native land. Mennonites, Dunkers, Amish, River Brethren, Pietists, and other faintly differing groups shunned 'the world' lest it corrupt them, but wanted to live at peace with it; refused to swear oaths, refused military service, refused civil office, distrusted luxury and ornament, but, most important to the story of the Valley, scorned money. Their idea of profit was nature's increase: the growing of two blades where one grew before, or the multiplication of their livestock or of themselves. So the Mennonites and the Dunkers, as 'the world' crowded them in Pennsylvania, followed the Valley trail, and the other Pennsylvania Dutch, following them, found them living in peace and plenty along the rivers and creeks as if the Lord would always provide for those who served Him with such devotion. Most of the Mennonites and Dunkers came to rest at last in what became Rockingham County.

The robust Pennsylvania Dutch who followed the Dunker trail were more worldly, but they had the same devotion to the soil and knowledge of it, and the same understanding of use instead of profit. They were joined at last by another people singularly like them, the Scotch-Irish who had leapfrogged over urban civilization in the east of Pennsylvania and scattered settlements all over the Valley. A symbol of their agricultural tradition was the great Cyrus McCormick reaper, invented in Rockbridge County (south of Augusta) in the 1830's.

Thus, because the fertile Valley was settled by an oblique migration of German farmers and not by tidewater tobacco planters, and because the land was worked for use by tough, thrifty, old-world peasants and not by Negro slaves, we come upon the sharp differences as we descend the west slope of the ridge. And because the Palatine Germans, with their stubborn persistence in an ancient, highly productive pattern of farming, formed the nucleus and, indeed, the majority of the population of Rockingham

County, we find there a diversification, a cohesion, a coöperation, and a general prosperity which, in combination, may not be equaled anywhere in the United States.

II

The president of the fire insurance co-operative looked at me for a time and adjusted his mind to the curiosity of a stranger about matters which, for so long, he had taken for granted. He was a member of one of the oldest of the Mennonite families, and, if he was no longer active in the church, certainly neither the world nor insurance had corrupted him.

'Coöperation,' he said, 'began with us right after the Civil War. You see, Sherman burned the barns up and down the Valley. So the farmers got to thinking about fire insurance and they got together about it. In '69 the Rockingham Home Mutual Fire Insurance Company was chartered as an organization not for profit. It was and is a complete coöperative, paying dividends to members.

'When the telephone came in, the struggling local company was soon absorbed by a mutual system. Years later, when the Bell system ran its trunk line down the Valley, it expected our system to fold up. But the farmers said no. They wanted to keep their own lines. So we still have our own telephone coöperative. We tie into the Bell system for long distance.'

I was startled when he told me the subscribers paid a rate of \$6.50 a year with unlimited local calls.

'Well, you see, the farmers put up the lines and they make their own repairs. And nobody gets any profit.'

Then came the 'beef clubs' and 'car-load coöperatives.'

The farmers have never believed in selling all their produce for profit and then buying food at fancy prices from the shops. I have seen the results of such practice in other parts of rural America.

I have starved for decent meat in the heart of cattle country; I have eaten stale eggs in poultry lands, and I have bought milk shipped from the city in a region where every farm was a dairy. Such things are an old and curious American custom which never took hold in Rockingham County.

When the butchers came and meat at fancy prices appeared in their shops, the farmers shook their heads. Yet to butcher your own beef, hang it, eat it as you wished, required storage space and ice. So the farmers formed beef clubs of eight members each. Every fortnight one member butchered one of his own animals, and for the following two weeks the other seven members shared it with him. Sometimes a club of sixteen would make a kill every week.

The beef clubs are over now, which certain Rockinghamers think a pity, because they were fun. Today the locker system has replaced them. In a cold-storage coöperative which functions on the quick-freezing principle, each farmer has a locker which he rents for seventy-five cents a month. The plant employs a butcher. The farmer takes his stock alive to the plant; it is butchered, cut into pieces ready for cooking, and put in the locker, where it is frozen as quickly as the commercial frozen foods. As the farmer needs a chop, a steak, or a rib roast for dinner he goes to his locker and takes out his own. When I was in Harrisonburg in May, people were eating last summer's corn on the cob. It tasted as fresh as when it was picked.

When retail prices of all sorts of manufactured goods went so high that they threatened the survival of the farmer's prosperity, he found a way out of that which has grown into a vast coöperative. He knew well enough that the difference between manufacturers' and retail prices went to a line of middlemen, but he could not buy wholesale for himself. So he got together with his neighbors and together they ordered a carload of goods. When the car arrived these people went

to the yard, unloaded it, and divided its contents among them.

Today the Rockingham Coöperative Farm Bureau does this job for them. It has 2800 members, operates five department stores, and does an annual business of more than a million and a half dollars. Its operating expenses are between 6 and 7 per cent of earnings. Members pay two dollars a year dues and receive dividends in proportion to their purchases. A member may buy anything from a pin to a refrigerator, from a bottle of pop to ten gallons of gas for his car. For all these things he pays approximately wholesale prices, for no one makes a profit out of the Farm Bureau. In addition to this, the Bureau does a considerable manufacturing business on its own in grinding feed from grain, and it markets livestock and eggs for its members.

IV

'So the Farm Bureau,' I said to the County Agent, 'also helps to find markets for the farmers' produce. That means that the farmers do some business with the outside world. That they make money.'

'They do a great deal,' said the Agent. 'Rockingham County does not eat half a million turkeys or drink more than twenty million pounds of milk in a year.'

I had hardly expected a 1941 farm to be self-sufficient in the sense that a New England subsistence farm was self-sufficient two centuries before. I knew that to survive in our modern civilization a farmer must make part of his profit in money with which to buy the things he cannot make. But the spectacle of a small farmer earning a respectable income over and above the cost of farm operation, and after he had provided food for the use of himself and his family, was an unfamiliar one.

'Our thirty-eight hundred farms,' the County Agent went on, 'make an annual income of thirteen million dollars. They

have not always done this. But it is a just reward at last after many years of devoted work.'

Love of the land came first. The desire for profit had never become more important than the devotion to the soil. While the organization of society permitted it, these people cultivated their land for use only. When society came under the industrial pattern, they adapted their way of living to it by selling and buying. Always they fought the impulse of profit for its own sake in themselves and in others. Because they had won that fight, the land repaid them with interest, and now a little surplus showed on their books. Meanwhile they lived as they wanted to live.

While they were doing this, others were exhausting the soil with crops which, for the moment, brought high prices. Others brought erosion upon themselves by overploughing for a temporarily profitable crop or overgrazing their pastures with enormous herds of livestock for which there existed a sporadic demand. In the end these others had gone down before the wave of prices exalted by profit-dominated industry because they were too sympathetic with the profit motive to combat it.

The County Agent brought me back from my dreams with a few practical explanations.

'The coöperatives made it possible,' he said. 'You know, when a purchaser comes into a rural county from outside, he dictates the prices he will pay. Take milk. Our dairy farms are small — nine cows is the average. A little farmer with two or three cows finds it hard to stand up to a big buyer and demand a certain price for his surplus milk.'

'In 1921, in the first depression after the World War, Harrisonburg milk prices were the lowest in the state. They were ruinous. So the dairy farmers got together.'

This expression had become familiar to me by now. There was a brief show-down with the commercial buyer, who,

in fear of the coöperative, suddenly offered attractive contracts. The farmers said no, and, though the coöperative was then scarcely started, they voted for it.

'Today that coöperative is buying the milk from nine hundred to a thousand dairy farms. Now no one is paid too little and no one too much for his milk. The size of the farm, the weakness or strength of a farmer, make no difference. The coöperative makes no discrimination except for quality of milk. It can't, because the farmers *are* the coöperative.'

The County Agent took me to the milk coöperative's plant. It is the best equipped, most up-to-the-minute layout for the handling of milk I have seen. The milk as it comes in is tested for dirt, bacteria count, grading, butter-fat content, flavor. It is then classified for retail and wholesale distribution and processing into cream, condensed skim, condensed whole, butter, and dried milk or milk powder. The regulations are even more strict than the legal requirements, and farmers are constantly kept informed of any defect in their milk.

The coöperative sells to ice cream and other manufacturers in various cities. It controls 85 per cent of the retail milk business in Harrisonburg. The profits go to the farmers.

The farmers have an interest in the coöperative based upon their milk production. Dividends are paid according to this interest. Yet, in any election of directors or decision upon policy, each farmer has one vote, regardless of his financial interest.

I was next shown a poultry processing plant. Because of the decline in prices paid for live poultry in order to give profit to butchers, dressers, and other middlemen, the Rockingham farmers 'got together' and decided to make their own poultry ready for the ultimate consumer. In this modern factory (which suggests an automobile assembly plant) the birds hang from a moving conveyor and are successively killed, bled, plucked, scald-

ed, hot-waxed, and eviscerated — 1800 of them every hour. Much of this work is done by machinery. The plant is 100 per cent coöperative.

In the country about this plant and the big cold-storage unit next it are Rockingham's largest enterprises, poultry and turkeys. The big Ridgehurst farms that specialize in broad-breasted bronze turkeys, bred for their yellow meat, raise birds which at five months weigh seventeen or twenty-four pounds, according to sex. Successful business in turkeys is difficult enough to demand the concentration of experts, yet it has not prevented the turkey farmers from following the old design of diversification which everyone respects, and they raise their quota of sheep, hogs, cows, fruit, and chickens along with this 'ornery' and delicate bird.

The modernization necessary to all these enterprises demanded electricity. Incubators, brooders, processing machinery, and refrigeration require juice, and plenty of it in remote rural districts. The darkness before rural electrification by government is too well known among the millions of Americans who depended on private utilities to need further description. But it interested me to know how this Valley community anticipated the government's work with a coöperative.

'We started with a water mill,' the manager of the new Rural Electrification Administration generating plant told me. 'The farmers got together and hitched a generator to it. Then they built their own transmission lines to their farms.'

At the earliest rumor of government electrification the County Agent went to Washington. He wanted his community to be the first to have a plant. He went to Washington twelve times, with the result that the first generating plant ever financed by REA funds began operation in his county. It supplies the three counties of the Shenandoah Valley today, over more than a thousand miles of

lines. The rate for a monthly use of over two hundred kilowatt hours is a cent and a quarter.

The honest Valley farmers shook their heads at first over the government project. The tradition of the religious sects that it is wrong to owe money was dominant among this sturdy folk who had avoided corruption by exceeding wealth or exceeding poverty.

'Suppose,' they said, 'it fails to liquidate itself?'

In dollars and cents, they meant. They were not to be hoaxed by talk of 'general welfare' or abstractions about social improvement or imponderable community prosperity. They meant dollars and cents, cash amortization, and, because they meant these things, payments have been made on the dot.

'We have stopped worrying now,' said the manager, pointing to the place where a fifth Diesel generator would soon be installed.

And the County Agent, who rarely shows emotion, was plainly moved when he talked of rural electrification.

'It is the greatest single thing,' he said, 'that has ever happened to the Valley people.'

V

I asked a question before I left which brought out a strange story.

I told the County Agent that I had studied and written about the late trend away from the farms — the lure of industry and the cities for the young farmers. I spoke of the effect of the movies on growing boys, of the glamour of high-paid factory jobs and short hours which had robbed the land in many places of its young labor and was especially likely to do this in the coming years of defense effort. I asked what these trends had done to the Valley.

'In the boom of the twenties,' the Agent said, 'there was a migration of boys to the North. Yes, they went to Detroit. They got profitable jobs in the automobile factories.'

I had expected this. The picture I had seen was too perfect. For a moment, I was almost sorry I had asked the question.

But when I started to speak the County Agent stopped me.

'You mustn't jump to conclusions,' he said.

Then for a while he studied me in silence, as if he wondered whether it was worth going on.

'City people don't believe this story,' he said at last, 'but we have documentary evidence. The boys didn't leave the farms for the usual reasons. When industry, in the twenties, began going up, farms began going down. A lot of young men all over the country ran for the cities then like rats from a sinking ship. But our boys went to save the farms, to make them prosperous in spite of industry and everything else. The time had come, you see, when hard work alone wouldn't do the job. So these lads went away to make money to put in the farms. They hated to go, but they saw the chance and went. And we have the proof that the money came back regularly in checks and money orders. Some was applied on new, unimproved land. Some paid installments on property already bought on time. Some went into improvements and repairs. In any case money flowed into this Valley at a time when it was flowing out of other farm areas.

'Then, when the boys had made enough for these things, they came home. They will always come home, these people. You don't understand that without the generations such folks have behind them.'

'Will they go again,' I asked, 'for defense?'

They had shown no signs of it yet, the County Agent told me. They hope they may be put to work in the Valley machine shops where their factory-acquired skills would be useful. If the 'bits and pieces' or industrial 'farming out' plan went through, they could make tank

and airplane parts without leaving their farms.

'The farms will be useful enough anyway. This Valley has already been a "breadbasket" for two wars.'

I have fully checked the County Agent's story. A journalist friend of mine who was simultaneously charmed and suspicious when I repeated it sent a man to Detroit to investigate.

VI

The Valley of Virginia celebrates its love of the soil and its joy in farm production by two folk festivals each year. Though more than 50,000 visitors come to watch the fun, and though the pageants are professionally directed, the feasts are celebrations of the people. They are financed by nickels and dimes. The costumes and floats are made by the people through the spare time of half the year.

The Winchester Apple Blossom Festival at the head of the Valley is already famous. It is timed for the moment when Frederick County's 20,000 acres of close-planted orchard are at the flood of their bloom, so that, from the hills, the Valley is a sea of white like a cloud-ocean seen from an airplane. The guess is sometimes missed and on the day set the blossoms are finished, but the festival takes place nonetheless. The queen is crowned and fêted in the midst of a formal pageant as large and as fine as anything I have seen in rural America. The fun goes on into street dancing while the blossoms close and go about their secret

business of making a harvest that will fill 700,000 barrels.

In October, the turkey festival at Harrisonburg is less famous, perhaps, but just as large. As the coronation parade, headed by its queen, moves through the streets, fat turkeys are thrown from the windows along its way and scrambled for by the crowd. The Rockingham County Turkey Festival, Inc., is a 100 per cent coöperative.

These symbolic carnivals provide the principal meetings between the Valley and the outside world. Every year between 50,000 and 100,000 festival visitors go home with a new knowledge of this country beyond what tourists gain from the Skyline Drive along the top of the dividing Blue Ridge. Whether these people penetrate beneath the gayety of the festive rites to the deep faith of which it is the visible sign is still uncertain. Faith in the soil is mystic and secret. The Valley people cherish it, like their old religion, with a peculiar reserve, protect it from the world's corruption.

They are suspicious of publicity. They are jealous of their special gains, their achievements. Perhaps they have no ambition to stand as a model for farming America.

'As a rule,' one of them told me, 'we don't like reporters.'

A chicken farm in an apple orchard. Cows in the barn, heifers, turkeys, sheep on the far slope. All doing well, thank you. Not a new idea, certainly, but perhaps a forgotten one, in 1941, as a take-off for the pursuit of happiness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CYCLE OF SUMMER

Threshold

THE slow routine of peace begins with dawn,
The clatter of a truck, a first bird call
Breaking the ordered silences of dark —
Familiar things, habitual and small.

As mind drifts back from cloudy wells of
sleep,

The eye perceives time's record on the blinds
In bands of gold. The mirror floats in light,
Within the room the web of day unwinds.

Meridian

In this bright fixative of heat, the eyes
See a land moulded in a globe of glass,
Muted in strange expectancy that lies
On distant hills and in the tongues of grass.

No wind disturbs the ranks of fern that crowd
About the pond in this ephemeral hour.
The lily moors her whiteness to a cloud,
The sun sucks fiercely at the drooping flower.

Half-raised above the amber water brink,
A frog sits motionless, his bronze-green back
Merged with the weeds. A thrush drops down
to drink,
The spider watches from her cul-de-sac.

Moonrise

The hot, dry sounds of day are mute,
Close-furled, the lily lies at rest,
The frog still pipes his rusty flute,
A pale moon tops the wooded crest.

Unknowing, she looks down upon
The dark penumbra of our home,
And fragrance clean as cinnamon
Drifts from the meadow, freshly mown.

As water cupped within the hand,
The valley gathers pools of light,
We walk an unfamiliar land
Charged with the mystery of night;

Till silence tightens at our hearts,
So close to something all but heard . . .
The moment fades, the clue departs,
Only the wind brings word.

KATHERINE VAN DER VEER

HOW TO BUILD A SUMMER PLACE

Yelping Hill

IN 1921, two of us visiting in the high hills of upper Connecticut were shown a deserted farm in a fold of a wild and beautiful valley, a rundown farm of woods and rough pastures, with a decaying house and a great barn built with hand-hewn beams of oak. There was little else but quiet and solitude. From the top of the farm, wide-stretching views reached the blue Taconics to the northwest, and to the south the misty course of the Housatonic between its ranges. On the middle slopes of the farm, where there was an old orchard then in bloom, a tiny stream began, trickled down a deep shadowed ravine, and dropped in miniature waterfalls to the meadow below the house.

In a few weeks the local squire who controlled the property, first making sure that we were not millionaires who would corrupt the ancient and simple traditions of the community he guarded, had sold us hills, ravine, brook, and buildings at about \$7.50 an acre. The name of the farm, we learned, was Yelping Hill. A century ago a much-respected deaf mute ploughed these acres. Since the sounds he made when steering his oxen among the boulders were loud and peculiar, the neighbors called his holdings Yelping Hill. That joking name now appears in official maps of the state.

It happened that six families of friends, or friends of friends, were vacationing in a scattered cottage community in the Pennsylvania mountains. Some of us had been at the same colleges, most of us had young children, all of us were tired of vacations at hotels, or summer camps, or in rented houses. The parents ranged in age from the latter thirties to the early forties. None of us were rich, none actually poor, though some incomes were small. When we two came back glowing from our speculation in a site for a dimly possible summer home, the others said, 'Why do it alone? Why not all come in, and do it now? Isn't coöperative life the solution for summer living for people of moderate means?' And so, at the first of the tiny

waterfalls, six men of six families sat on the grass in a circle on a September day, and pledged (some with a justified foreboding) \$1000 each to get under way the community of Yelping Hill.

I do not intend to tell a story of summer adventuring. I propose, instead, to analyze the history of this community, because, unlike hundreds of other experiments of this kind, it has not failed; because, through good times and bad, and with all the temptations and mistakes that usually result in the breaking up of coöperative enterprises, it has not turned commercial, or changed its essential character, or failed in its purpose to make a good and happy environment in the summer for two generations. I believe that there are many elements in our experience applicable to the problems of American families of our kind all over the country. For Yelping Hill is not a community of artists or writers or socialists or faddists. It is based upon nothing more specialized than friendship and a liking for a simple and varied way of American summer life.

The first summer was a riot of children, dogs, half-built houses, steady rain, and almost impassable roads. We left the old and leaky house for storage, and rebuilt the barn into a community centre. Lifted on jacks, the ancient structure almost toppled over in a high wind, but came down again and changed its hayloft into a living room with a giant fireplace and bedrooms above. In the old cow stables we built a kitchen and an inside dining room, and threw out a porch above and a concrete terrace below, screened for outdoor eating.

We had at the beginning perhaps nineteen children under twelve. In the Barn, as we decided to call the clubhouse, each couple camped in a room as best they could, and a forest of khaki tents arose in the meadow below for children and help. There were no shades as yet, and petticoats (they still wore petticoats) pinned over windows gave the only privacy. Water flowed freely to the bathrooms from a concrete pool, except when the pipe clogged or a woodchuck drowned in the spring. In that summer of great rain our cars were useless half the time, and it was a lucky commuter who made his train. The nights were enlivened by dogfights, visits from the Yelping Hill skunks and raccoons, snorting of deer, and scuffles and nightmares in the tent settlement, followed by a rush of

anxious mothers from the Barn above. Days were a bustle of workmen, children under foot, improvised meals when the provisions stuck in a mudhole, chopping trees, cutting brush, burning, hauling, exploring. We were wet all the time, exceedingly uncomfortable, and very happy, especially the children.

Fortunately, we were well aware that there can be no permanence in a camping party. And so we began to organize on certain principles, which proved to be sound. First, we borrowed money freely! This was not because the time was the expansive twenties. If a group of varying incomes, and of fortunes running from moderate to next to nothing, were to live together with equal financial responsibilities, — as was essential for independence and self-respect, — it was indispensable that all should contribute alike. Investment was easy for some, very difficult for others. The only solution was to borrow the money which we could not raise from equal cash contributions of an amount possible for each family. All of us could pay interest, and the property, the new construction, and our own cottages as built could serve as adequate security. It cost us over \$10,000 to remodel the old barn, and large sums, not at first wisely spent, to lay out what became eventually more than two miles of roads and more than three miles of pipes for a water supply. Our mortgage, at one time, was large. Later there were cabins to be built for the staff, a garage and game-and-dance room, tennis courts, a pumphouse, and small capital investments too numerous to mention.

If we were to eat together (at first three times, later once or twice a day) we knew there would have to be unusual opportunities for privacy to keep the balance — all the more so since our membership was to contain finally at least five men and two women who used the freedom of their summers for hard work. A maximum of social enjoyment, combined with a minimum of pressure upon individuals who liked or needed privacy, was our ideal. We planned to see as much of each other as we wanted, while living as far apart as was practicable. Fortunately we had plenty of land, nearly 600 acres by the time the community was complete. Visits, except by arrangement, were barred in the morning.

The plan, therefore, was to evacuate the Barn as soon as possible and leave it for

guests. That building, and all the roads, water supply, other public buildings, and unoccupied land, were to be owned in common by all the families; but each family, in return for its cash contribution, which amounted to about \$2500, was entitled to the choice of a four-acre site, to be held on a ninety-nine-year lease, with communication by road with the Barn and a water supply. On a morning in spring, before residence began, we drew lots, and then, by couples, raced over the hill searching for our sites. Some chose sites with views which disappeared as soon as the leaves came out. Some could find nothing to their liking. But eventually each was satisfied, and in a few years was certain that his was the best location in the community.

By August of the first summer, two so-called portable houses were already up and occupied. Under our scheme each family was able to live as it pleased on its own site. Some built expensive houses, some clustered cabins in the woods, one family made a glorious garden and rock terrace around a tiny fabricated house, another for years preferred tents on its high and wind-swept hill. We were equal where it was important to be equal (in upkeep of roads, water supply, and the Barn), unlike where personal preference and financial ability could safely be allowed to function without restriction.

The reader may think that such an easy and friendly community would almost run itself. Nothing could be more untrue. There were recurring crises in finance, in water supply, in roads, in the staff, most of all in policy. There were major upsets over children, and minor ones over the dogs. Nothing makes friends quarrel so quickly as the problems of small children and the fighting of family dogs. We had a dog for every other child, and a range of pets extending from chipmunks, lovebirds, guinea pigs, and cats to a deodorized skunk. One family arrived the first summer with a rooster crowing on the roof of their Ford and a hen laying an egg on the back seat.

The staff in itself gave infinite trouble. A housekeeper and cooks solved (sometimes) the problems of meals; but waiters-on-table and dishwashers and caretakers for the children were explosives. I should say that the community was so organized as to require no servants at the cottages, except for an occasional nurse. There were cottage girls from

the Barn to help with cleaning and bedmaking. No meals, originally, were served in the private houses, and guests, not intimates, could be cared for in the rooms at the Barn.

At first we had the conventional idea that the children should be put to work at the lesser community tasks. So we engaged relays of college students to supervise them, and — except for the cooks, the housekeeper, and the gardener — put the place on an amateur status. That never worked. Sometimes the students came from theological schools and were unbearably pious. Sometimes they came from regular colleges and flirted, wore out the community car, or taught crap shooting to the infants. Yelpers, Helpers, and Whelpers were our social classes then, and of them the Helpers were the most trying. The mothers divided into two factions, one in favor of supervised play, one against it. Finally counseling declined to a daily trip to our lake in a decrepit station wagon. As waiters and dishwashers, the Whelpers and Helpers were terrible. The little water boys, engrossed in the interesting conversations around the tables, would pour cold drinking water down the nearest neck. Dishwashing cost us \$200 in breakage in one summer. At last we let the children attend to their own affairs, dropped the students, hired professionals, and lived quite happily ever after.

Personal ownership in the community carried with it one vote. Thus every adult member of Yelping Hill was a voter, as well as a proprietor in a leasehold, and an owner of one share of the undivided property. Twice or thrice each summer, once each winter, we held a community meeting in which the young over sixteen were soon invited to join, though not to vote. At these meetings differences were aired as soon as they arose, grievances frankly expressed, each summer planned in advance, budgets analyzed, and experiments discussed while they were under way. I feel myself that the harmonious continuance of this community owes more to these meetings than to any other factor. They are argumentative, often hot, never angry, usually humorous, and when they are over everyone has had his or her say. A president of the Association presides; a manager of the place, one of our own members, a woman of business and architectural experience, reports, and sees that what is voted gets done. One of our women, experienced as

a hostess, supervises the ordering and serving of the meals.

Yelping Hill now has eleven families in residence, one a second-generation family. We have expanded our membership very slowly and only by common consent. Our few elections have all been of friends of members of the community. Thus the group has remained in a close relationship, and its limit in numbers will make it possible for the new generation to carry on in their own way. We have been rather careful to confine our choices to families who do not see much of each other in the winter. And we have avoided like poison the temptation to solve our financial problem by realizing on our abundant real estate at the cost of unity and harmony.

The community is financed in two ways. Except for a sale of dead chestnut trees and a little maple syrup, we have never made a penny out of the place, though it should be added that its assets in timber and in value of residential land have heavily increased. However, the community house with its meals carries itself usually, and sometimes makes a profit. Taxes, interest, upkeep, wages for our resident caretaker and his assistant, and cost of improvements are divided twice a year among the families as a service charge. We grumble, but should do worse if we lived alone.

The gods that sometimes take care of the innocent were on our side. We emerged without a quarrel from a speculation which would have wrecked a less trustful group, and with many solid improvements to the property and with a forested hill and half a mile of frontage on an unspoiled lake which, in the effusion of prosperity, we had bought to preserve a shore line and acquire a little wilderness for quiet wanderings. I can scarcely note this adventure as typical of community experience! However, the net result has been merely to give us more land, and less reduction of our mortgage, than is good for us. A soberer community would have accomplished all that we have, except the purchase of the lake front, by small contributions to capital investment as the years went on.

The final test of such an organization as Yelping Hill, of course, is social. It was not created for work, though much work has been done there; nor for the propagation of ideas, though ideas, humorous and other-

wise, have sometimes buzzed like yellow jackets. As for the social life engendered, it has been delightful because unforced. We have college presidents and college professors in our membership, but Yelping Hill has never been in the least degree academic or pretentiously intellectual. Nobody lectures in Yelping Hill; or, if anyone does, he wishes he hadn't. The tone has been light, pleasantly satirical, affectionate, personal, and good-natured. Our lawyers and politicians have kept the scholars lubricated, the scientist has prodded the literary; the women have talked as much as the men, and the young, having lived on terms of easy familiarity with their elders, have been unusually tolerant, and quite unusually frank, in their attitudes toward the foibles of middle age.

Our community is part of a much larger summer colony spread through the Cornwall hills and valleys. We know them all, belong to the same lake club with them, but are regarded as somewhat self-sufficient — an undigested group in the midst of a society. This is inevitable. On week-ends some fifty of us sit down at dinner together, and a community of fifty is about as many friends as the most socially inclined can attend to. One meal a day at the Barn is required of all members; and it is the evening meal, with coffee and talk at sunset time afterward, and the life on the tennis courts, that hold us in a sufficient unity. Neither seclusion nor companionship is obligatory. And, indeed, many of us who wish to work or rest at home escape from all sight or sound of the Community all day long.

But of course the real social test is the history of the children, the first crop of whom have now reached college and after. As youngsters they quarreled and made special friends within the community, as any children would. Then, when they reached their teens, they began to leave the Hill — some on long visits, others as counselors at camps, most to find new experiences elsewhere. It seemed that the Yelping Hill young would separate as wholeheartedly as their parents had come together. And then, and especially after college, they began to come back.

There had always been plenty to do at Yelping Hill — plenty of sports, including soft baseball and tennis, though we were short on golf, parties in the neighborhood, swimming and tennis at the lake club. There were also our own peculiar parties in

which young and old joined with such lack of self-consciousness that it soon ceased to be amusing to see a college president folk-dancing with a ten-year-old girl or a tiny boy in a Polish polka reaching up to a plumpish matron.

I should add one more sport, invented by Yelping Hill — rump-bumping. When the Housatonic is high and the weather warm, we run several miles of its course in flocks of a dozen, young and older, each seated in an inflated inner tube. Floating or hand-paddling down the quiet stretches, steering through rocks and rapids (some too rough for a canoe), with waves breaking over your head, adjusting your sitting angle so as to be neither overturned nor rump-bumped on under-surface ledges, is excellent sport for good swimmers.

Our youngsters had been like a family of brothers and sisters, too familiar to be exciting to each other. But when they had absorbed their outside experiences they came back to Yelping Hill and its pleasures with a new and different enthusiasm.

After all, there is very little permanence in American life. But during the twenty years considered in this paper Yelping Hill stayed always the same, improving, developing, but still the same woods and valley and homes, the same kind of atmosphere and life. Yelping Hill began to seem home to the young people — in many cases their most permanent home. Now they come back to Yelping Hill to be married, they come up in winter to ski, in the autumn and the spring for walks and gardening and week-end parties. Not only do all of them spend as much time as they can here in the summer, but their friends come with them. Yelping Hill occupies a central place in their lives. And a large majority of them are already planning ways and means for carrying on with new families after the first generation lets go.

How much of the unusual quality of life here is a result of the personalities involved, how much is due to the nature of our summer experiment, I do not know. There is the toughest individualism, the most resolute nonconformity, in this coöperative commu-

nity that I have ever seen. Half of our community likes the simplest of simple lives; the other half has a taste for comfort, if not luxury. Half of us enjoy cocktail parties; the other half disapprove of them. Half like bridge; the other half hate it. We are social enough on the Hill, and entertain outside friends abundantly, either at the Barn or in our cottages; but it is impossible to get the community as a whole even interested in social prestige in our vacation area, or in opening our gates to general entertainment.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

RACCOON HUNT

THE boy still small enough to be kissed
Walks a wild world of silver mist,
The tame men he is following there
Breathe out wings each side their hair,
Their lanterns stab out starry holes
In the night, and aureoles
Wheel around them as they swing.
Far off, the hounds the boy knew sing
Like demons from the moon's dark side,
And the echoes roll out wide.

Now the thing with needle nose
That dredges ponds with silver toes
For his supper leaves the world
And at the tree top trembles curled
Around a branch. His beads of eyes
Catch the lanterns, grow in size,
Catch afire with deep hate
At the snuffing and the great
Animals that nose his tree
Among false stars that wander free.

The boy who should have been abed
Hears the stab and sees the red
Fire reach straight to its mark.
Down comes the dainty and the dark
Creature beautiful and lost,
Creature with the rings like frost
Scrolled around his tail, and lies
In the lantern light and dies.
And the boy is first to stroke
The wildness ebbing from his cloak.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

— 1860 — 1865 —



— *BY MARGARET LEECH* —

CHAPTERS XXVI—XXXIII



REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

The story of our National Capital
in its greatest ordeal

FIVE years ago Margaret Leech began collecting from letters, diaries, old newspapers, and memoirs every scrap of information about life in our national capital at the time of the Civil War. Her true narrative begins in December 1860 when General Scott limped into town to suppress the sedition openly threatening that Lincoln would never live to be President. Southerners held key posts in the Army and Navy; with their thoroughbreds, their mansions, and their slaves, they had turned Washington into a Southern town.

To this place of uncertainty and suspicion came the President-elect. A horde of Westerners followed him — office seekers and men loyal to the Union, to replace the Southerners. After the attack on Sumter, Southern sympathizers cut the wires and tore up the rails, and for a few days the capital lived in dread of invasion. To its rescue came the regiments of the North, storming through rebellious Baltimore, landing by ship at Annapolis, striding up the Avenue with bands playing and flags flying. At last General McDowell had strength enough for a mass movement into Virginia. But before he marched his exact plans had been passed through the lines by a spy, Mrs. Greenhow. All Washington turned out to see the spandy regiments in their first engagement; but the picnic parties joined the frightened rabble when the Union forces broke and swirled back in sullen retreat. Desperately in need of a new leader, Lincoln telegraphed to McClellan in the West.

While McClellan prepared the Army of the Potomac for its long ordeal on the Peninsula, Washington entertained the hopes and fears of the nation. For one hectic day the *Merrimac* threatened to destroy the Federal Navy. Then it met the *Monitor*, and that fear subsided. The charming Southern spies — Mrs. Greenhow, Mrs. Phillips, and their associates — were rounded up by Pinkerton's men and interned in the dreary Old Capitol. The country, confident of its new army, chafed at McClellan's delay. At last, at Lincoln's insistence, he moved south to lay siege to Yorktown. But from the news which eventually leaked through the censor's office it was clear that McClellan, with his army of 100,000, had been outfought and outgeneraled during the Seven Days. As the fever-stricken and wounded men were shipped back to Washington, the city suddenly awoke to the fact that it had neither nurses nor doctors nor hospitals enough. The call went out for volunteers — surgeons and doctors — and, privately, for a better general. . . .

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON: 1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

XXVI

AFTER the second battle of Bull Run, President Lincoln asked McClellan to take command of Washington and of the troops falling back on it from the front. In the great emergency there was no one else to choose. Halleck had gone to pieces. Pope's gasconade was over. It was McClellan or chaos. 'There is no man in the army,' Lincoln said, 'who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he.'

The incapacity of the Union commanders was a scandal over which Cabinet members shook their heads. Mr. Welles ascribed their dilatoriness to their West Point education, which instilled a defensive policy, and, quite overlooking Lee and Jackson, declared that 'no efficient, energetic, audacious, fighting, commanding general had yet appeared from that institution.' Montgomery Blair blamed Stanton for the defects of the generals, and said that he should not give way to narrow prejudices and personal dislikes, but should search out good officers — 'should dig up these jewels.'

The reputation of the soldiers of the East, as well as of the officers, was blighted. The ranks of the veterans were thinned, not only by death and wounds and capture, but by the dark contagion of desertion. Exhaustion and hunger and loss of faith had demoralized thousands of the soldiers. They flooded back in disorder on the Alexandria road, flopped down to rest, indifferent to the tumult of the retreating infantry and

cavalry, artillery and wagons. Their great fires illuminated the whole countryside. Across the bridges they crowded into the capital, congregating in low groggeries and staggering drunken and loud-mouthed in droves on every street. Hundreds of officers, absent from their commands, were rounded up in Washington hotels and other public places in 'such general hauls . . . as the police of New York are at times compelled to make of the inmates of the notable dance houses.' Washington saw the 'dead beats' and the shirking officers, and believed that they represented the armies of the Union.

Monotonously, every day, the new incoming volunteers lined up at the depot. One morning the Soldiers' Retreat fed over seven thousand men. 'We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.' Into a soured and despairing city they brought their awkwardly held rifles, their inexperienced faces that had never looked on war.

For over a week the wounded came back to Washington by train and boat and in vehicles of every description. The provost guard commandeered private carriages for service between the wharves and depot and the hospitals. To the consternation of the State Department, the Prussian Minister, Baron Gerolt, was unceremoniously deprived of his conveyance and left standing in the street; and, to prevent diplomatic incidents, Frederick Seward hastened to get safeguards for all the foreign ministers

from Wadsworth. A horrified sergeant rode up in time to rescue the President's barouche, stopped by one of the troopers. Lincoln said that the man was doing his duty.

Meanwhile Lee's army appeared to have withdrawn. Rumors came that it was crossing the upper Potomac. The President, consumed with anxiety to find and hurt the enemy, ordered Halleck on September 3 to organize an army immediately for active operations. Halleck passed the word along to McClellan.

That week McClellan performed something very like a miracle. In the camps and fortifications, the broken brigades seemed to re-form by magic. This had been a conglomeration of soldiers. When McClellan spoke the word, it was an army. Its organization was imperfect, its clothing, ammunition, and supplies were all in sad condition. No commander ever had more excuse for saying that his men were not ready to fight; but for once McClellan was able to lay aside his desire for a perfection not attainable in human enterprise. He took command on Tuesday. On Thursday he threw out the advance of his force to the north. On Friday the army marched.

Every reduced brigade had its iron column of fighting men. With the tendrils of home and family and small ambitions quick about them, they had learned to subdue their strongest traditions and yield uncritical obedience to an arbitrary command. Scarred by war and weather, with their bleached and scanty uniforms and their dirty, shredded flags, they wore a look of hard utility. Their collars had been wilted in the sweat of the Chickahominy, leggings and gaiters had littered the Peninsula from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill. Men marched in shirt sleeves or blue blouses, open at the throat, with trousers rolled at the ankle and tucked into gray woolen socks. There were worn-out caps of every style, and hats of straw and of palm leaf, of brown and black and soiled white wool. The trappings of the offi-

cers' horses no longer glittered. The gold-embroidered shoulder straps were tarnished, or replaced by common metal, and the crimson sashes were faded or gone. It was a shabby and seasoned army that brought the gaping citizens to the pavements. The troops did not pass the White House, but turned into H Street, to cheer McClellan lustily as they went by his house.

McClellan had been expressly informed that his command was confined to the troops defending Washington. Burnside, again offered the active command, had for a second time declined it. The Army of the Potomac was advancing on Lee's forces without a leader. McClellan prepared to follow his men. Halleck said that the President told McClellan to take command in the field. Lincoln said that the responsibility was Halleck's. There was no written order, and McClellan affirmed that he received no directions at all. He thought that, in the excited state of feeling in the capital, he might well be condemned to death if the army were defeated. Firmly and promptly he made his decision; but some puerility in his nature persuaded him to disfigure it with a piece of impudence. Like a gentleman leaving a town where he has been hospitably received, he inscribed on three of his visiting cards the initials, P. P. C. — '*Pour prendre congé.*' With his staff and personal escort, he rode on Sunday to the White House, the War Office, and Seward's house, and left a card at each.

XXVII

On September 15, Washington had news of a victory at South Mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge, beyond which Lee's army was massed. The hotels, public offices, and promenades were filled with smiling Unionists, and 'McClellan stock went up generally.' In the evening a large crowd gathered before the bulletin board at the *Star* office. When a man said that he wanted the news confirmed, for 'McClellan was no

more reliable than Pope,' he was struck instantaneous blows on each side of the head by two bystanders. 'Devil take the man who would say a word agin' McClellan after hearing that news,' said an Irishman who was one of the assailants.

Two days later there was furious fighting at Sharpsburg, along the Antietam Creek. There, in the golden air of September, for fourteen hours the armies contended; and at the close of day twenty thousand men from North and South lay dead and wounded in the narrow country lanes, the ripe cornfields, and the laden orchards. McClellan claimed a great victory — 'a masterpiece of art.' Lee called it a drawn battle. The losses of the Union were a little the heavier. But the tide of gray rolled back from Maryland, and the North went wild with joy.

Lee's army made its escape into Virginia. McClellan did not follow. His thirst for battle had been quenched in the blood of Antietam. He had learned to fight aggressively, but he could not pursue or destroy. After South Mountain he had received a telegram, signed Winfield Scott. 'Bravo, my dear general!' it ran; 'twice more and it's done.' But once more was all that McClellan was able to manage.

The breach between McClellan and the government widened. His partisans included not only patriotic members of the Democratic Party but peace advocates, soreheads with a grudge against the administration, and secession sympathizers. He was being spoken of as the Democratic nominee for President in 1864. The military proclamation of emancipation which the President issued that month was said to have awakened great dissatisfaction among McClellan's soldiers. There was a story that he did not pursue the enemy because it was not 'the game' to destroy the rebel army and end the war, but rather to bring about a compromise settlement which should preserve the institution of slavery. The

President traced the report to a major, who was the brother of one of McClellan's staff officers, and personally examined and dismissed him from the service as an example.

The President sent McClellan orders to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south. McClellan did not obey. For six weeks the Army of the Potomac lay in Maryland. The country groaned with impatience and dissatisfaction. Stocks declined; volunteering lagged; the State ballot boxes gave a verdict adverse to the administration. The President repeatedly begged, persuaded, and ordered McClellan to advance. McClellan said that the army was not ready. It was true that his soldiers were in need — like those of General Lee, though not so sorely — of shoes, blankets, clothing, horses, and camp equipment. McClellan's mood was one of proud, dark, brooding resentment. His communications with Stanton and Halleck were few and rigidly formal. He regarded himself as the savior of his country, who should be spared interference. Much of his time was spent in controversies with the quartermaster's department over his supplies — those supplies that he had been able to forget in his great phase of resolution in September.

At last he got his army across the Potomac. Moving east of the Blue Ridge, it marched slowly down to Warrenton. Lee was at Winchester. The road to Richmond was open to the Federals. A committee of patriotic ladies who paid a visit to the President were shocked by 'his introverted look and his half-staggering gait.' He shook their hands mechanically. He could give them no encouragement, he told them. There was agony ahead for the people, and they were not prepared for it. The army did not realize that they were in a terrible war that had to be fought out.

General Lee brought his army through the passes of the Blue Ridge, and occupied Culpeper Court-House, between

the Army of the Potomac and Richmond. For Mr. Lincoln it was the deciding factor. On November 7, General Catharinus P. Buckingham, Stanton's confidential assistant adjutant-general, took a journey by special train on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. He did not go direct to McClellan's headquarters, but made his way through a heavy snow-storm to Burnside's camp. After all, Burnside was the only jewel that the War Department was able to dig up. For the third time the command of the Army of the Potomac was offered to him — it was in the form of an order from Halleck. In agitation Burnside hesitated. Outside his quarters the November gale whirled the snowflakes. In the thick white twilight he made his reluctant decision to obey, and rode with Buckingham to McClellan's tent. The two officers stood watching while McClellan read the order which relieved him of command. He made no sign while they were there. 'Alas for my poor country!' he wrote his wife when they were gone.

In all that stricken and saddened army, the most unhappy man was its new commander. McClellan pitied him. He thought — or so he later said — that his old friend was not competent to command more than a regiment. Of his own incapacity, Burnside had no doubt. He was an honest man, and he went about telling the other officers that he was not fit for the position.

McClellan declared that there were hotheads in the army who were in favor of his refusing to obey the order, who wanted to march on Washington to take possession of the government. But, if revolution might have broken out at a word from him, he never spoke that word. For a few days he remained at his headquarters, helping Burnside with his arrangements. Then he bade farewell to his troops and quietly took his departure. He had been directed to go to Trenton to await orders. There had been no military operations around Trenton

since that icy December morning of 1776 when General Washington had marched from the Delaware to capture a thousand Hessians there. Stanton was not a man much given to smiling, but surely his Cupid's-bow upper lip must have widened over his abundant whiskers when he contemplated that order.

XXVIII

Washington, which had been a camp, had been transformed into a hospital — the vast base hospital of the Army of the Potomac. Clusters of white buildings and tents had changed the aspect of the city and its surrounding hills. The E Street Infirmary, destroyed by fire in the autumn of 1861, had been replaced by the rectangular pavilions of the new Judiciary Square Hospital. Stanton Hospital, at New Jersey Avenue and I Street, was another modern institution, and opposite it on Minnesota Row the former mansions of Douglas, Breckinridge, and Rice now constituted Douglas Hospital. Lincoln and Emory Hospitals were being constructed on the plain to the east of the Capitol. Near the Smithsonian, beside the open sewer of the canal, lay the clean, parallel sheds of the great Armory Square Hospital, conveniently accessible from the Maryland Avenue depot and the wharves. On the distant heights long one-story buildings, lavishly whitewashed and encircled by huts and tents, seemed to bloom like monstrous flowers in the soft light.

In Washington, as well as in Georgetown and Alexandria, sick and wounded men lay in hotels and warehouses, in private houses, schools, and seminaries, and the lodges of fraternal orders. On Independence Day of 1862, it had been observed that the church bells could not be rung because of the suffering that lay beneath them. The seizure of the churches had begun in June, when an officer of General Wadsworth waited on the rectors of Trinity, the Ascension, and the Epiphany, three edifices which,

the *Star* felt, could be occupied with the least inconvenience to loyal worshippers. Carpets, cushions, and hymnbooks were packed away. Carpenters covered the pews with scantling on which floors were laid, and the pulpits and other furniture were stowed underneath. The mains were tapped to supply water for kitchens established in the basement, or in hastily constructed outbuildings. Presently appeared wagonloads of furniture, drugs, and utensils. The flag of the Union was run up. Wardmasters, nurses, orderlies, cooks, and stewards arrived. Ambulances began to stop at the church doors. Last of all came the surgeons, with their knives and saws and dirty little sponges.

Since the preceding year the Patent Office had been used as a hospital. One thousand more beds were placed on the second floor and on the gallery which ran around the lofty hall. At night, in the glare of the gaslight, it was a curious scene. Like some new exhibit of ghastliness, waxy faces lay in rows between the shining glass cabinets, filled with curiosities, foreign presents, and the models of inventions. The nurses' heels clicked on the marble floor, and over all lay the heavy smell of putrefaction and death.

Yet, as the wounded came in from Pope's campaign, there was still not room enough. Georgetown College was turned into a hospital; so was the H Street mansion of the rebel sympathizer, Mr. Corcoran. At last it was found necessary to make a temporary requisition of the Capitol, and two thousand cots were placed in the halls of the House and Senate, in the corridors and the Rotunda.

The sick of the early regiments and the beaten stragglers of First Bull Run had been charitably treated. Ladies whose hearts were with the Southern cause joined their Northern sisters in sewing and picking lint for the wounded. As the hospitals multiplied in the capital, so did the visitors who came to tend the soldiers and to bring them presents. These ministrations were not invariably

welcome. The hospital doors were wide open, not only to relatives and friends and the agents of relief organizations, but to any strangers who chose to call. Some fed improper food to the sick. Others wearied them with impertinent questions. Even desperately ill men were not protected from the intrusions of the tactless and the curious. When wounded prisoners began to be sent to Washington from the Peninsula, the more virulent secessionist ladies made themselves a nuisance. To the irritation of doctors and attendants, they strolled through the wards casting freezing looks at the Union cots, while they showered the rebels with flowers, fruits, and clothing.

The constant civilian inspection served the purpose of advertising the defects of the institutions. The shortcomings of old hotels and schoolhouses, of churches and public buildings, were glaringly apparent to the most casual caller. The renovated barracks were dark and badly ventilated, and usually lacked municipal conveniences, while their grounds, particularly those of the cavalry barracks, were filthy. Moreover the administration of the hospitals left much to be desired. There was no trained personnel on which to draw. Where institutions were hastily improvised, it was inevitable that some surgeons should be careless and incompetent, many cooks and stewards corrupt, almost all nurses inexperienced. Almost as soon as the Washington hospitals opened their doors their abuses became a scandal, to be exposed and deplored by public-spirited citizens.

The new and scientifically planned pavilions were popularly admired. It could not have occurred to anyone that a generation later their fine operating rooms would be considered abominable places. They were scrubbed and odorless. There was running water. Large mahogany boxes held the instruments; and the heavy centre table was covered with a freshly wiped rubber cloth. But asepsis was not understood. The surgeon

rolled up his sleeves, gave his knife a last flick on the sole of his boot, and the operation began. His exploring hands wore no gloves. The probe carried the infection deep into the torn tissues. If one of the sponges employed to mop out the wound happened to drop on the floor, it was squeezed in water and used at once; and, in any case, only a cursory washing had cleansed it of the blood and pus of the last operation. In threading the needle for the stitches, it was customary to point the silk by wetting it with saliva and rolling it with the fingers. Cold water was the sovereign dressing; bad wounds were repeatedly drenched to relieve the burning pain. Sometimes the wound was covered with wax; or ointments were applied on lint which had been scraped from cotton cloth by the patriotic but unsterile hands of women and children. Poultices of flaxseed meal or moistened bread were valued for promoting an abundant flow of pus, for all wounds were expected to suppurate. Blood poisoning and tetanus, secondary hæmorrhage and gangrene, were familiar visitors in the finest of the shining, white-washed new pavilions of which Washington was so proud, and helped to fill the pine coffins which went jouncing in the dead-carts to the cemetery.

Yet to the wounded soldier, as to the vast fellowship of the sick, the hospitals of Washington seemed havens of comfort to which he had attained after a long delirium of agony and neglect. He could lie still on a bed, instead of the floor of a freight car, the deck of a ship, or a shelf in a jarring ambulance. In Washington he found the stupor of morphine and laudanum, the deep oblivion of chloroform and ether.

The journey by road was the most painful mode of transportation. Yet ambulances in the armies of the United States were a humane innovation; they had never been used before this war. Two years before the outbreak the Medical Bureau, in an uncharacteristic moment of expansiveness, had decided to

fall in with the modern European idea of providing wagons expressly planned for carrying the sick and wounded. The design which met with the greatest favor, because it was light and intended for only one horse, consisted of a square box mounted on the axle of a single pair of wheels. This absurdly tilting rig made an acceptable pleasure carriage for junketing officers, but for more practical purposes it was useless. As frail as gigs, the two-wheeled ambulances cracked at the first strain, and their rocking motion was unbearable to suffering men. Everyone condemned them; but so many had been ordered that it was some time before they were entirely supplanted. The cumbrous four-wheeled ambulances, which required four horses to draw them, were the most comfortable that could be devised. When the wounded traveled by road, only the worst cases could find a place in them. For men with fresh amputations, with faces shot away, or with lead in breast or belly, was reserved the poor luxury of being bumped and jolted, dashed against each other and against the sides of the vehicle, as they hurtled over the rutted Virginia roads.

The journey by rail was mercifully shorter, if the cars were not sidetracked or delayed. When such accidents occurred, the men suffered bitterly. On a Saturday night in June of 1862, four hundred men arrived unexpectedly from Front Royal, where they had already endured much misery because of the disorganized medical service in the Valley. No ambulances came to meet them, and no hospital official appeared. After a fruitless effort to find the Surgeon-General, the doctor in charge deserted them and went off to eat and sleep. Aroused from their beds by the news of the soldiers' predicament, near-by residents of the Island hurried to the depot with hot drinks, food, stimulants, and fresh bandages. Grace Church, Ryland Chapel, and Potomac Hall were opened, and the wounded were carried in and cared for. Next morning the congrega-

tion of Grace Church, coming to worship, took one look at the figures on the pew cushions and dispersed to bring a fresh supply of food and drink. This was an exceptional case of neglect, and resulted in the doctor's dismissal from the service; but delays and maladjustments were unending.

By ship, as well as by train, the Island received the wreckage of the army in Virginia. Throughout June, hospital ships had come up from the Peninsula. In July the wounded poured in a great tide from the battles of the Seven Days. Crowds gathered at the Sixth and Seventh Street wharves to see the men carried from the ships and loaded on the ambulances. At night there were fewer spectators. In the flaring light of the torches, the workers of the Sanitary Commission moved about the sheds where coffee and beef soup steamed in cauldrons. The watchman's hoarse voice cried, 'Steamers in sight!' Through the mist loomed the white top-heavy shape of a great river boat. In silence, like a ghost ship, it moved alongside the wharf. There were no lights, no figures at the rails, no stir of arrival or greeting. The passengers lay on the decks, in the cabins and the saloons, even on the stairs and the gangway. The light of the relief workers' candles flickered on beseeching eyes, for these men were pitifully afraid of being stepped on. The business of transferring them to the ambulances went on quietly. There were a few groans. Now and then a man screamed as he was lifted. For the most part, the passengers were as silent as their companions who lay with covered faces in the bow. The ghost ship moved on, to make way for another. All night the ambulances rattled out to the hills beyond the city.

XXIX

Often, when at long last he lay in a quiet bed, the wounded soldier opened his eyes on a strange apparition — the figure of a woman. The example of Miss

Florence Nightingale in the Crimea had made seemly the presence of ladies in hospitals devoted to men. In June of 1861, Miss Dorothea L. Dix of Massachusetts had been appointed Superintendent of Women Nurses, with authority to select and assign them to the military hospitals.

Miss Dix had for many years been engaged in public work. She had devoted her life to lunatics paupers, and prisoners. By her revelations of the inhumane conditions in almshouses and jails, particularly in the treatment of the insane, she had brought about reforms, influenced legislation, and enlarged the social consciousness of the nation. All this she had accomplished without sacrificing her woman's prerogative of timidity and refinement. She had a low, sweet voice. The knot of hair seemed too heavy for the gentle head set on a long neck. But her mouth and chin were firm, and her blue-gray eyes could dilate with holy indignation. Her reputation cast a final respectability over the position of female nurse; and on the news of her appointment applications flooded into Washington, while many young women came in person to offer their services.

The majority of these thousands of applicants met with a stern rejection. Miss Dix in 1861 was nearly sixty years old. She considered all persons under thirty disqualified for nursing. She requested the provost marshal, who had been receiving a number of aspiring ladies, to send her only those who were able to turn a full-grown man around in bed, and to do the most menial work. This, he remarked, thinned the ranks of the candidates very much. Good looks met with as little favor as youth. Miss Dix had a detestation of wasp waists. A kindly disposed woman said that, to win the superintendent's approval, an applicant must be 'plain almost to repulsion in dress.' Certainly hospital wards were no place for crinolines. The nurses, in their perpendicular skirts, seemed to themselves laughably 'angular' and

'mediæval' in appearance. But young and personable women showed that they were able to lay off their hoops, forget their vanity, and do good work in the hospitals; while a number of Miss Dix's elderly frights proved a disgrace to the service for which she had accepted them.

In her long career of public service Miss Dix had always worked alone, and she had no administrative ability. She was elderly, high-strung, and inflexible. In a determination to do everything herself, she was soon involved in a maze of details. She interviewed all candidates, assigned them to their posts, visited hospitals, adjusted disputes, and ferreted out abuses, in addition to supervising the distribution of quantities of supplies. Her authority was ill-defined, and conflicted with that of the surgeons. Most of them did not approve of the newfangled idea of introducing female nurses into the military hospitals. Some conceded that women might have a place in the diet kitchen, the linen room, or the laundry. Others would employ only black-robed, disciplined Sisters of Charity, who did not gossip or fuss, and were not given to writing home that the patients were maltreated or that the surgeons drank and misappropriated the hospital stores. It was not a time when men were accustomed to having their work interfered with by women.

Under the pressure of her multifarious and unsystematized duties, Miss Dix grew overwrought, lost her self-control, and involved herself in quarrels. She remained at her post without a leave of absence throughout the war. Many of the doctors snubbed her and selected their own nurses, and they were supported by the Surgeon-General's order giving them 'control and direction' over the attendants of the cases under their charge. The nurses were never organized. One group continued to report to Miss Dix, others to various surgeons. Some gave their services without compensation, and some received the government allowance of twelve dollars a

month and food. There were women sent by State agencies and aid societies, and wives and sisters who came to visit soldiers and remained to care for them. Without training or discipline, they were all set adrift in the hospitals, to learn their duties as best they could. They were overburdened with heavy work because of the infirmity of the male attendants — convalescent soldiers, often too weak to be of any assistance. Women showed courage and initiative in entering this new field of activity, but most of them were of little use. The foolishly sentimental and the incompetent were weeded out. Many fell ill. Only a few heroic women were able to survive the hard work and the bad food, and to conciliate the surgeons and ward masters.

The office of president of the United States Sanitary Commission fell to Dr. Henry W. Bellows, a popular Unitarian minister, and he devoted his eloquence and zeal to the arduous task of raising funds for its work. The chief executive duties were performed by the general secretary of the Commission at its central office in Washington; and presently, to fill this post, a frail little man arrived at the capital on crutches. Before the war, Frederick Law Olmsted had traveled widely in the South, and had written books describing social and economic conditions little comprehended in the free States. The vivid and tolerant pages of *A Journey in the Back Country* and *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States* had given many Northerners their first accurate knowledge of slavery. But aside from his writing Olmsted's main interest was in farming and horticulture. He was engaged in an unusual profession, that of landscape architect, and he had been made the architect and superintendent of New York City's Central Park, that project novel in America of a large pleasure ground designed for the use of the people.

Olmsted had proved to be an able public servant who tenaciously developed the park in the face of unceasing

opposition from corrupt politicians. His health had suffered from the strain; and a fall from his horse, while inspecting the work, had given him a badly broken thigh. Yet his leave of absence for patriotic duty brought him no rest for two laborious years. In July of 1861, he shared with a competent doctor the labor of inspecting twenty camps near Washington. That year the servants often found him still at work when they came to set the breakfast table. In the spring of 1862 he went to the Peninsula to spend himself in untiring service. His wasted, autocratic face, with its feminine features and straggling moustache, burned with the same harsh flame of consecration that lighted the features of Miss Dix. But Olmsted had a genius for organization; and, backed by the gentlemen of his board, he developed the Sanitary Commission into an immense and powerful agency for the relief of suffering among the soldiers.

Theirs were the plans for the new pavilion hospitals; theirs too were the monographs that acquainted country practitioners turned army doctors with hygiene and vaccination, with the treatment of dysentery and malaria and venereal diseases. They forced the necessity for camp sanitation on the government's attention. Their barrels of potatoes and onions abated scurvy in many regiments. They equipped and staffed the hospital ships, and later built hospital cars, with swinging litters, kitchens, and dispensaries.

For all this great work, however, the Sanitary Commission might have remained little known to the general public had it not been for the secondary phase of its activities — the distribution of supplies. By the sheer force of their patriotic benevolence, the ladies overwhelmed the scientific preoccupations of Dr. Bellows and Mr. Olmsted and their associates. Everywhere the war was bringing women out of the seclusion of domestic life. Timid ones grew bold as lions. Invalids arose from their sofas.

To the astonishment of men, they were able to draft constitutions and bylaws, to serve on committees and preside at meetings, even to raise and handle money. From thousands of aid societies in all parts of the Union a steady stream of stores flowed to the Sanitary Commission. Enriched by large donations, it established enormous storehouses and then administered them efficiently. It organized a relief service for hospitals and camps and installed its own refreshment saloons. Trained agents, in charge of the Commission's wagonloads of supplies, moved with every army. The name, which had been derived from an interest in preventive hygiene, became a household word; and everything sent to the soldiers, from currant wine to Canton flannel drawers, went by the name of 'sanitary stores.'

At Antietam the Sanitary Commission first developed its system of relief on the battlefield. The reforms in the army medical department never made civilian assistance superfluous in alleviating the sufferings of the wounded; and to the end of the war the Sanitary Commission continued to labor at the front, as well as in hospitals and camps. Another group, the United States Christian Commission, also went with supplies to Antietam. This organization was an outgrowth of the Y.M.C.A.

Before either of these large organizations had found means of reaching the front, they had been anticipated by a solitary little maiden lady — Miss Clara Barton, who had singlehanded succeeded in forcing her way through official red tape and military restrictions. The April evening of 1861 when she had sprung forward at the Washington depot to dress the wounds of the Sixth Massachusetts with handkerchiefs had marked a turning point in a hitherto obscure and unrewarded life.

Miss Barton had many temperamental resemblances to Miss Dix. She too was timid, high-strung, and willful; but, unlike the other spinster from

Massachusetts, she had no national reputation and no background of public service. From schoolteaching she had gone to the job of Patent Office clerk at a salary of \$1400 a year. It was unusual for a female to be employed by the government, particularly at a wage which equaled that of a man, but Miss Barton was well qualified for the work by her fine, copper-plate handwriting. Although she was morbidly sensitive and shy, suffered agonies of self-consciousness and was subject to nervous breakdowns, the soldiers in the Senate Chamber were only the first of many audiences she would address in a long career as an eloquent and dramatic public speaker.

After First Bull Run, she advertised in the *Worcester Spy* for provisions for the wounded. As quantities of boxes were shipped to her from Massachusetts, she established her own distributing agency; but she was not satisfied with the rôle of dispensing supplies.

In the hospitals and on the wharves she heard many heartbreaking stories of the neglect which had preceded the soldiers' arrival in Washington. Miss Barton began to badger the Surgeon-General's office for permission to carry her supplies to the front. In some manner she secured an authorization from Hammond, who asked the Assistant Quartermaster-General, Colonel Daniel H. Rucker, to give her every facility for taking supplies to the sick. Her eloquent plea touched Rucker's heart. He arranged for transportation by boat and train, and helped her with the complicated business of obtaining the various passes necessary to permit her to travel with her stores and a lady companion through the army lines between Washington and Fredericksburg.

On a Sunday morning in early August of 1862, Miss Barton, in a plain black print skirt and jacket, climbed over the wheel of an army wagon in full view of the Washington churchgoers, plumped herself down beside the Negro driver, and drove off to take a government

transport for the camps near Aquia Creek. A few days later she was ministering to the wounded of Banks's corps on the battlefield of Slaughter Mountain.

Clara Barton was a shining exception to the useless civilians who went out from the capital to tend the wounded of Second Bull Run. Few timid women have spent such a week-end as that she passed near Fairfax Station. The disgruntled male nurses, drunken and otherwise, who reached that point on the Sunday morning after the battle might have found plenty of opportunity to be of service on a hillside near the little depot. All day wagonloads of wounded arrived from the battlefield. The men were laid among the trees on the ground, where hay had been scattered to make an immense bed. That night, in the mist and darkness, Miss Barton, with a little band of helpers, prepared to feed the crowd. She had almost no utensils, but she had many boxes of preserves, and as jam jars and jelly tumblers were emptied she filled them again and again with soup or coffee or bread soaked in wine. Monday brought many wounded who had lain three days without food. To ensure that none should be loaded on the cars without receiving nourishment, Clara Barton personally fed that day's arrivals in the wagons, climbing from wheel to brake. By evening her supplies were almost gone. As the wounded still came in she stirred the leftovers together; and in the pouring rain, amid the uproar of the thunder and the artillery at Chantilly, the famished men greedily ate a concoction of hard crackers pounded into crumbs and mixed with wine, whiskey, brown sugar, and water.

Informed by this experience, Miss Barton made thorough preparation for the next battle. An army wagon, drawn by a string of frisky mules, was assigned to her by the Quartermaster's Department. Her own baggage was contained in a handkerchief, but the wagon bulged with stores. She had even had the forethought to bring lanterns, so that the

surgeons could see to work at night. In the middle of September, a solitary woman in the wagon train of an advancing army, she journeyed over the hills of Maryland, slicing bread and passing it out to the stragglers along the road. Progress was slow; and, pushing on at night while the drivers of the other wagons slept, this indomitable lady reached the artillery by morning and followed the cannon to Antietam Creek.

The work she did on that field caused the Quartermaster's Department to capitulate to her completely. When the Army of the Potomac advanced in Virginia, Clara Barton accompanied the Ninth Corps with her own train of four heavily laden wagons and an ambulance. She treated her rough teamsters like gentlemen, and they became her devoted servants. This shy little lady had overriden the regulations of the army and the conventions of society. Hardship and danger had cast out all her nervous fears; and, in the giddy elation of service and self-sacrifice, she bumped triumphantly to Warrenton.

XXX

The army, which had been advancing, was now halted stock-still. Presently, a presage of activity, the sick began to come up from Warrenton on the cars. The army was marching toward the Rappahannock. On November 18, the *Star* was confident that General Burnside had crossed the river and made his headquarters in Fredericksburg, and would take Richmond in less than ten days. On November 21, that newspaper admitted that the rebels still occupied Fredericksburg; Lee's army was firmly entrenched on the heights around the city. On the twenty-fifth, the *Star* conceded that the rebels apparently designed making serious resistance to the Federal army's crossing the Rappahannock.

The officers of the Army of the Potomac had been peremptorily ordered to rejoin their commands, but the city was

still filled with shoulder straps. There were the officers of the large force left for the protection of Washington under the command of General Heintzelman, who had succeeded General Banks in command of the defenses. Staff officers were legion, as were those of the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments. There were paroled prisoners and members of courts-martial, convalescents and a multitude of surgeons. Handsome Fitz-John Porter was there, to learn the verdict that would wreck his career. Irvin McDowell had come to hear his name traduced at the court of inquiry which he had demanded.

On Saturday, December 13, the rumbling rumors from Fredericksburg culminated in the report of a heavy engagement. The story unfolded slowly. 'When I get nothing clear and explicit at the War Department,' Welles wrote in his diary, 'I have my apprehensions. . . . Adverse tidings are suppressed with a deal of fuss and mystery, a shuffling over of papers and maps, and a far-reaching vacant gaze.'

The military censorship was suppressing the news of the losses at Fredericksburg, but the War Department was actually uninformed of the outcome of the engagement. From early morning until night the President sat in suspense in the telegraph office. Burnside, with every one of his generals opposed to him, wanted to renew the assault. The uncertainty at the War Department lasted until the early hours of Tuesday morning.

The border town of Washington had access to first-hand information. On Sunday night a steamerload of officers and soldiers arrived from Aquia Creek — men who had been slightly wounded in the battle, who were able to walk, who were able to tell of the hopeless courage and the slaughter of the repeated assaults which Burnside had ordered on the Fredericksburg fortifications. That same evening the correspondent, Henry Villard, reached Washington from the

front. The censor refused to pass his dispatch to the *New York Tribune*, which Villard then represented. He sent it off by messenger on the night train, but the *Tribune*, in advance of confirmation, was afraid to print the full story, which told of the blundering command and the perilous situation of the army. Villard's beat was wasted — a fate which frequently overtook early reports of bad news during the war.

After his story was written, Villard went into Willard's to get some supper, and, meeting Senator Henry Wilson, told him that Burnside was defeated. Wilson hurried to the White House. A little before ten o'clock he came to the *Tribune* office to take Villard to the President. Still in his soiled campaign clothes, the young correspondent answered Lincoln's anxious questions. He spoke of disaster to the army if the attack were renewed. 'I hope it is not so bad as all that,' the President said with a sad smile. Senator Wilson was pleased that Villard had spoken so frankly, and, though his report did not cause the government to take action, Villard felt proud that he had performed a patriotic duty.

From the accounts of eyewitnesses, the Washington newspapers on Monday began to rumor defeat and fearful losses. On Tuesday the whole Union learned that the battle of Fredericksburg had been a costly proof of Burnside's incapacity for high command. More than twelve thousand Federal soldiers had been killed and wounded, and the Army of the Potomac had staggered back across the Rappahannock in retreat.

The Senate met, but had no heart to do business and adjourned. The Republicans gathered in caucus, to air, apart from the Democrats, their criticisms of Lincoln and his Cabinet. At the wharves the stir of trade ceased, as out of the Potomac mist moved the white and silent transports. Thousand after thousand, men littered the landings, like spoiled freight. First the lesser injuries

arrived; then the more serious; at length the frightful cases, the thigh amputations and the belly wounds.

After Fredericksburg, Burnside came to Washington in anguish of mind. He took on himself the full blame for his ill-judged attack; yet the responsibility fell heavily on the administration. Many believed that Burnside was a scapegoat, that his manly and disarming attitude had been assumed to protect the government. The want of faith that had long been in evidence in Washington had crept insidiously throughout the country.

The official New Year's festivities at the White House took place in the midst of grave and painful perplexity. At noon, after the official calls, the gates were flung open, and the scuffle of the public reception began. In struggling installments the crowd was admitted to the mansion, whose elegant carpets had been covered to protect them from the mud. In the midst of the *mêlée* in the Blue Room, Lincoln stood serene, but his eyes often looked over the heads of the greeters as though they were fixed on something far away. He had a proclamation to sign, after the crowd was gone.

XXXI

McClellan arrived in Washington to give testimony before the Fitz-John Porter court-martial. Such crowds turned out to see him that it was difficult for him to pass from the courtroom to his hotel. The most popular song in the capital was 'McClellan Again at the Head of His Men.' When it was sung in the music halls, every bluecoat in the audience sprang to his feet, with three times three and a tiger.

Desertions in the Army of the Potomac occurred at the rate of about two hundred a day. Many resulted from loss of morale and discontent over the Government's delay in paying the troops. Other deserters belonged to a new class of soldiers who had never had any

morale to lose — the bounty jumpers, who had enlisted with the intention of seizing the first opportunity to run away after pocketing the large State and local bonuses. In the face of all the disaffection, Burnside stubbornly persisted in a plan he had formed to cross the Rappahannock a few miles below Fredericksburg. The march began in a deluge of rain. The army — men, guns, wagons — stuck fast in the glutinous mud; and, as it struggled back into camp, Burnside's reputation petered out to the sound of the nation's bitter laughter. In agitation, Burnside journeyed again to Washington, with his resignation in his pocket. As an alternative he had prepared an order dismissing the antagonistic generals of his command. It was a sweeping list — Hooker, Franklin, Newton, Cochrane, Baldy Smith, Sturgis, and others. Lincoln accepted Burnside's resignation. Late in January the Chase interests had their way, and Hooker was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac.

While the blond war god, Hooker, rode out on his milk-white horse, a big, blowzy fellow in a gray suit was beginning to be known in the streets and the hospital wards of Washington. He had been one of a crowd of anxious people who rushed to the capital after Fredericksburg, as after every great battle of the Army of the Potomac. His brother, an officer in the Fifty-first New York, had been wounded, and he was seeking word of him. After a reassuring visit to Falmouth, he returned to linger in Washington, looking for an office.

Even in the heterogeneous company of the capital, Walt Whitman had no counterpart. His scarlet face, bushy beard, and wide-brimmed sombrero gave him a delusively robust and rural aspect which caused one politician to tell him that he looked like an old Southern planter. Whitman's home was in Brooklyn, and he loved the life of cities. Though he was stout and gray and slow-moving, with opaque, heavy-lidded eyes,

he was only forty-three years old. A friend compared him to 'some great mechanic, or stevedore, or seaman, or grand laborer of one kind or another.' The word 'grand,' with its hint of apotheosis, betrays that the resemblance is not to be taken quite literally. In his youth, Walt had been a dandy. His rough garments were carefully selected. He never wore a tie, but his spotless shirt, with its open collar, was Byronic rather than proletarian. There was a queer daintiness about this big, bluff man. He looked as though he had just taken a bath. He wore a flower or a green sprig in the lapel of his coat. His flesh was soft and rosy, like a woman's. In his strolls about Washington, Whitman was impressed by the low white buildings that housed thousands of suffering men. Soon he started to visit the hospitals, to talk with the soldiers and give them little presents.

As Whitman wrote to his family and friends and to the newspapers about his hospital work, people began to send him money. He dispensed it carefully, making it go as far as possible. Through the wards on Sundays, and some weekday afternoons, he trudged with his slow, rolling walk. A haversack hung heavy on his shoulder, and the pockets of his cheap gray suit were bulging. To one man he would give an orange, to another an apple or a small quantity of pickles or horehound candy. He brought pens and pencils, writing paper and envelopes. Sometimes he carried a good-sized jar of jelly, and spooned it out to the occupants of a ward. He did not encourage the use of tobacco, but he had a store of cut plugs in his pocket, to dole out to men who craved it. Often he left money, in 'bright new ten-cent and five-cent bills.' Sick men longed for the fresh milk that was carried for sale through the wards, and Walt thought that it raised their spirits to have a little cash by them.

The penuriousness of his own life was reflected in his tiny gifts; but the recipients were simple men — poor, often des-

titute. They understood Walt, and were grateful to him. He regarded his presents as a means of making friends with the soldiers. Once a relationship was established, he talked with them, wrote their letters home, read aloud, or played Twenty Questions. Between him and some of the very young soldiers a deep tenderness developed. In gifts of the heart, in love and tact and sympathy, Walt was lavish. As fervently as the most sentimental of the women nurses, he believed in the curative properties of affection. His hands were gentle. His red face bent kindly over the sunken, childish features on the pillow. Sometimes it pressed close. 'Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.'

Anxiety about the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac had subsided. Hooker had worked wonders in restoring the spirit and confidence of the troops. He had judiciously administered punishment, and granted furloughs and leaves of absence. Increased drill and field exercise kept the soldiers fit and lively. Their health, under intelligent medical supervision, was excellent. Staff departments were reorganized. The units of cavalry in the various corps were consolidated in one effective force and placed under the command of Major-General George Stoneman. To fix responsibility for straggling and marauding and to stimulate morale, Hooker assigned to each corps a distinctive device. Its color — red, white, or blue — differentiated the divisions. The emblems were proudly painted on the wagons and ambulances of the respective corps, stenciled on all articles of public property, and sewn on the caps of every officer and soldier.

Early in April, Hooker said that he had 'a living army.' He was boastfully certain of success, and the reinvigorated troops shared his high spirits. At this time he received a visit from the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and Tad. Lincoln, riding at the head of the cavalry, watching the parade of the troops, or visiting

the hospital tents, was received with tremendous enthusiasm. Before his eyes passed in grand review the six magnificent infantry corps, the large and disciplined cavalry corps, and the great reserve artillery force of the Army of the Potomac.

The fame of Hooker's army circulated in Washington. The entire country, primed by an optimistic press, had grown elated and hopeful. War industries flourished, business was booming. A prosperous people invested confidently in the new issue of government bonds.

The upturn in business had conspired with the defeats of the last year and the weariness of the long war to discourage volunteering. The State militia drafts had been a failure. In March, Congress passed the Enrollment Act, applying to men between the ages of twenty and forty-five. New regiments were not needed, but replenishments for the depleted organizations already in the field. The measure, which provided for a military draft when necessary, removed prospective levies from State control, centralizing all authority over them in the Federal Government. The Union was divided into districts, under provost marshals who reported to a Provost-Marshal-General, at the head of a special bureau of the War Department. Conscription, dreaded by the country, did not affect the man who was well-to-do. If drafted, he could avoid service either by furnishing a substitute or by paying \$300. This sum, when the first draft was ordered in May, became the purchase price of the substitute soldier, who also received the Federal bounty of \$100, paid to those drafted and their substitutes, as well as to volunteers. In 1863, able-bodied men were plentiful, and \$400 was a good sum. To obtain it, worthless soldiers crowded into the Federal ranks, while the swindling and extortionate brokers, who traded in men, multiplied and flourished in every State of the Union.

April ran out on a tide of rumors that

General Hooker had crossed the Rappahannock. Washington clacked with reports of fighting, all vague, all unofficial. The first five days of May passed in uncertainty, in growing uneasiness, in the fear that victory had been purchased at a terrible price; and still the military telegraph was muffled and the press was jubilant. The War Department was only half informed. The President was feverishly anxious for facts. Gideon Welles picked up tidbits of news from correspondents and naval officers who came up from Aquia Creek. In spite of the general impression that the Federal arms had had a great, if costly, triumph, Welles was not satisfied. 'If we have success,' he wrote in his diary, 'the tidings would come to us in volumes.' On Wednesday, May 6, the Secretary of the Navy saw a letter from Dahlgren's boy, Ulric, who was on Hooker's staff. He had telegraphed his father that he was 'all right,' and the message came from headquarters near Falmouth, on the north side of the Rappahannock. Stanton, when Welles questioned him, said that he had no information that Hooker had retired across the river. An hour later Senator Sumner strode into Welles's room with raised hands, crying, 'Lost, lost! All is lost!' In a White House bedroom the President stood, with a telegram from Butterfield in his hand. His face was the color of the French gray paper on the walls. At Chancellorsville the Army of the Potomac had paid a terrible price; but it was the price of defeat.

Confronted by an aggressive enemy, Hooker had lost his impetus. He ordered the army to fall back, astounding his vigorous corps and division commanders and disheartening the troops. On May 2, Stonewall Jackson attacked the Eleventh Corps, and the German soldiers, surprised and unprepared, were routed. The next morning Hooker had been knocked insensible by a cannon ball that struck a verandah pillar against which he was leaning. The great defeat

of that day was ascribed to the effects of this accident; but in fact the battle was already lost. Soon afterward General Stoneman, dining in Washington with the Pennsylvanian, A. K. McClure, gave his explanation of Hooker's failure: 'He could play the best game of poker I ever saw until it came to the point when he should go a thousand better, and then he would flunk.'

As the tale of incompetence and vacillation unfolded, there was only one detail which might bring comfort to the Union. At Chancellorsville, Stonewall Jackson had been wounded. The week after the battle, it was known that his sombre figure would ride no more at the head of his ragged rebel troops.

Though the calamity of this defeat appalled and discouraged the nation, there was not the black despondency that had followed the Seven Days, Second Bull Run, and Fredericksburg. Business was good. Factory wheels were turning. There was wild speculation on the Stock Exchange. The humblest man could pocket a large bounty by donning the uniform of his country. If the people of the Union could not win this war, at least they were making money out of it. Two bitter years had made them callous to the loss of thousands of men; and above the sighs and the weeping arose a shrill new noise of laughter. People were beginning to spend money, to give parties, to dine and dance and be merry.

Again the wounded cumbered the Washington wharves, but few sightseers gathered to see the transports arriving, day after day, with the men from Chancellorsville. Now each of those prostrate young bodies seemed the very figure of the Union itself, and people turned away from the heart-sickening, habitual scene. The compact caravans of the ambulances had become a monotonous part of the pageant of the streets. The procession of the maimed, with their empty sleeves and trouser legs, no longer attracted attention. Even death had grown com-

monplace. There had been a time when the loss of one young Ellsworth had thrown the capital into mourning. Now, from the silver-mounted rosewood of the higher officers to the cheap pine slats of the ordinary soldiers, the business of death was plied like any other prosperous trade. There was a section of the city where the rat-tat of the coffin makers' hammers sounded all day, and the stacks of long, upended boxes rose and fell outside their doors, like a fever chart of the battles. The capital had had a surfeit of misery; and, if the horror of blood beat like a wound in the back of every mind, the faces on the streets were smiling.

The soft spring air carried the plaintive mechanical melodies of the organ grinders; and on the Avenue, under the huge transparency which advertised embalming, the promenaders sauntered in the sunshine. Busy hacks rolled among the wagons and the caracoling horses of the officers. Fashionable ladies drove in barouches, with black coachmen and footmen. On the sidewalks, salesmen cried the merits of patent soaps, and proprietors of telescopes and lung-testing machines clamored for customers. Pine-apples, oranges, and tomatoes were piled in colored pyramids, ice-cream dealers were stationed in the shade of the trees, and Italians roasted chestnuts in little portable stoves. Children shrieked for pieces chipped from big, variegated rocks of candy and for the artificial bugs which were swung enticingly up and down on strings, while sharper children bawled the evening newspapers, and swarmed at the crossings to polish muddy boots.

The Avenue wore a cosmopolitan air. Every nationality seemed to be represented in the gaudy crowd. The swords and sashes, plumed hats and riding cloaks of the army officers, the gold lace of the naval officers, the outlandish dress of the Zouaves, gave Washington the look of a carnival, a huge and lively masquerade. The spring bonnets of the ladies were fantastic, extravagantly

high and narrow, 'with overhanging balconies of flowers.' They were wearing much red that season, for the color of the Garibaldians' shirts was still the fashion. There was a shade called Magenta, and another paler red called Solferino — warm, bright, amusing names. Those smiling ladies knew that they were the names of battlefields, where alien men had died for some vague cause. But no one named a shade of red for Fredericksburg; and the silliest of the officers' trollops would have shrunk from a scarlet dress that bore the name of Chancellorsville.

XXXII

In contrast to the demagogues and fanatics of his party, Lincoln viewed the slavery problem as a statesman. Above all things he desired to save the Union, and in his mind emancipation was always subsidiary to this great central ambition. Neither sentimentality nor vindictiveness blinded him to the social upheaval which a sudden overthrow of the institution would entail. He had repeatedly voiced his cherished hope that the loyal slaveholding States would voluntarily adopt some plan of gradual emancipation with compensation to the owners from the Federal Government.

In March 1862, to the accompaniment of heated oratory, the Senate took up the bill for emancipation in the District. The slaves were to be freed immediately, but loyal masters were to receive compensation at an average of \$300 per slave. Moreover, an amendment appropriated money for a project dear to Mr. Lincoln's heart, one to which he strongly adhered and with which he unsuccessfully experimented — the colonization of such freed blacks as might wish to leave the country.

Neither compensation nor the hope that some Negroes might take their departure calmed the anxiety of the capital's citizens. In their eyes the abolitionists were bent on making the District 'a hell on earth for the white man.'

The Emancipation Bill was passed in both Houses, and on April 16, 1862, was signed by the President. Early in May, the commission was receiving the petitions of the owners, while the long lists of itemized human property, to be examined and valued by a Baltimore slave dealer, began to appear in the newspapers. Eventually, 979 persons in the entire District presented claims for 3128 slaves. Among those who received their money was a free Negro, who asked compensation for a wife he had purchased and for the half-dozen children born of the union. At least this fact was vouched for by Horace Greeley, the pink-faced, goggle-eyed, anti-slavery editor of the *New York Tribune*.

Although the congressional legislation on behalf of the Negroes created much commotion in the District, it brought little immediate change to the colored people themselves. For the most part, the manumitted slaves continued to work for their masters. They were not assertive in laying claim to their new civil rights. They were not permitted to ride inside the Washington streetcars, although special labeled cars were presently provided for them. This discrimination became nearly a personal issue between Senator Sumner and the street railway company, and was at length abolished. A year and a half after Congress provided public schools for Negro children, none had been opened in the District. The expected revenues from taxes on Negro property and philanthropic contributions proved disappointing, and the community had no mind to saddle itself with the expense. The Freedman's Aid Society, formed by sympathetic persons in the capital, set up schools in shabby rooms and church basements on the Island and in the Northern Liberties. Teachers volunteered their services. The pupils in the night classes, from ten years old to sixty, supplied their own books and lights.

That same month, May 1862, a proc-

lamation of military emancipation was issued in the Department of the South. It was the act of Lincoln's old friend, Major-General David Hunter, who, after serving for some time in the West, had been placed in command of the coastal regions of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, which had passed under Union control as the result of successful military and naval expeditions. The department was under martial law, and the white population had fled, abandoning their slaves. These thousands of blacks were cared for by the government and by private philanthropy, and it was their freedom which Hunter, in all sincerity exceeding the powers of a military commander, proclaimed. On reading of this order in the press, the President publicly annulled it, with the quiet consistency which allied him in abolitionist minds with the slave-catching Lamon. To Hunter himself Lincoln expressed no disapprobation, and their friendship was not disturbed by the incident.

At this same time the President again besought the loyal slave States to adopt gradual and compensated emancipation, 'not rending or wrecking anything.' Against the conservatism of his course the radicals of Congress fulminated. The President signed the bill prohibiting slavery in the territories; but when he forced the modification of a second Confiscation Bill, more drastic and explicit than the first, the relations between Mr. Lincoln and his party leaders were strained to the breaking point.

In public speech or writing the President made no sign. Yet, after a hopeless conference with the representatives of the loyal slave States, his resolve was taken. The reverses on the Peninsula and the fierce political pressure forced him to the precipitate act of military emancipation of the rebels' slaves. It was designed to weaken the Confederacy by drawing off the Negro laborers who released their men for military service. In July of 1862, Mr. Lincoln had come to believe that this war measure was the

alternative to surrendering the Union. He said as much to Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles, as they drove out to the funeral of Stanton's baby, James. A week later he discussed the subject with his Cabinet. In September, after Antietam, he issued his preliminary proclamation: on the first day of January, 1863, the slaves of persons in rebellion against the government were to be proclaimed forever free.

The country, in the main, received the proclamation without enthusiasm. Democrats interpreted their gains in the State elections which soon followed as a protest against the President's capitulation to the radicals. Abolitionists, on the other hand, were still dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln's moderation. His wholehearted support came from the Negroes themselves. From the beginning his name had been to the race the simple synonym of their deliverance. Colored folk, when crowds gathered at the White House, wildly demonstrated their love for the President, shouting and swinging their hats with abandon. In long columns the contrabands came toiling over the dusty roads to the city he inhabited. Some were in rags, some wore the rough and sweat-stained garments of the field, some were decked in the antique finery of their masters and mistresses. The pickaninnies who rode their fathers' backs, the tiny black Abraham Lincolns who nuzzled at the breast, were scarcely more helpless than those who carried them.

For these were primitive and child-like people, adrift without a plan from the dependence of slavery. They understood nothing of the political complexities in which their destinies were involved. They took no account of the abolitionists who pressed the President to his reluctant decision. They knew only that Lincoln was a man raised up by God to work the miracle of their deliverance. Their simple imagination had its own power. They and other millions like them, flocking to the Union armies

of the West and South, or waiting on the plantations of their masters, impressed their faith on a nation's mind. The abolitionists of Congress — Wade, Stevens, Chandler, Wilson, Lovejoy, even the lofty Sumner — have been all but forgotten by their countrymen. The Lincoln who lives in the American legend was shaped in the slave's long dream of a kindly master who should set his people free.

In their crowded and comfortless barracks, the contrabands patiently awaited the coming of the day of jubilee. On New Year's Eve they filled the chapel to overflowing. An old man named Thornton arose to testify. 'I cried all night. What de matter, Thornton? Tomorrow my child is to be sold, neber more see it till judgment — no more dat! no more dat! no more dat! . . . Can't sell your wife and children any more!'

Ecstasy mounted with the passing hours, and the silent prayer enjoined by the superintendent at midnight gave place to fervent invocations and hallelujah hymns. Young and old wrung one another's hands, dancing and shouting in a frenzy of joy. Around the bleak, dark camp they paraded, singing. Many marched until daybreak.

The sun rose on the first day of January, 1863. The air was clear and brilliant. The President opened his tired eyes on a momentous day. Since he had issued his preliminary proclamation, the defeat of his party in the State elections had been followed by the military disaster of Fredericksburg. The radical Senators, demanding the removal of the conservative Seward, had nearly wrecked his Cabinet. The thing he was about to do had alienated some of his warmest adherents among moderate men. In Washington, that winter, he seemed to stand alone, almost without friends.

Threading his way through the mob of New Year's callers about the White House came the slender, amiable man whom the radicals hated, with his

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It is vitally important for parents to realize that a child with any of these symptoms may have rheumatic fever and needs immediate medical attention.

If your doctor determines that rheumatic fever is the trouble, he will probably point out to you the following important facts:

► Rheumatic fever is a serious and potentially chronic disease. Repeated attacks are common, and the heart is almost invariably involved. The seriousness of the heart damage depends largely on the severity and frequency of attacks. Consequently, continuous medical supervision during the illness and convalescence and periodic examinations afterwards are necessary.

Rheumatic fever may last many months; the patient must often stay in bed long after all fever and pain have disappeared—until the doctor gives permission to get up. Since rheumatic fever is apt to run in families, the doctor should be given an opportunity to examine



other children in the family at regular intervals.

► While the cause of the disease is unknown, and its cure as yet unfound, early detection of its onset and of recurrences, and prompt medical care, can often do much to lessen its severity and help children to live useful, happy lives. Many thousands of people who suffered attacks in childhood are today active and healthy.

To help parents further guard against the dangerous effects of rheumatic fever and its recurrences, Metropolitan offers two free booklets, 91-T, "Protecting Your Heart," and 91-TA, "Rheumatism."

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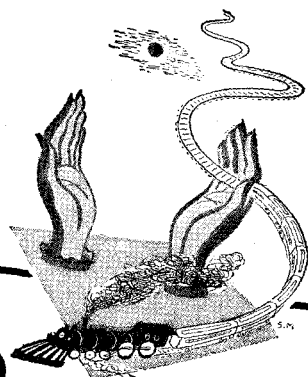
slender, amiable son by his side. William and Frederick Seward climbed the stairs to the President's office. There were less than a dozen persons in the room to witness the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. Conscious of a moment of history, the President closed his aching fingers on a pen. His whole right arm was numb from the ordeal of the morning's receptions. He feared his hand might tremble; but he signed his name firmly.

All day, while an artificial conviviality surrounded the bowls of eggnog in the Washington parlors, the wastes of North Twelfth Street rang with the choruses of the contrabands. 'I'm a free man now,' they sang, 'Jesus Christ has made me free.' At last the beautiful word was spoken, as potent and as incomprehensible as a magician's spell. At seven in the evening a bellman made the rounds of the quarters, to summon them to the chapel for a reading of the President's proclamation. In droves they came from the cabins which surrounded the muddy quadrangle of the camp. A grizzled old Negro in a military overcoat, known to all as John the Baptist, led them in prayer. Twin lamps suspended from the low chapel roof and a candle or two set on a rafter cast a dim light on their dark, expectant faces. The superintendent, Dr. Nichols, entered, bringing the white man's quibbling precision to their unclouded jubilation. He explained that the proclamation did not free all slaves, but only those in the States and parts of States which were in rebellion. In Virginia, where this audience had many loved ones, he enumerated, county by county, the sections in which freedom was declared. Joyful cries arose. 'Dat's me!' 'Dar's where I's come from!' Some sat in hurt and puzzled silence.

In spite of antagonism and doubt, in spite of Confederate threats of retaliation, the government carried out its policy of organizing Negro regiments. In the spring of 1863, Adjutant-General

Lorenzo Thomas was sent to the Mississippi Valley to promote enlistments from the multitude of slaves, advancing, 'like the oncoming of cities,' to the Union lines. For service to their country, Negroes were not offered the same inducements as white men. They received no bounty. Although the fact was widely misunderstood by the first colored recruits, they were paid less than white soldiers — \$10 a month without clothing, instead of the customary \$13 in addition to clothing. As a protest against this discrimination, the Negroes of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment refused for more than a year to accept pay. In 1864, Congress after much discussion and dispute passed a bill providing white man's pay and bounty for all Negro soldiers who had been free on April 19, 1861. This was, however, construed by the Attorney-General to the advantage of all the colored troops.

By the time that the wounded began to come up from Chancellorsville, recruiting for the first colored regiment in the District was under way in Washington. It made slow progress. When two companies were at last mustered in, they were hurriedly taken from Washington to Analostan Island, opposite Georgetown. There, out of sight, they were clothed in the army blue. Their removal was a discouragement to the white recruiting officers, who wanted to use them to stimulate enthusiasm and reassure the doubtful. These officers were not permitted, under penalty of arrest, to visit Analostan Island. One of them said that the President himself did not know where the colored soldiers were encamped, but had been driving around Washington with Mrs. Lincoln trying to find them. The strictness and secrecy of the seclusion on the island may have been prompted by a fear of race riots and bloodshed, once the Negroes were armed, for civilians and soldiers continued their persecution of colored men. Early in June a disorderly gang made an attack on the contraband camp, and seriously



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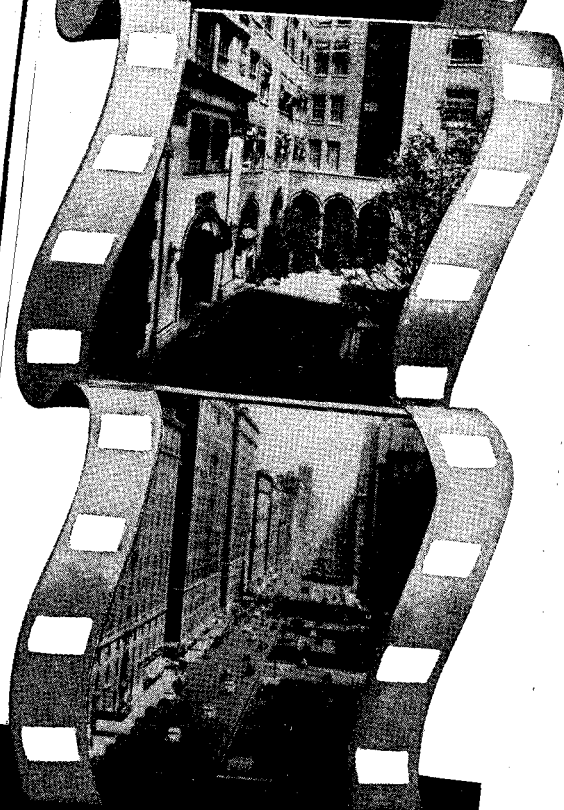
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wounded several Negroes before a detachment of Massachusetts troops arrived to protect them. So numerous were the assaults on colored soldiers that a special military commission was appointed to examine the cases.

A few days later a company of blacks was permitted to parade through the city. Fully armed, uniformed, and equipped, they attracted a curious crowd. Little boys and an eager following of colored people trailed behind them, and the bearers of advertising banners for places of amusement kept step with their ranks, to engage the attention of the public. Later in the month five colored companies, almost all jet black, — 'real Negro,' the *Star* commented, — marched down the Avenue to attend prayer meeting. There was something formidable in their appearance. No insults or outbreaks were reported in the press. By that time Washington, scanning the news of the fierce fighting on the Mississippi, had learned that at Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend colored regiments had fought with desperate bravery and suffered heavy losses. The disciplined, dark-faced men in blue were beginning to be accepted as soldiers.

XXXIII

By mid-June of 1863, the capital had cause to welcome new defenders. Louder and more perilous to the city than the distant roar of guns at Vicksburg, an ominous rumble had sounded beyond the Blue Ridge. Raids and skirmishes had at first been ascribed to the rebel guerrillas, who hovered in small squads along the Federal lines across the Potomac. But a hundred startling rumors flew along the Avenue. The details were various and contradictory, but they had one constant theme: General Lee was marching north. The rebel cry of 'On to Washington!' echoed up from Richmond.

To the north the city looked in fear, as well as across the Potomac. The

Shenandoah Valley, guarded by mountain ridges, formed a great fertile corridor to the Cumberland Valley of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Running from southwest to northeast, it brought an invading army closer to Washington with every mile of its advance. Once in Maryland, the enemy could easily descend on the fortifications of the capital.

There was a scare at Harper's Ferry. Somewhere on the upper Potomac, rebel troops had crossed into Maryland. Alarm was spreading in Pennsylvania. June 14 was one of the capital's 'rumor Sundays.' Some said that Hooker's army was protecting Washington, others that Hooker was retreating. An evening visit to the War Department left the Secretary of the Navy 'painfully impressed.' Lincoln quietly said that he was feeling very bad. Stanton, uneasy and fussy, communicated nothing. Halleck sat in silence, puffing his cigar. His relations with General Hooker were strained. They had known and disliked each other in California before the war. It had been a long time since Hooker had 'enjoyed the confidence' of the general-in-chief.

On Monday morning there was something close to panic in Washington. Rebel troops were said to be at Hagerstown in Maryland, at Chambersburg in Pennsylvania. There were rumors of a fight at Aldie, in Virginia, east of the Blue Ridge. It was a day of oppressive heat. At the bars, men turned from their long, cold glasses of whiskey punch and sherry cobbler to read the President's proclamation calling out 100,000 militia for six months from Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the new State of West Virginia, formed of the Unionist counties beyond the Alleghenies. The week passed in a cloud of menacing reports.

On Sunday, June 21, Washington listened to heavy artillery fire from the direction of the Bull Run Mountains. It gradually receded, ending at six

Who is to blame for this?



EVERYTHING under the sun has its cause . . . and the terrible scourge of Naziism is no exception.

It came because *no one cared*.

When Imperial Germany was overthrown—at the cost of thousands of our soldiers' lives—what happened? Were the youngsters of Germany—the impressionable youngsters of 16 and 17 and 18 years of age—shown the benefits of the American way of life?

Were they shown what made our country great, so that they might do the same, in the same way, for their country?

When you come right down to it, what are we doing about our own youth—about the 15,000,000 boys and girls in this country between 16 and 21 years of age? Every year, 2,000,000 of these look for jobs—without any knowledge whatsoever of what makes American enterprise tick. Every *day* they are exposed to foreign isms.

In the dictator countries, the government sees to it that the generation coming of age learns the economic philosophy of the nation. But in our country—where the *people* must act—we simply read advertisements like this, shake our heads and do nothing.

Yet do we? Back in 1919, a man named Theodore Vail, realizing that no one was doing anything to teach youth the fundamentals of American enterprise, started a movement called Junior Achievement.

By teaching youngsters how to set themselves up in their own businesses—how to organize for the production and sale of useful products, how to

do this efficiently and on the same basis as a large business enterprise—Junior Achievement not only helps boys and girls prepare themselves for a business career, but helps them appreciate the combined viewpoints of American labor, management and capital.

Does Junior Achievement work? *Wherever a Junior Achievement group has been put into operation, wonders have been achieved.*

Today, 10,000 requests for Junior Achievement groups have been received from all over the country, yet there are insufficient funds to fill those requests.

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o'clock. Ambulance trains moved across the Long Bridge to Virginia, and every day wounded troopers were brought in, many Ohio men among them. The cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, led now by General Alfred Pleasonton, boldly engaged Stuart's horsemen in the gaps of the Blue Ridge. So far, it was noted, not a single Union straggler had limped into Washington. Rebel prisoners arrived from the mountain passes.

Unexpectedly, Hooker had appeared in town. After a conference with him at the War Department, the President's face was careworn. The newspapers spread headlines that Lee's entire army was in motion, advancing on Harrisburg. The enrollment of Washington citizens for conscription began in an atmosphere of tension. Confederate cavalry were in Maryland now, seizing horses. The announcement came abruptly that Hooker had been relieved of his command and replaced by General George G. Meade. A little-known commander, with a bleak scholar's face, was to lead the Federal forces in the imminent battle on which the safety of the East depended.

Above the line which halved the hard gray boulders of the Maryland-Pennsylvania border, the Union cavalry moved through the dusty green hills in search of the enemy. They found him on the outskirts of the comfortable, red-brick town of Gettysburg. On Thursday morning, July 1, the battle opened; and before a rainstorm swept across the ridges on Saturday night 160,000 men had fought with rifles and rocks and bayonets and new long-range British cannon among the wheat fields and the peach orchards. Outnumbered and bleeding, Lee's army fell away southwest, along the Hagerstown road. In the seminary yard, in the cabbage patches, and among the graves of the hillside cemetery of Gettysburg, boys of the Army of the Potomac lay bloating in the rain. For a second time they had thrown back the invasion of the North. The gallant soldier, General John Rey-

nolds, had fallen on the first day. He had been born near Gettysburg.

For three days Washington had held its breath, waiting for the outcome of the thunder and the slaughter on the free soil of Pennsylvania. All during the evening of July 3 and for most of the night, the burning of firecrackers, squibs, and rockets ushered in the celebration of Independence Day, and early on the morning of the Fourth powder was exploding all over Washington. Excitement was fanned by whispers that Lee's army had been terribly whipped. At ten, a bulletin put out at the *Star* office on the Avenue announced the victory, and the city was aroused to an enthusiastic rejoicing which it had not known for years. Great crowds gathered in the grounds south of the White House — citizens, volunteer regiments, veterans of 1812, the Odd Fellows, the mayor, and members of the city councils. The Declaration of Independence was read, there were speeches, and Mayor Wallach gave out the *Star's* bulletin of the stirring news from Meade's army. The hot air shook with three times three and a tiger, and the Marine Band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'

The District militia regiments assembled on Monday, in response to the President's call, but the emergency was past, and they were permitted to disband. Dan Sickles came to Washington on a stretcher, one leg shot off and amputated above the knee. Bystanders marveled at his imperturbable face, as he lay with folded arms on the stretcher.

Next day brought news that on July 4 Vicksburg had fallen to the forces of General Grant. The double victory sent the nation reeling in a heady celebration. Across the North boomed the salutes of the guns. Bells rang, buildings flared with garish illuminations, and people cheered the name of Grant and his right-hand general, Sherman. Headed by the band of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, thousands went to the White House to serenade the President, surged on to



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by those in their **TWENTIES**

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Eligibility

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3. If you wish your story returned, be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. In any case, you are urged to retain a copy of your manuscript, as the *Atlantic* assumes no responsibility for any which may go astray.
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5. The *Atlantic* hopes to award Honorable Mention to the finalists whose stories will be considered for publication in the magazine, at the usual rates.
6. Judges: The *Atlantic* Editorial Staff—their decision to be accepted as final.
7. Address manuscripts to

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8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Stanton's residence on K Street, to Seward's on Lafayette Square.

But the first exultation was succeeded by a soberer mood. In Washington doubt began to dull the hope that, abetted by the flooded Potomac, General Meade would destroy Lee's army. The Federals crept forward under hesitant and cautious leadership. Meade, after his magnificent success, seemed to be cut from the very pattern of all generals of the Army of the Potomac, and memories of past delays came back to haunt the capital. The fall of Port Hudson brought the assurance that throughout its length the Mississippi was open to the Union; but by the middle of July the noise of riots racketed down from the North as the enforcement of conscription was resisted. New York was possessed by mobs, which burned and pillaged, and murdered innocent Negroes. In the uproar of anarchy and faction, the Union learned that General Lee's forces, with all their guns and all their plunder, had splashed across the Potomac.

For a moment the North had dared to hope that the end of the rebellion was in sight. As the Secretary of the Navy walked slowly across the White House lawn, the President overtook him. They stood talking at the turnstile gate. Mr. Welles would never forget Lincoln's voice and face as he said that he had dreaded yet expected Lee's escape. 'And that, my God, is the last of this Army of the Potomac!' the President cried, in the first pain of his disappointment. 'There is bad faith somewhere. . . . What does it mean, Mr. Welles? Great God! What does it mean?'

'Your golden opportunity is gone,' Mr. Lincoln wrote General Meade; but he did not send the letter. That conscien-

tious soldier had been so offended by the criticisms of his delay that he had asked to be relieved of his command. His request was refused, but his achievement at Gettysburg had been permanently clouded by a dilatoriness that painfully recalled McClellan's after Antietam.

The Union was not yet saved, either from the armies of the Confederacy or from those more insidious enemies who spread disaffection at home. But, in spite of Copperheads and peacemakers and narrow partisans, there was a growing confidence in the country. The Emancipation Proclamation was increasingly popular. The Army of the Potomac had an awakening loyalty to the administration, did not like to hear it censured. The relation of slavery to the war no longer seemed remote. It was coming to appear the hateful source of the division of the country and the wastage of men and money. Before the need of replenishing the depleted armies—the losses at Gettysburg had been over 23,000 men—the prejudice against enlisting Negroes faded. Late in the summer General Grant wrote the President that the arming of the Negro, with the emancipation of the slaves, was 'the heaviest blow yet given the Confederacy.'

A disillusioned nation had lost its capacity for easy optimism; but it had learned to hold a grim and steadfast resolve. By the time that Mr. Lincoln journeyed up to Gettysburg in November, to read his short and simple speech over the vast graveyard of the battlefield, the Union was strong in the determination that, at whatever cost, white and black together would win this brothers' war.

(The End)

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